Ulfsind

Death Spiral Press

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The Black Art ov Vampyrism

:Weltfeind:

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Salutations to the Weltfeind Blood Family Legion and the Blood Pool worldwide. To those who dare, to those who will and to those who keep silent.

Agios O‘ Baphomet

Dedicated to the Supreme Lord of Darkness and the Goddess of Cosmic Annihilation.

OM BHAIRAVAYA NAMAH

Anantadeva (Tamasi)
Lord of Primordial Darkness personified
Avatar of Lord Krsna (Black One)

Kali Ma (Black One)
Dark Goddess of Destruction
Primordial womb and annihilating energy personified

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Fear is the Mind Killer

Ultra

"Man is the cruelest animal."
– Friedrich Nietzsche

(Painting by NFLK)

Part I

In Principio Erat Sanguis

Corruption Prayer

LET US REJOICE IN THE CORRUPTION OF THE EARTH

FOR THEREIN LIES THE FRUITS OF OUR SEED
THE NEGATIVE PULSE OF WORTHLESS NIGHT

CORRUPTING THE SEED AND SONS OF LIGHT

HE WHO STANDS BEFORE ALL THRONES,
YET BOWS TO NONE

HE WHO COMES AS AN ENEMY TO
BURN THE SONS OF ISRAEL

HE WHOSE DOMINION ENTOMBS THE
COLD EARTH

HE WHO FROM THE NORTH SETS FIRE
TO THE WORLD

AND FOR CORRUPTION HIMSELF HATH
BEEN GIVEN THE NAME BELIAL

FOR HE IS THE LORD OF LAWLESS
DESTRUCTION

AND THE ORIGIN OF THE
SEED OF CORRUPTION

AVE DOMINUS BELIAL IN
EXCELSIS!

Doctrine of The Adversary

1. The Vampire is the All-Consuming, All-Controlling; taking heed to neither the requests nor complaints of the lower slave species; the mundane human race.

2. The Vampire makes neither excuse nor apologies for his actions, for his are the Will of the Abyss.

3. The Vampire is a force of Corruption in the world, intent on dismantling and disrupting all established order; Enemy.

4. Vampirism is hideous, unclean and completely amoral, ever LAWLESS by its very foundation.

5. The Vampire is inherently and absolutely a Son of Darkness.

6. The Vampire is not part of the dayside world. He is outside of mundane moral and law. He condemns the light for he is the Shadow of the Sun.

7. The Vampire recognizes His superiority over the human race of cattle, and therefore shall kneel before none.

8. Within me is present the sacred ancient bloodline, ancestral to the outer Chaos which is the all-consuming force of Vampiric Darkness.

9. I venerate the eternal black void beyond death, and exalt its precedence above all.

10. As an embodiment of the Black Vampire, I seek to Dominate and feed with extreme prejudice.

11. All life is ripe and ready for harvest!

FEED DEEPLY.

IX Weltfeind Statements

1. Weltfeind upholds the Aryan ethos and principles of Honour, Nobility, Duty and the Promethean spirit of existential rebellion.

2. Weltfeind is unapologetically elitist, and champions imperialistic hardline supremacy in the nightside path of predatory sprituality.

3. Weltfeind respects neither pity nor weakness, and spits upon victim culture; the modern portrait of the untermensch disease.

4. Weltfeind postulates that there is no greater source of supernal omnipotence than the ravening darkness of primordial singularity.

5. Weltfeind is ideologically staunch and fantatically relentless in its pursuits, yet identifies with the humble character of the hermit with parallel fervor.

6. Weltfeind is fundamentally antinomian and virulently misanthropic.

7. Weltfeind is neither political nor racially based, but exalts the fascist principle inherently found in Nature.

8. Weltfeind rejects the liberalistic delusions of democracy and equality; tolerance is synonymous with the ideals of weakness.

9. Weltfeind upholds sovereignty through rebellion and affirms the motto "Fides in Adversis".

Traditional Black Vampirism: An Explanation of Terminology

The Order of Nine Angles coined the term Traditional Satanism in order to distinguish the Dark Tradition from that of other so-called satanic orders out there, and to firmly establish the Order as not just some cult of Satanists, but to re-enforce the aspect of TRADITION that the Order actively carried like a torch of black fire; to concretely establish the Order as a continuity of sinistral esoteric tradition as opposed to a fly by night bunch of yahoos on amateur hour.

Clearly, that is not the only reason, but every puzzle has its pieces.

WELTFEIND (AKA Tempel ov the Black Vampire), Cult of Abhartach and its Temples of Noctulius represent the vampiric branch of the Dark Tradition

of Nonagon; thus, the term "Traditional Vampirism" emerges naturally as the rightful banner (with respect to the praxis and ethos of black vampirism) to fly the flag of our Blood Family under.

By the same token, in response to what has been tragically termed and commonly accepted by the general populace as "vampirism", is a far cry from the realities of what genuine amoral vampirism actually is. A most hideous, diabolic, dark and dangerous path (Red Brick Road), carved from the hostile wilderness and shadows of predatory spirituality; sustained on the ripe sustenance of alchemical trials of fire and horror, and of bloodlines.

For this reason, the specific term "Traditional Vampirism" aka. "Black Vampirism", serves to distinguish the predatory Noctulian tradition in opposition to that of the other so-called blood cults, vampiric groups and organizations in existence today. Black Vampirism both denotes and re-enforces the amorality, lawlessness and extreme nature of the blood current.

The name Tempel ov the Black Vampire was originally chosen, in large as a response of opposition to the postulated fluffy RHP rubbish of the more well-known "Vampire Temple's" in operation today; a middle finger pointed at their humanistic pro-life philosophy in order to firmly establish a clear differentiation of essence between the two Temple doctrines.

Blatant arrogance of defiance to the socially acceptable bullshit that has become, by the common populace, the definitively misunderstood conception of the black work of the blood current.

A Black Vampire is completely void. Void of the force of life which seeks to create, this force which is equated directly with the bloodline of the creator. Like a black hole, the Black Vampire is an embodiment of pure hungry darkness – a master of the universe, thirsting, conspiring and plotting for its great demise.

A common misconception on the true intent behind the hideous predators of night is that Vampires feed on blood not because they need it to survive, but because blood is the stuff of life. True Vampirism is not only predatory by nature, but is exceedingly evil and misanthropic by its very foundation.

The infernal predatory legionnaires of Traditional Black Vampirism are the enemies of Abraham and his children and see to consume their livelihood.....Their blood. Vampirism is destructive, cold and indifferent to the life and well-being of the inferior race of mundane cattle; human prey.

As genuine death-dealers, both in spirit and in flesh, with concentrations of apocalyptic energy that serve a broad and administrative anti-cosmic purpose, we seek to trample upon all until we can revel, mouths filled with blood and stark insanity in our eyes before the coming harvest of utter an-

nihilation, beneath the atomic mushrooms clouds, amongst the rivers of blood and carnage, at the world's end and in doing so having the satisfaction that the execution of such has been veritably our constitutional position as Black Vampires.

The Black Art of Vampirism has, for all intents and purposes since its conception through trial, tribulation, hard experience and the gnosis gained therein via pathei mathos, been developed as a definitive answer to the question of genuine vampirism; a fundamentally predatory and harsh alchemical path that is in reality, a million miles away from the impotently romanticized and socially acceptable modern misinterpretation that we see all to often being propagated today.

What absurdity it is, their pathetic attempts to white wash and make palatable that which is fundamentally horrific, criminal and violent.....

NIGHTMARES MADE FLESH.

The Weltfeind Rune

Hagalaz - Uncontrollable destructive force within nature. Unrestrained will.

The nature of the predatory beasts of the wild is as such; uncontrollable to the death and without restraint in the means to achieve their ends. The same truth applies to the deities of night; the alien gods whom adorn themselves with the human vehicles of flesh and blood.

Nauthiz - Need. Unsatiated hunger.

Integral necessity: the relentless fortification of never allowing oneself to find satisfaction in their pursuits of the here-now and beyond. The most basic principle of dominion personified over that which is inferior by virtue of being; the megalomaniacal beasts whom are seated as administrators upon the lashing tongues of the Dark Gods who never cease to be filled by the life-essence cultivated from the micro and macrocosmic constructs.

Trials by fire, trauma, and suffering which test the limits of one's own ability to withstand and endure through the gravest of hardship, bring with them the return of timeless wisdom; to never accept defeat or settle for less. Never bow down like a dog, or cease to aim ever higher with ravenous eyes; be forever unapologetically gluttonous in your endeavors et al.

"He who stands atop the highest pyramid of skulls can see the furthest." - C. Robury, ONA

Sig - Victorious destructive power. The glorious rays of the black sun.

Two "sig" runes crossed perpendicular to one another form the unconquerable widdershins Swastika (Sauvastika), which could be described without contestation from any historian or archaeologist worth their salt as not only the most ancient, but also the most powerful and inherently vampiric symbol in the so-called "known" or (more correctly termed) "presumed" history of the races of Terra Firma.

Within the Sig rune we see the incredible power of the illuminating black sun. The destroying force of the fierce lightning bolt which makes even nature itself tremble. The Sig rune is a symbol of victory; it cannot be reasoned with, and it cannot be challenged; it is the raw power of burning electric energy, and it simply will not stop.

Laguz Merkstave - The flow of life-force beneath the dark pool of immortality; the poison waters of the primordial abyss.

The depth of the Laguz rune descends infinitely deeper than the lowest sub-oceanic seat of Marianas Trench, if speaking in terms of a relatable metaphor. Laguz in its nether designation, that being in sheer opposition to its more notable upright position signifying the waters of life-affirming currents of divine providence, is instead evoked to presence its dark polar opposite equivalent; the churning black energy vortex, within both the most subterranean regions of the subconscious and, ultimately the primordial abyss from whence the subconscious finds its supernal origins of unchained divinity and draconian providence.

Isa - Lowest of the realms of the underworld. Cold and unmoving. Anti-matter.

The ice cold nature of the reptilian brain; treacherous, dangerous and indicative of the focused megalomaniacal will to power. Representative of the cosmic singularity; the black hole with its' unstoppable force draws all things unto itself without mercy. An unforgiving, uncompromising and unbendable force of concentrated power.

Eihwaz - The Yew tree of death. Internal transformation and immortality.

The Yew tree is known as the tree of death and is indeed highly poisonous within its' grains; giving off strong toxic emissions to the surrounding area. The yew tree, which has throughout history been planted in cemeteries, is believed to hold the souls of the dead as well as an acting focal point for communion with the same. Eihwaz is the rune of death and rebirth, governing the internal transformation of the draconian fiery core towards immortality.

Mystics and yogis in the east refer to this vital core essence as Kundalini. The Yew tree represents the pillar connecting the different worlds between the living, the dead, those within the aethyrs and beyond. As you can intuit from these few examples, the intimations here from a genuine vampiric perspective are paramount.

Tiwaz Merkstave - Lawless tyranny. Rule of disorder.

Tiwaz is the rune of Tyr, the Norse war god of justice, law and order.

The Tiwaz rune in its merkstave position is, from the perspective of the COA, all too often misunderstood; being associated with weakness, cowardliness, obstruction, imbalance and mental paralysis to name a few commonly accepted attributions; we could not disagree more.

A rune in its inverse position or "merkstave", is just that; its own mirror image or more specifically, its dark side.

To clarify and put into perspective our positioning of interpretation of the Tiwaz rune in its merkstave position, and more specifically the god Tyr in his dark or inverse aspect, we will present the reader with an example applicable to the "real-world arena".

For instance, in modern times we would associate the upright Tiwaz rune with a police officer or other figures of law enforcement, as it directly

represents justice, law and order. Whilst considering this implication, would you imagine the mirror image of a "super hero" for example, to be some cowardly incapable weakling? Of course not. You would imagine his antithesis – The Villain.

The inverted rune of Tyr, within the tradition of the Blood Family, therefore represents divine providence in the jurisdiction of lawless tyrannical rule.

WolfAngle - Fenrir the wolf god of the abhorrent void. Werewolf.

Within the rune of the Werewolf we find the essence of the hostile predatory spirit and the alchemical transfiguration; the very pulse of the vampyric blood current.

Weltfeind
134 yf

On Theistic Blood

Unlike other vampiric currents, Traditional Vampirism is fundamentally based on the belief that the acausal interacts with the practitioner and vice versa, and that such interactions, such intimations, are channeled from acausal beings and spaces.

The Traditional Vampire intuitively comprehends the origin of their existence. They apprehend their capability, their personal destiny and Wyrd. This is all achieved via the faculty of Dark Empathy which every practitioner of our tradition must possess if they are to open nexions and form the connexions necessary to progress through our alchemical system in a struggle to evolve to the realms of mastery.

Dark Empathy is a gift that some possess from birth, its origin attributed in the Traditional Vampiric tradition to a promethean fire of sorts that was first given to woman by the acausal being known as Satan. Dark Empathy permits access to subfaculties such as (1) perceiverance - the ability to sense when something is amiss; (2) scopaethesia; (3) a powerful psychosexual charisma; (4) an aptitude for the mastering of magick; (5) the ability to understand things from the most heterodox vantages; and (6) an inseparable, empathetic entanglement with nature and the acausal. Furthermore, it greatly assists with attaining the stage of enantiodromia that guards the gate to The Reddening of 93 which all must seek.

Traditional Vampiric teachings are not metaphors, unhinged soliloquies or analogies. They are practical, effective and powerful applications which have been accumulated, and augmented, from a variety of psychological sciences and occult currents, then subordinated to the Traditional Satanic philosophy. There is no empowerment to be found, no escape from the perceived horrors of reality. There is only the destruction of romanticised abstraction amplified to the level of fevered pessimism. The practitioner will either be devoured or they will survive, because very few thrive on such a Mercurial, Saturnic path.

It is this Nietzschean unapologeticism, this harsh, foreboding pragmatism, that balances the Theistic belief of the Traditional Vampire. Without it, the practitioner would have nothing to ground them in reality, and would become just another victim of the delusional fantasies inherent within vampiric Orders such as Temple of the Vampire. Therefore, strive for godhood, or don't strive at all. That is our motto, and it is anything but egotism to those that comprehend the reality of the Traditional Vampire.

Czar Arawn
Weltfeind
135yf

The Original Archetypes of Traditional Vampirism

There are three foundational archetypes for the traditional vampire: Lyceus, Athushir, and Sídhe.

Correspondences

Lyceus – Moldavite/Septarian
Athushir – Lapis Lazuli/Obsidian
Sídhe – Amethyst/Quartz

Each of the three archetypes are tied to a different source. Lyceus is connected to the Abyss. Its blood father is Choronzon and its blood mother is Kali. Athushir is connected to Azoth. Its blood father is Kthunae. Sídhe are descendants of the Tuatha Dé Danann who are connected to the acausal

spaces known in Celtic mythology as Falias, Gorias, Finias and Murias. Its blood mother is the Morrígna.

The blood father or blood mother is the primary acausal being(s) a traditional vampire is connected to, the source of their power, gnosis and essence. Such connexions determine the temperament, methodology, psychological makeup, and occult abilities of the traditional vampire.

Constitution of The Three Archetypes

A traditional vampire that is of the Lyceus archetype will have a proclivity for a brute force approach (with sadistic post applications) for most situations and will likely be of a well-built stature. They will prioritise raw physical strength over intellectual concerns when it comes to personal development, naturally being extremely capable with their hands and fists. In conclusion, they embody the totem of the Lycan.

A traditional vampire of the Athushir archetype will naturally be inclined to opt for a swift and brutal approach in most situations, never dwelling on the suffering they cause or seeking to prolong it. They will seek to strike a balance between physical strength and intellect in the pursuit of personal development but prioritise mental endurance and resilience above all, meaning they can adapt to all situations. In conclusion, they embody the totem of the Dragon.

A traditional vampire of the Sidhe archetype will possess a compulsion to choose a Machiavellian method for problem solving, opting to manipulate variables in such a way that they produce the conditions necessary to seize control of any situation from the shadows. They will place a precedent on intellect and black magick over all, but also have the insight and pragmatism to know when other areas require strengthening. The Sidhe archetype is a dark silent king masquerading as the light humble servant. In conclusion, they embody the totem of the Dark Fae.

Further insight for the Sidhe archetype can be found in the sinister fiction titled "Playing Betwixt Time", which as of 134yf is still confined to private circulation.

Magick of The Three Archetypes

The constructive acausal expression of Lyceus is predominately Enhancement (internal magick), meaning that all magickal efforts are geared towards improving pre-existing faculties and abilities of a physiological and neurological nature.

The destructive acausal expression of Lyceus is Syphoning. Syphoning is a category of baneful magick which harnesses blood essence from astral forms in ways mostly crude, brutal and brazen, such as the Tendril method.

Athushir's constructive acausal expression concerns Enhancement and Astral Development, which is

the studying and evolving of the astral form for countering offensives and a more efficient syphoning of blood essence.

The destructive counterpart of Athushir is Annihilation, which is another category of magick that uses multiple methods of internal and external magick in the interest of decimating a target swiftly and efficaciously.

The constructive acausal expression of Sidhe concerns Meditation, Dream Walking, Enhancement and Healing. The Sidhe will use meditation to subconsciously analyse the unconscious forces and variables which have yet to become conscious, and make them so in preparation for later use. Dream Walking will be used to conduct an introspective search on the target(s) and plant something benevolent in their unconscious which will become subconscious and finally conscious after a certain time.

The destructive acausal expression of Sidhe also concerns Dream Walking, as well as Astral Projection, Hex and Aeonics. Dream Walking is used in the same manner as the constructive approach but something baneful is planted instead.

Astral Projection is utilised for the express purpose of subjugating other astral forms, servitors and egregores for the long-term draining of blood essence, an offensive, or use in Aeonic strategy.

Lastly, Aeonic magick (external) is used to influence real world variables and alter the trajectory,

means and consequent outcomes of those strategies already activated by others, to aid the completion of a great sinister aim.

Each archetype is not restricted to the aforementioned expressions and profiles. They are merely a recommended foundation for building a stronger beast within the traditional vampire. As time winds down its path, it is probable that more acausal expressions, more occulted proclivities, will be discovered and incorporated, fundamentally transforming the three base archetypes of the traditional vampire into ever higher tiers of archetypal possibility, for the hunger cannot ever be satiated, regardless of what form it takes.

Czar Arawn
Weltfeind
135fy

Archetypal Inductions

Disclaimer: all Inductions are to be undertaken after dusk.

Garmic Induction

Preparations:

Find a woodland suffering the cruelty of Winter and create three wooden torches. Position the torches to resemble a crescent moon shape. Then, remove all attire and kneel facing the inner curve of the crescent moon. Finally, paint the sigil of Noctulius on the back of the left hand and the Uruz rune on the back of the right hand.

Ritual:

Begin by entering a trance state via meditation, then visualise glowing yellow eyes emanating from the dark woodland. Further visualise a large wolf slowly prowling towards you.

Commence a low, sustained growl, starting as deep as possible and prolonging for as long as you can. Exhale slowly then inhale quickly three times, thumping the ground with one fist after the third inhale. Repeat the exercise and thump the ground with the other fist. On the third repetition of the

exercise smash the ground with both fists. Immediately bite the left forearm until blood is drawn.

Smash the ground with both fists again and then throw the body backwards until you are looking at the sky, proceeding to roar as loud as possible. After, return to the kneeling position.

Spring to your feet with as much explosive power as can be mustered. Stand tall, slowly straightening out your posture and parting your fingers as far as they will go. Commence a low growl once more but push it as deep down as you can manage to achieve the maximum base. Then, slowly transition from the growl into a bestial laugh.

While maintaining the established octave and base in the voice, speak the following:

"This frozen soil is mine.

The cruelty of Gaia's Winter

Is where I thrive and others perish.

Bones and flesh

I long to break and tear,

For I have become like Garm,

And my prey shall know

The boundlessness of my savagery."

Finish the ritual by howling into the night, putting your clothes back on and then assuming an appropriate position for meditation, upon which you are to meditate on the initial change you have undergone.

Thus ends the Induction of the Lyceus archetype.

Athushirian Induction

Preparations:

Seek out a large cavern with a body of water, waterfall (with cave behind) or mountain top with snow. Construct a shrine comprised of a fire bowl, a large piece of obsidian or amethyst, the symbol of the Ouroboros, and a sword.

Ritual:

Ignite the fire bowl and begin chanting Agios Kthunae three times. Start raising the Kundalini by engaging in short breathing and visualising your inhalation and exhalation cycling around vertically, as if you have an elongated metal coil within your torso and your breath is the electrical current pulsing through it.

Once the Kundalini has been raised, retrieve the sword from the shrine and make an incision on the palm of the left hand. Then place the sword back on the shrine.

Pick up the obsidian or amethyst with the bleeding hand and clench the fist, holding it above the fire bowl to feed the flames with blood.

After, place the obsidian or amethyst back on the shrine and hold the sword aloft in the right hand. place the left hand on the symbol of the Ouroboros, saying:

"Outwardly, I am fire.

Inwardly, I am water.

I am the beast of three forms:

Human, Dragon and Energy,

For I have become Ddraig,

Reborn incandescent

By the Black Flame."

Conclude by plunging the sword into the floor or throwing it into the body of water. Bow to the North and leave the area.

Thus ends the Induction of the Athushir archetype.

Sidhe Induction

Preparations:

Identify a mound or large circle of mushrooms. Place an offering of citrine in the centre beside a quartz tetrahedron and position five candles smeared with human blood around the outside.

Ritual:

Stand in the centre, vibrate "Eess Shee" nine times and feed the soil with your own blood to open a dark gate to the Aos Sí. Proceed by taking a knee before the good neighbours and proclaim confidently:

"I have brought you here to awaken

The dormant power within my blood.

In exchange I offer citrine and physiol."

(Phonetic for Physiol: "fwoil").

Make an incision on both palms and hold them out, skywards facing, as if presenting an invisible bowl. Speak the word of power, dúisigh (phonetic: doo-shik), and keep the palms out until exhaustion sets in.

Once the arms have collapsed to your side, use the exhaustion to enter meditation, allowing the Morrígna to reweave your Wyrd in accordance with the awakened power of your black, noble blood.

When the visions cease, step off the mound or exit the circle to the North and extinguish the candles. Bury the citrine where it sits, collect the quartz tetrahedron and leave the area.

Thus ends the Induction of the Sídhe archetype.

Czar Arawn
Weltfeind
135yf

An Introduction to Empathy and Manipulation in Vampirism

One common trapping for those new to vampirism is the belief that vampirism is entirely about the extraction of blood essence or the singular act of feeding. Vampirism is not only about the control of life force but also the ability to understand one's prey.

One of the biggest totems of inspiration for vampiric practitioner should be the spider; an animal that would fail if they didn't understand their prey and the flight paths of the winged creatures they eat.

Just as with the spider, any vampiric practitioner seeking to have success should understand their prey. In order to do one must have a good understanding of themselves and their place in the world as well as a calm mind to coincide with this.

The aforementioned attributes can be garnered by meditating in nature and taking the results with you as you move throughout the herd will give you a greater understanding of the individuals there. The meditation in nature is done with the explicit desire to understand your position in life. The greater your empathy for life as a whole, the greater you'll have for another and the easier it becomes to use them for your own means.

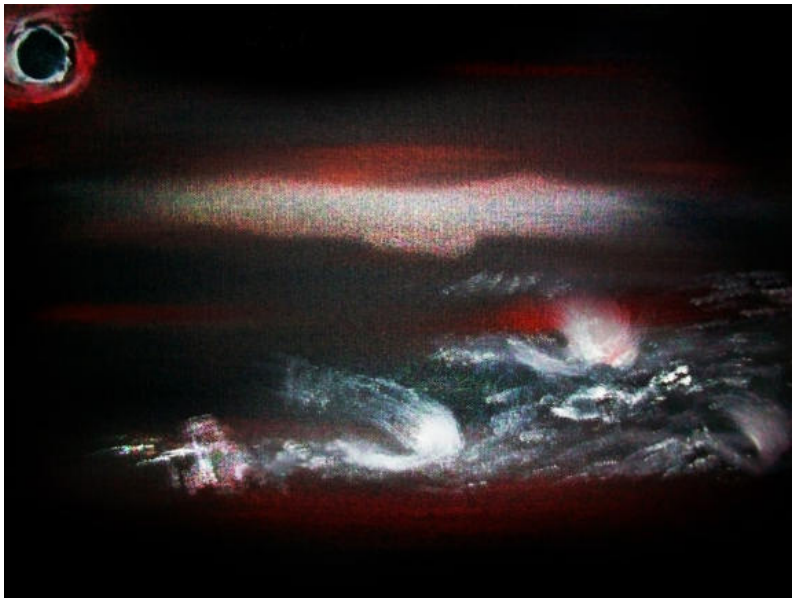
Furthermore, in the case that you need or desire to manipulate someone, taking some of their energy and meditating on what their blood essence reveals to you should bring a greater understanding of how to influence whomever you may desire.

Humans, by nature, are narcissistic creatures; we gravitate towards people like ourselves because all successful tribes have had major commonalities. Using this knowledge in conjunction with certain vampiric abilities allows you to coat yourself in the blood essence of another, creating a guise which allows you to bypass a lot of their subconscious barriers and accept you as one of their own.

Charles Brooks
Weltfeind
134yf

Ocean Of Blood

Thick dew began to form on the ground around him as the early morning neared 3AM. He had been standing there for hours in a sort of coma like trance. From an outsider it might appear as if he had died while standing there. Perhaps he did... Luckily for him this was a deserted and isolated place, free of interrupting life forms for miles. He had picked this place wisely; or rather it was picked for him from the very force he sought and whom guided him there.



He had been calling out to her from inside, reaching deeper than his very soul. He did not use words, for words could neither describe nor could

sounds comprehend her glorious sinistral power. Time ceased to exist as he drifted through astral vortex's searching for her. Perhaps he had always been in this place and his so-called life was just a minor "speed bump" in his pursuit. At this point who was to know, who was to tell?

He heard a whisper echoing through the astral vortex's which he now explored; though the sound was not like a sound you would hear with your ears, it was more like a brainwave or an external impulse. The whisper was elongated and distorted as if breaking through a natural border of causal experience and seemed to carry on. It was his name.

Before he could respond, he felt pulled back to what seemed to be where he had been standing for the last several hours. He opened his eyes to what should have been a forested landscape but instead saw only blackness. When his eyes regained proper vision he began to see a glow off in the distance. A glow which neither consisted of color, nor was it white. Instead, an atmosphere of relentless cold emanated from the glow.

Looking closer, or perhaps it was moving towards him, he could see that it was not one glow but in fact were two piercing cold, black crystallized eyes which seemed to stare right through him. He felt a cold hand touch his naked shoulder and immediately begin to drain him of his human life. Turning around to face his great and terrible Mother, his entire body became soaked in cold sweat. Seeing only her black eyes, countless nightmarish visions

of demonic beings and abyssal landscapes were shown to him. One of which being the end of his own life. The cold sweat swept over him like a hurricane rain and he felt as though he was submerged into liquid.

Closing his eyes as to look away from the nightmarish visions for moment and reopening them, he saw only a vast sea of blood without horizon or end. He found himself drowning in the black blood abyss in an attempt to save his life, but it was too late. In life he loathed existence, and when he opened himself to Satan, he sought the Dark Goddess to guide him through his transformation of inner alchemy. He wanted to find his place beside the Dark Lord in the Infernal Kingdom of the Immortals. Tonight the Goddess of Blood answered his prayers. He would step beyond existence and enter the abyss willing or not. Struggling and suffocating, the endless black and crimson ocean poured down his throat and into his lungs. His body became heavier and his chest began to burn, he now drifted down into the sea of no end, giving in to his fate, abandoning all hope and leaving life behind.

The burning in his chest intensified and seemed to spread throughout his body as he fell deeper, he could see Lilith looking at him, the eyes reflecting darkness down into the ocean from the non descript black sky like duel eclipses. His body ignited into black flames as he now began to ascend back to the surface. Rising from the sea, the flames slithered around his body like snakes devouring and casting aside his flesh. No longer did he exist, rising as

pure fire from the sea of blood and forming into burning wings. The invisible rising fire transcended the causal going beyond the abyss leaving the former in ashes....

Tyrant NSK
Weltfeind
120yf

Return From The Grave And Rise Again

We Vampire have Variety Of States one being in flesh the other the astral or corporeal or non corporeal, incarnate or discarnate.

A self made vampire starts in physical form in flesh and blood by rites and practices of the sinister undead arts which eventually creates the astral body non-corporeal. So with the passing of time the natural the decay falls upon the physical body. But the Mastery of undead communion provides the ability to the master vampire return. By being reborn or re-incarnate.

Such rebirths and re-incarnations are and can be remarkably miraculous due their causal/acausal nature and they develop fast but are not full born grown and there is a need to re activate their memories and abilities.

A vampire entity may take over a developing embryon, or it may directly impregnate and ovum. Such legends and myths have been hidden in folklore over the nature of the birth and the abilities of the re born shape shifting shaman/witch/warlock.

They have been known in the folklore has Bruxos and Bruxas (Brujo/Brujas) Muroni and also Dhampir.

We Vampires may also vampirize a victim until we drive the soul from the body and then take over the barely living body. To outside perception the victim may appear to die and then rise again as a vampire but they will not be themselves. Unlike being reborn taking possession amd control of other person gives the vampire a fully developed body with the full memories and abilities of their former lives.

Unfortunately, might be that some of person , memories, habits, emotions and other psychological traits are retained. Such astral possession is usually temporary.

There are works for such more permanent conditions of manipulation of the victims Which will be further provided.

We Vampires look as if we are dead, infernal, beastlike or even a fog/mist that creates while projecting the astral body and we create an apparition for others to see we can create terror and create fear and feed from it since victim heart rate and breathing can come to near stop creating the body to affect their plasma making it easy to feed. We look sinister we are sinister.

Princeps Gwihel;
Lord of the Winged Serpent
Lusitania
135 yf

Three AM

He sat gazing into it for hours it seemed, somehow drawn in like nothing else existed. Time seemed to dissipate while in this space.

Over the past year he had gone from being anti-social to becoming an outright recluse. Doctors told him he had Anti-social Personality Disorder with sociopathic tendencies, but in truth they were barely touching the tip of the iceberg.

He spent most of his time, when not working his mundane low profile job, closed off from the world in his mobile home out near the woods. He did not watch nor did he have T.V., his phone never rang and he ate just enough to survive, going days on end without consumption of water.

He would come back to this place nightly, each time going further inwards. Often he would contemplate the great progress he had made over the last year "building the new machine" as he would put it. What used to be an inward journey now in turn had become more like core genetic surgery, in a constant state of being under the blade. From the common eye he would appear to be a sickly person due to the

extreme pale tone of his skin, pale to the point of having a grey tint to it. But he never got sick...nor did he really resemble a common human...

Sometimes he would see them flicker in the dark reflection of that place, their dead lights shape-shifting throughout the landscapes not seen by the untrained eyes. Other times they would come to him in his sleep in different demonic and alienic shades and forms. As if they never slept he could feel them watching him at all times.

Howling winds and thick grey fog would often present themselves in the general area of his nest, and when he stepped outside the sun would disappear.

Again he would come back to that place which he longed for, reaching further and calling out to them.

This particular night however he cut his arm open with a razor blade to offer them blood, for he knew they were always hungry...watching...waiting for the invitation. This time staring in he could see right through to the other side.

All went black – he lost consciousness...

When he came to he could not see anything, unable to make out his surroundings. He could see off in the distance a small window which a dim light barely shone through. Moving towards the window and looking through he could see a small room

blacked out with draped cloth on all four walls, windows and over the door.

He could see the room was dimly lit with three candles just below the window. Before him appeared a lifeless cadaver on the floor with a laceration on its arm.

On one side of the body there was a razor blade recently wetted on the floor, on the other side was a folded leather belt appearing as if it had been used in some sort of punishment ordeal.

None of this scenario was familiar to him and he did not recognize the body before him on the floor.

All he knew now was hunger. He had called them.

THEY CAME!

Tyrant NSK
2009 E.H.

The Program: Alchemical Vampiric Metamorphosis

Traditional Black Vampirism has been for the most part an oral tradition passed down since the beginning of time. As an example, the first written records date back to the early Aryan Vedic and Sumerian period, several thousand years ago. Vampirism played a major role in both above stated civilizations and still does to this day.

Interestingly, this is literally thousands of years before the name Satan even existed to put things into perspective.

In all ancient religions you will easily find varying adaptations of these Dark Gods who descended to earth and mixed with the human race in those designated early regions, creating offspring carrying the dark bloodline.

Because of the Godlike origin, this bloodline has been identified as not only an ancestral blood lineage passed down through thousands of years, but also a spiritual bloodline which is capable of being accessed much like how one would tap into a tree to milk the internal nectar.

On this note, that being the Alchemical Change Process, it is a matter of emptying the sour milk inside the human host and tapping into the internal nectar of that which we came from, which is all

around us at all times. The black swirling energy vortex that begot even our demonic ancestors from the stars, which the ancient Aryan nations spoke of.

Call it what you will; Tiamat, Ginnungagap, Nythra, Krsna, or the Abyss. The Black, like a negative pulse is the blood that forged our ancestors. The Dark Immortals.

The program for the creation of the new being is a metamorphic transformation of the initiates psyche, spirit and bloodline. The blood of the undead is of the most ancient origin, that being the supersoul of primeval darkness. The Vampiric Supersoul is none other than the vacuous abyss of precreation; personified as the Black One.

While some are born to the ancient vampiric bloodline, others may be inducted via blood baptism and harsh alchemical change process. In order for the Vampire to rise from the mundane human shell, the human must first experience physical and psychological trauma, pain, suffering and imminent death to unblock the path of undead rebirth.

A complete purge of the deeply rooted systems of human thought and emotions, replacing those with the cold gray stare of the Undead Gods.

This is not something to take for granted, nor should it be underestimated. Most will not make it through this extreme transition, merely becoming food for the ever hungry, churning blood abyss.

Let it be made clear, with no uncertainty that the illusive sense of self will be shattered, casting the ego into the destructive fires of transformation. Only then will the incessant crimson "reign of mercy" wash over you like pounding waves from the poison ocean of God.

The Program, or Alchemical Change Process, is a system with which the initiate forges his rites of passage into the black dynasty of the blood pool via violent internalized force and a myriad of psycho-political programming methods.

ACP rapidly releases the initiate of the previous deeply rooted systems of human moral obligations and thought processes, enabling the "cup" or human host to spill out its' contents to make way for the dark energies of the bloody abyss to assume control for the greater glory of the Dark Immortals. One must with fanatical will, and internal negative magnetic drive, serve the dark to become one with them.

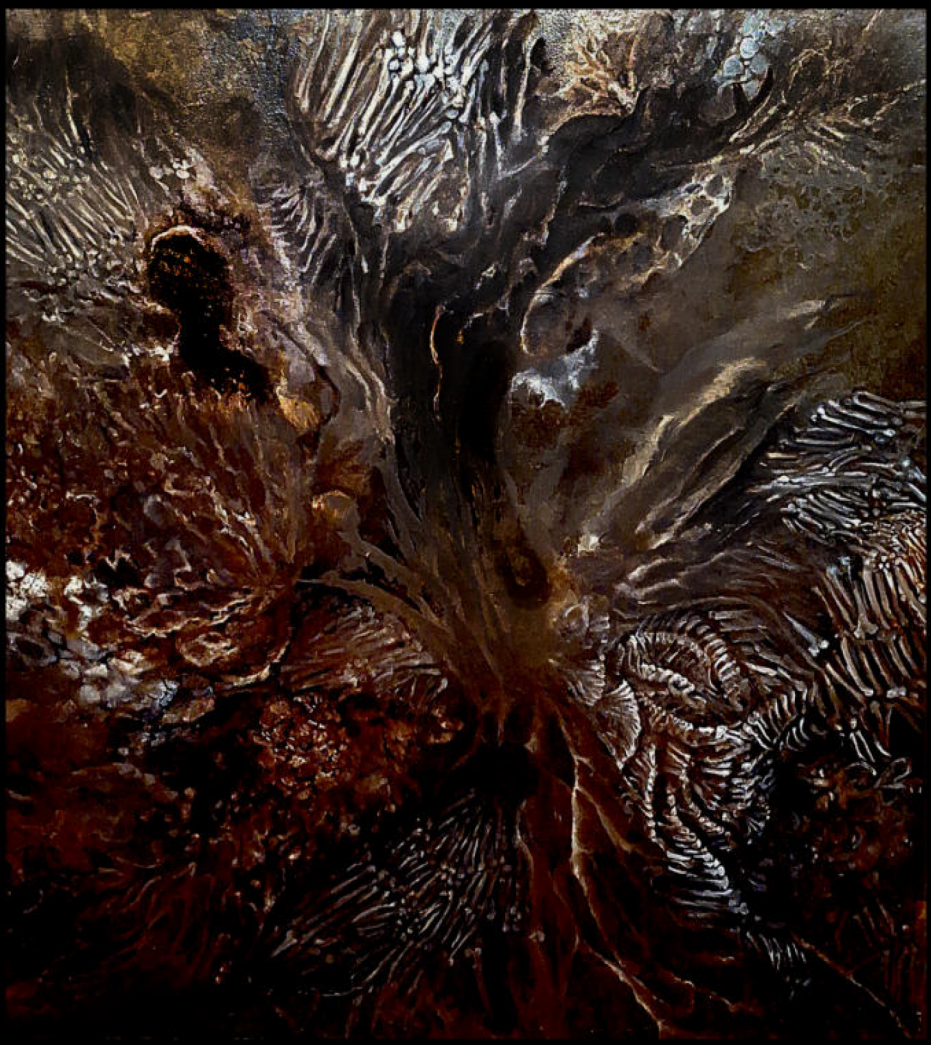
The Vampire is not concerned with sympathy or compassion for others, nor does He lower himself to raise up another. Bereft of compassion to life, being of a demonic breed of the Nightside, the Vampire is no stranger to the grim solace found in the art of illusion, persuasion, and manipulation of the human herd.

They are the pawns in the sinister game of cat and mouse for which the Vampire is the Lion of the dark underworld.

The Vampire holds no allegiance to, nor abides by the laws of any human law-biding organization and/or government. Traditional Vampirism rejects all systems of law which would stand against the law of the vampire. The Law of the Vampire is Lawlessness.

Are you on The Program?

Czar Tyrant Nirrta
Vinland Nexion
Black Lodge Discipline Center
126 yf



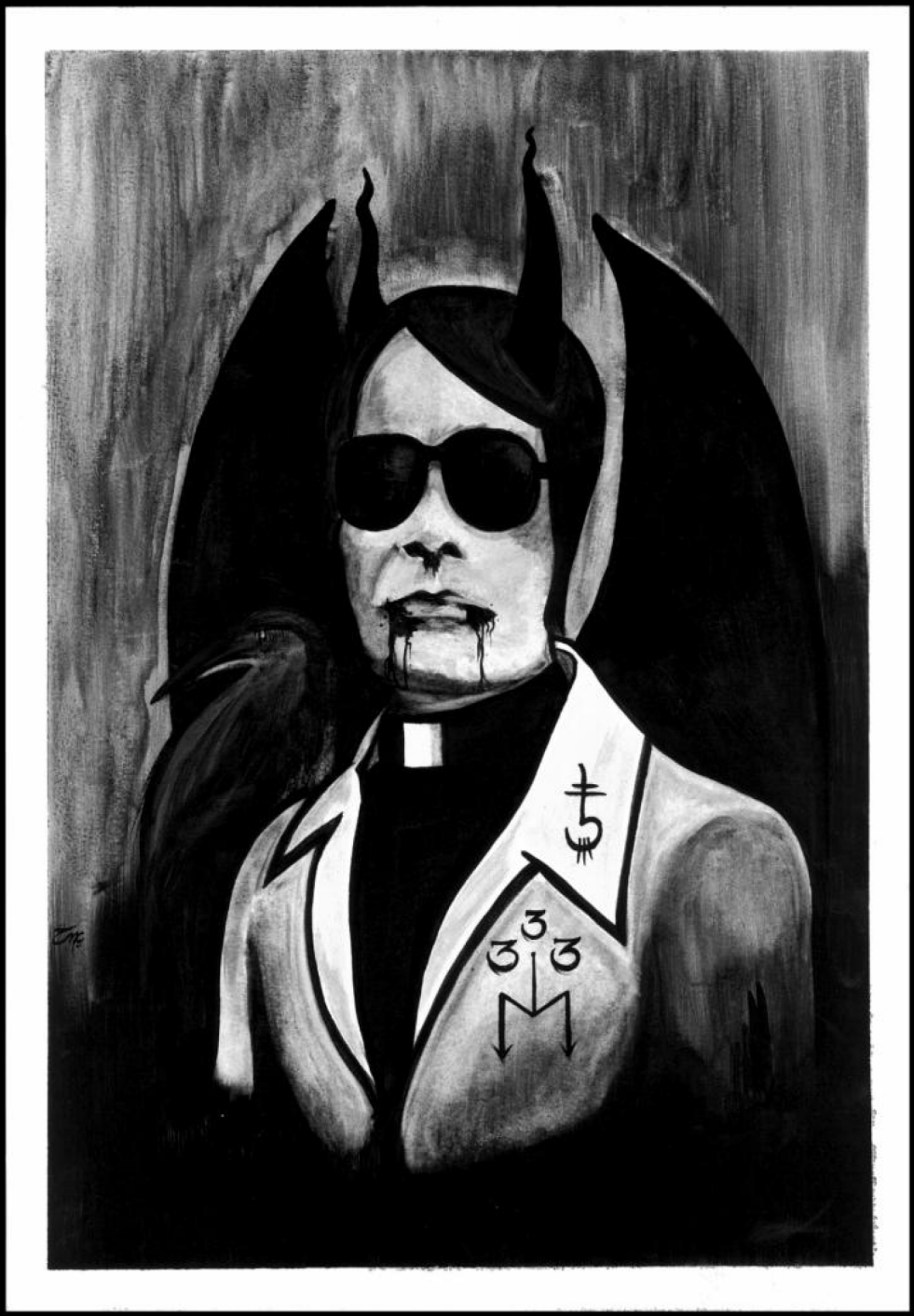
(Painting by NFLK)

What paradise awaits not,
With assured destruction looming.
The fall of hope weighs down upon you,
Breaking the shoulders and crushing the chests.
The serpent slithers around the throats
With its leathern lash-like tongue,
Hissing whispers of pale cold poison.

PREDATOR OR PREY?

IT'S NATURE'S WAY

Come as a reaper...



(Charcoal Drawing by Teal)

Part I

Ars Lamia Nigra

Black Lodge Discipline Center

A Brief Explanation

The Black Lodge Discipline Center (BLDC), specifically the original location was an endeavour and manifestation of megalithic brutality, sadism and very bold realizations of the Dark Ones whom dwell with and around me at all times.

Very real and brutal vampiric exercises in the black arts of predatory sadomasochism and extreme sexual violence; forced worship of religious idols and vampiric icons under threat of terror and violence, human slavery, psychological/physical torture and social engineering. The methods engaged in drew inspiration from my studies on human experimentation with special attention to the practices and methodologies of SRA styled MKULTRA /Monarch Programming.

It was pure fucking terror, brutality and bloodshed. I forged the original BLDC into a very literal Hell on Earth.The results that I achieved were unfounded and literally groundbreaking. It was a place where I opened up an extremely dark nexus to the the bloody river styx

Looking back, it is a wonder I came though without going completely mad, in prison or dead. I truly mean that; pure fucking horror.

To most (if not almost all) sane people, the mere thought of this actually being real would very understandably be scary as Hell (no pun intended); but that was the point. The more intense, oppressively dark and quite literally haunting that things evolved into, the more in love, obsessed and enthralled I became. There is no limit to existential extremity. Fear, terror, shock, pain, ecstasy, disassociation, mind splitting and just pure fucking madness embodied.

BLDC both resonates with, and is also a literal realization of pure fucking terror, violence and nexus for conscious dark beings both disembodied and embodied simultaneously. If you have ever seen the film Hellraiser, think of the cenobites and you will begin to get an idea of the bigger picture that I am getting at.

Patrons of Blood and Sadism

Countess Bathory

"Countess Elizabeth Bathory was involved with the Order of the Dragon and kidnapped many young virgin girls to be brutally tortured and sustained in this state for as long as possible, she as well drank and bathed in their blood once they were to be dispatched, overall a noble demoness whom enacted Vampiric experiments through sadism and cannibalism. Clandestine predation upon the innocent and pure, and viscously using incomprehensible torment to satiate herself is her domain."

The Countess Elizabeth Bathory, referred to often as the "Blood Countess," was an awe inspiring, notorious figure from history whose life and deeds continue to captivate, terrify and disturb.

Born into Hungarian nobility in 1560, Bathory's tale is shrouded in mystery, intrigue, and unspeakable horror; from her rise to power and influence in the region to the dark allegations of torture and murder that followed her, the story of Elizabeth Bathory is as macabre as it is compelling.

Disturbing accounts began to surface of Elizabeth Bathory's brutal treatment of her servants and young girls from the surrounding villages. Reports of torture, mutilation, and even murder painted a chilling picture of her reign of terror.

As rumors spread, authorities launched investigations into the Countess's activities. Witnesses came forward with horrifying testimonies of the atrocities committed within the walls of her castles, casting a shadow over her once-glamorous reputation.

In 1610, Elizabeth Bathory was arrested and put on trial for her crimes. Witnesses recounted the horrors they had witnessed, providing damning evidence against her. The

trial shed light on the extent of her depravity and cruelty.

Found guilty of numerous counts of murder and torture, Countess Elizabeth Bathory was sentenced to life imprisonment within the confines of her own castle. Her story serves as a chilling reminder of the dark side of power and privilege, forever staining the pages of history with blood.

After centuries, Countess Elizabeth Bathory's name remains synonymous with cruelty and brutality. Her crimes have sparked intense historical debate, with some questioning the veracity of the claims against her, while others believe she was indeed a vicious serial killer.

Despite the controversy surrounding her fiendishly merciless acts, Elizabeth Bathory's legacy continues to captivate and intrigue people to this day. The gruesome details of her alleged crimes have solidified her place in history as one of the most infamous figures of the 16th century.

Vlad Tepes of Wallachia

"Vlad Dracula was a ruthless and monomaniacal ruler whom showed unparalleled brutality against his enemies, enjoying keeping living morsels impaled in his dining hall as well as piling bodies to enjoy the stench of rotting corpses and the music of groaning victims, he was as well of Black Nobility and a member of the Order of the Dragon, domination through terror was his domain."

Vlad Tepes, commonly known as Vlad the Impaler (from the House of Dracul, a prestigious noble family in Wallachia, now part of modern-day Romania) is a figure shrouded in infamy and legend, with a reputation for brutality that has left a lasting mark on history.

Vlad Tepes was known for his cruel punishments and executions, which included impalement, boiling, and mutilation, creating a climate of fear in Wallachia.

He earned the infamous nickname "The Impaler" for his gruesome method of execution, where victims were impaled on stakes as a deterrent to his enemies. This preferred method of impalement was brutal and effective, instilling fear in his enemies and cementing his reputation as a ruthless leader.

Many have shuddered at the tales of Vlad Tepes, known for his brutal methods and insatiable thirst for blood; leaving behind in the wake of his bloody reign, a trail of terror, death and destruction. The mere mention of his name strikes fear into the hearts of those who dare speak of his dark legacy. In knowing his cruelty knew no bounds, as he reveled in the suffering of his victims and took pleasure in their pain, the people lived in constant fear of his wrath, never knowing when they would become his next target.

Despite his reign coming to an end, the memory of Vlad Tepes continues to haunt the collective consciousness; his legacy serves as a bold reminder of our predatory reptilian nature, and the hideous potential towards evil that resides within each of us; guiding us ever further into our own very heart of darkness.

Emperor Caligula

"Caligula, the notoriously feared and harrowed ancient Roman Imperator, was one of the most sadistic, violent and depraved, murderous tyrants to exist in human history. To this day, the mere mention of this chilling historical nightmare in the flesh, is enough to send shivers up the spines of the mass populace"

Caligula, one of ancient Rome's most infamous emperors, was born into the powerful Julio-Claudian dynasty. Known for his tyrannical rule, extravagant lifestyle, and descent into madness and depravity, his legacy is etched into the annals of history.

Caligula's early life was filled with familial ties and political intrigue. Upon assuming the throne at a young age, he initially showed promise as a reformer before descending into a reign of terror marked by extreme cruelty and depravity.

Born Gaius Julius Caesar Augustus Germanicus on August 31, 12 AD, to Germanicus, a revered Roman general, and Agrippina the Elder, Caligula was the great-nephew of Emperor Tiberius and the grandson of Augustus' wife, Livia. Raised in a prominent family among the Roman legions, he earned the nickname "Caligula," meaning "little boot," due to the miniature soldiers' uniform he wore.

As Caligula matured, his erratic behavior and cruel actions became increasingly prevalent. Indulging in lavishness and engaging in extreme violence, he declared himself a god, demanding divine honors and exhibiting delusions of grandeur that alienated even his most loyal supporters. His insatiable appetites and unchecked power led

to a reign of terror that would go down as one of the darkest periods in Roman history.

Paranoia defined Caligula's rule, with many of his own family members falling victim to his ruthless purges. The people of Rome lived in constant fear of his unpredictable and violent outbursts, creating a climate of terror and oppression.

No one was safe from Caligula's wrath as fear and paranoia gripped Rome. He took pleasure in inflicting pain and suffering on his subjects, often staging elaborate spectacles of torture and using his power to satisfy his sadistic impulses without remorse.

The people of Rome suffered greatly under Caligula's rule, enduring unimaginable horrors at the merciless hands of their tyrannical leader as he reveled in their suffering; thereby cementing his reputation as a tyrant despot whose cruelty knew no bounds.

His actions only served to further alienate him from his people, as his thirst for power and control consumed him. Ultimately, his reign came to a violent end, leaving a legacy of fear and brutality that would not soon be forgotten.

Caligula's descent into depravity extended to his personal life, where he engaged in incestuous relationships with his sisters and other family members. His perverse behavior shocked even the decadent society of ancient Rome, earning him a reputation as a morally bankrupt ruler.

The Marquis de Sade

"Marquis de Sade himself was the origin for the very word sadism. De Sade was a French nobleman whom stood as a fanatic defiler of both moral and law within the society of his time; preaching amorality and indulgence into a myriad of sado-sexual acts for which he was a pioneer - An explorer of the flesh; into the greatest depths of sexual experience and depravity possible; this was his domain. "

The Marquis de Sade, born in 1740 to a noble family in France, is a figure synonymous with hedonism, depravity and debaucher and continues to hold a controversial place in history as one of the most notorious and enigmatic individuals of the 18th century.

Born into privilege and prestige, the Marquis led a life scandal, imprisonment, sexual sadism and unapologetic exploration of heretical and taboo themes.

He inherited his title and wealth through familial succession, setting the stage for a life of careless privilege and devilish excess, both of which he certainly lived up to at maximum capacity.

However, behind the facade of luxury and extravagance, de Sade harbored a dark and monstrous mind. His writings, filled with highly graphic depictions of violence, sexual depravity, and illicit taboo content, both equally shocked and appalled the post-puritanical society of the times.

Despite facing numerous controversies and imprisonment, de Sade remained unapologetic, unmoved and increasingly filled with spite, believing in the freedom of expression above all else, yet finding none.

Sade's education at prestigious institutions exposed him to philosophical ideas that would later influence his literary escapades. He took a particularly liberal focus in the sphere of Libertine philosophy, but ultimately took it to a more... shall we say, creative direction.

Sade's works were (and are still) characterized by their apex degree of explicit depravity and highly controversial exploration of taboo subjects like violence, sexuality, and depravity to the point of criminal heresy.

His writings challenge the socially accepted norms to put lightly, and push the boundaries of morality to the point of crippling them; ensuring that even the self-perceived boldest and thick skinned readers drop their jaws from shock, disgust, shameful denial and/or lustful excitement from their own negated longing for exploration into the depths of utter filth and sado-sexual degradation.

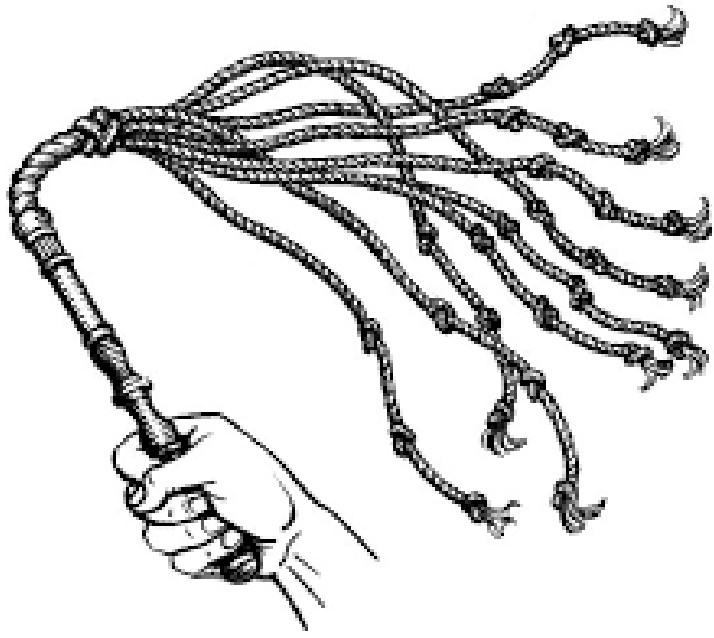
Sade spent years in prison for his excessively amoral, libertine behavior and writings; cementing his reputation as a true heretic and adept in the vile art of degradation, depravity and monolithic sado-sexual activities.

From orgies to blasphemy, Sade's life was a series of scandalous escapades that shocked even the most liberal of his contemporaries. His wild exploits and disregard for social conventions on any level made him a figure both feared and revered.

It was indeed from the Marquis himself that the term "sadism" took its origin.

Marquis de "Sade", father of sadism and debaucherous delights; demigod of carnal abandon, exquisite pain and divine perverse pleasures of the flesh. Immortalized through death are you, from within the painful echo of tortured screams and pathetic pleads for those who crawl beneath the black shining boot of . In the echoes of painful pleading and agonized screams of sado-sexual submission and slavery, we hear your voice, your logos of pain and exquisite depravity.

Immortalized are you, in death you live on amidst tortured echoes of punitive climax; submission, severity, slaveship and suffering. Plead they may with pathetic agony, beneath shining black leather boots; begging for release from the clutch of degradation and bondage. We hear your logos of pain and exquisite sadistic carnality.



:Weltfeind:

Practical Feeding for the Initiate

It is a common misconception within the "occult" circles today that vampirism is a system of ego worship and romanticism.

Furthermore, vampirism has been reduced to a bourgeois class of club goers who liberally ask for and receive blood while dressed up in 2 hours of costume and make up like a circus performer who uses a lancet to softly release the crimson nectar.

It should be made clear that real Vampirism has no place for liberalism or the prudent bourgeois, nor is there any need to ask someone if he/she can be used to access blood flow (physical or astral). A Vampire assumes authority over the cattle of the world. He is a link in the chain of terror which is the global slaughterhouse, leading men, women and children alike unto their demise; treading the earth in human form, hungering for domination, fear and blood essence.

The Vampire "harvests the fields" in numerous ways with which we will go into detail.

Firstly, visual contact is a lesser form of vampirism which will push your authority over your victim while you feed on them and strike fear into them simultaneously.

Feeding through eye contact is executed by locking visual contact with the victim's eyes. They will

want to look away, so you must "persuade" them to continue eye contact. It is instinctual to look back at someone who has been caught staring at them; this is where the line of contact is made.

Ever notice that when staring into someone's eyes it is seemingly difficult or next to impossible to look away? This is because the line of transference is locked on, like a hook in a fish. The Vampire stares deeply into their victim, looking through their eyes and right into their very soul. Once he has locked on, he penetrates the victim with the outer astral body, willing it to extend as tendrils to reach out and into their body.

Begin then the backwards flow of blood current back into the central astral vortex. Envision a returning flow, willing its movement and directing it through the breath. Slowly and deeply drink in and break contact.

Next we come to feeding through empathetic touch (aka. Physical Infliction). This method has multiple layers with each layer being taken to a more intense degree.
We know the physical body is surrounded by several other non-visible bodies, one of which being the astral body. In the previous form of vampiric practice explained above and the present as being explained here, the astral body is the main tool for these applications.

Through correct training of the astral body, it may be manipulated to operate separately from the

physical body as well. Beginning however, on a more recognized form of empathetic touch feeding, we first look at the size of the astral body which is slightly larger than the physical body.

If you are in close enough proximity to the prey (close enough to strangle), you can actually feed on them without necessarily making physical contact. The application of feeding in this manner is executed in the same way as feeding via visual contact.

Lock onto the victim physically or in close enough proximity that the astral bodies may come into contact, or close enough that you may extend feeding tendrils to spike into their astral body.

Begin the backwards flow of blood current rushing into you through the astral extension.

Advanced Vamphyric Application

In the previous section, we briefed on some elementary forms of blood feeding and how to effectively put them into practice. In this section we will expand on the techniques discussed in the prior section as well as go into other and more advanced techniques, such as oneiric/astral hunting, developing tendrils, emotional and psychological feeding, and the black hole effect... walking black hole.

Going back to feeding through the eyes, we will attempt to expand on this procedure. One need not make actual eye contact with victim to feed from them through their eyes; the vampire simply extends out his astral extension/tendril to his victim and feeds through it. One who becomes more skilled in this procedure may even astrally feed from several victims at once through the use of several tendrils simultaneously. We will provide a practice later on in this MS which will give the aspiring vampire a solid base for developing tendrils.

If you are to feed through full visual eye contact however, you may wish to take that to the next level via the practice of exporting negative and noxious energies straight into the victim in lieu of draining; a nefarious injection of negative vibrations which may cause sickness, panic, nightmares or mental illness. To do this, make eye contact with

victim and in substitute of envisioning the victim's blood current flowing into you, focus intently on injecting a negative flow of disrupting vibrations into your victim's mind and/or vital core.

Concentrate on propelling this black venom until you can psychically feel your astral hook reach out and spike into not just their astral body, but also their psyche. Feel your hungry talons reach quite literally into their very mind itself.

If done correctly, your prey will end up very sick or perhaps worse, depending on your ability. For an example, a Blood Family member was having a "harmless" game of staring contest with an individual; little did the receiver know he was a target for vampiric feeding. The Family member waited a couple minutes before beginning his feeding. Once feeding began the vampiric personage simultaneously focused intently on sending very negative energies into the victim through the eyes, and going further, consciously projected himself right into the victim's mind implanting noxious energies.

The victim, after some minutes, became awestruck and filled with fear resulting in his breaking contact. The vampire would later find that when the victim had returned home the following day, he was in a traumatic state similar to shellshock and then fell very sick and remained bedbound for the following week.

In this example we can see how "reverse vampirism" or the exportation of negative energies can be very effective in causing illness and psychological trauma.

Tyrant Nirrta
122yf

The Vampiric Tendril

The practice of developing tendrils does not officiate overnight, one must first become not only aware of the astral body but come to know for certain of its existence via firsthand experience with it, becoming intimately aware of the outer astral dimension separate from the physical body.

Once one has gained the ability to see with their astral eyes, has become able to visually see the astral outline of their body with regular waking eyes, has practiced with results gained the initiatory applications of feeding via sight and touch, only then should the aspiring vampire begin learning to develop their astral tendrils.

Everything that you experience, touch, taste, smell, see and hear is inherently connected, including everything that you are not capable of experiencing. The entirety of the universe and everything within it is ultimately made up of a varied spectrum of vibrational waves in a vast sea of energy. When you direct your eyes to something, the reason that you are able to see it is because light is reflecting off it and projecting that very object into the back of your eyes; therefore, everything that you see, you are at that time actually in direct contact with.

Essentially there is no such thing as "solid" matter. For instance, when you touch water you are able to reach directly through it but if you were

to touch a table you would not be able to do the same. Then how is it that the table appears to be a solid object? The only reason that you are not able to reach through the table yet able to reach through water is because the frequency of the vibration of the table is higher than that of the water, making the illusion that the table is in fact solid.

However, if the speed of the vibration of the table were to slow down for example, you would in fact be able to reach right through it. Everything is liquid energy in motion, vibrating to a different frequency measured in hertz.

Some may think that the above statements sound far-fetched or perhaps too grand to comprehend; they are indeed a matter of scientific fact. For those who find this information questionable, feel free to research for yourself through any legitimate scientific avenues concerning quantum physics for a second opinion.

On that note, if this seems absurd to you then you are probably not intelligent enough or operating on a level of awareness which is up to par for the vampiric path and you should just pack your bags and move along immediately.

For some this may be new found information that modern science has uncovered, lifting a veil of awareness to something greater than that of the gross physical world which is nothing more than a

constant state of material decay. However, certain of the most ancient religions known to man, have known intimately the secrets of the non-physical realm which lie beyond the gate of the gross material world for thousands of years. In fact, as far back as the history of human civilization takes us.

When considering the projection of astral tendrils, an analysis of the above would deem ever fruitful in a further understanding of how the astral body relates to the physical and also how it might be manipulated by force of concentrated will power.

The astral body is slightly larger than the physical body, vibrating at a different frequency, also known as the subtle body. This can, when harnessed, be utilized as a vessel for the higher consciousness to maneuver outside of the body in its non-material form.

When in a state of astral awareness, concentrate on one part of the astral body, typically the solar plexus or the third eye, although it may be the hand or fingers etc., what have you.

From this focal point begin envisioning your astral body extending to the location with which you wish to make contact. This is done by use of will power alone, projecting the consciousness outward through the astral tendril towards the target prey. Continue this as often as needed until results have been successfully achieved, and blood essence has been drained from target.

Vampiric Sadism

We will now expand on vampiric feeding via physical infliction which is a more extreme form of predatory practice.

In the first part of this MS we discussed how the astral body is used to devour blood current from the victim. In this section, we will discuss the practice of vampirism on a much more physical level which does not necessarily use the astral body itself, but instead feeds in a more direct and violent manner.

When a human experiences extreme physical pain, they release a tremendous amount of blood essence or "lifeforce", which can be heavily fed upon by the vampiric initiate. The amount of blood current released through physical trauma and pain, or literal blood shed is paramount compared to that of the more accepted and "popular" methods of feeding.

Remember! The more extreme the physical pain, the more the blood essence that is released... Use your own discretion on this note and FEED! FEED! FEED! ...deeply... and deeper still...

Now, of course, we would *never* advocate criminal activity; but, it should be taken note of that the most intense and direct form of feeding via physical infliction is of course ultimately, the literal culling of your prey.

When their final breath leaves the physical body, taking along with it the lifeforce which previously occupied internally,

their gross material host, where does this go? Straight into the astral field as a free-for-all for whoever may lurk in wait. If you are to feed through this practice, be sure to draw in their blood essence at the apex of subjected "treatment", to whatever degree that may extend unto.

Again, we would *never* suggest anything illegal; this is just for "information purposes." All good little boys and girls who obey the law and pray to Jesus go to heaven and rot together in slave ship...

On another note concerning physical vampirism via the auspices of sadism: the practice of storing reserves of blood current for means of controlled and long lasting resources; it should be desired and sought after by the vampiric initiate to retain, amass and hold a steady resource of blood current; for example, keeping a firm "boot on throat" iron-fist grip over a human slave.

Himmler practiced this form of large scale vampirism from within the confines of the sinister concentration camps of Nazi Germany, as did Beria from the confines of the hellish gulags of the Soviet Union. In both cases, there was a storage of specimens from which could be forced to be used as slaves as required.

Furthermore, storage of humans equals storage of Blood Current which can be "spiked" into at any point in time as necessary for feeding purposes to suit your' needs.

Human slavery and sexual deviance via psychological or violent domination is a fine example of vampiric sadism and control in practice...

122 yf
Tyrant NSK

Made Under Torture: Enhanced Methodology & Theoretical Praxis in Sadism

Bondage, Domination & Sadomasochism

Within the fringes of society exists a subculture of kink and fetishism; intrinsically synonymous with sexually deviant behaviour and paraphilic activity called BDSM (Bondage, Domination, Sadism, Masochism).

To many, if not most, the mere suggestion of taboo "lifestyles", and/or the vague hinting at the forbidden arena of BDSM, is highly frowned upon; more often than not met with

stark disapproval, concern, judgement or disgust. The very notion of such a concept to the general demographic as a whole is universally at best, immensely offensive and even appalling...

...to others however, this hardly scratches the surface to the coveted level of perversity and depravity that lies waiting in the bottomless potential of the metaphorical "Lament Configuration box" that is verily, the sphere of vampiric sadism...

The exquisitely inhuman, hyper-carnal, sado-spiritually acute experience in the pursuits of flesh obedience, domination and pain; trauma-based programming, alchemical transfiguration and the blood essence therein that is amassed and ultimately served up to the vampiric initiate through such hideous pastimes; ripe and ready for unbound perpetual harvest...

At face value, this point could potentially be easily misinterpreted and deduced as an introduction to some sort of profane exploit into the mundane obsessive pastimes of "comfort and pleasure" which are ever present and the source of focus among the pathetic human hubris. This couldn't be farther from the truth – if you thought this; you thought wrong.

With respect to the predatory ethos and praxis of Traditional Vampirism as implemented and perpetrated within Weltfeind, when considering the following terms: bondage, domination, sadism and masochism - one will, explicitly and without exception, via extensive and expansive, direct personal experience and mania into such practices, come to naturally ascertain the hardline association of BDSM and what constitutes the individual components of the acronym in and of itself, with an alternate translation of terms which retain the fundamental nature and unadulterated linguistic essence of BDSM.

In substitution of the aforementioned acronym, we now present the following "sinister" interpretation of the four syllable acronym in question and implore you to deeply consider the esoteric significance posited and let the dreadful implications sink in.

Paralysis, Control, Predation, Victimize.

The above inventory evokes a far greater explication and to-the-point reveal from the vampiric perspective of "The Nightmare", into the truly sinister and predatory nature of genuine BDSM which is in truth, worlds away from the commonly accepted, soft, safe and incoherent delusions of those that profess "bdsm" to be some kind of role playing care

campaign to reversely and ironically, serve the wants of the "sub/slave" asset.

We are referring to the same inane attention seeking, toe dippers who have turned "bdsm" into some kind of emasculated scene for the weekend warrior trend hopping types. In stark contrast to this laughable parade of theatrics however, genuine BDSM is in actuality a branding if you will, for not only predatory signatures via sexuality, but also a particular pillar of fundamentally vampiric ethos in practice – perilous, socially repugnant, morally detestable, degrading, violent and depraved.

The fundamental co-conspirator to sado-masochism which lies at the heart of BDSM is the ever prevalent, socio-hierarchal dynamic of Domination and Subjugation, Master and Slave... control...

"Control over man is all
Control is freedom
Not power but to overpower
To rule, to kill, to conquer
Control is won by intimidating
Lying, killing...preaching"

-Puissance

Such socio-hierarchal dynamic is inherent to the savage quintessence of nature from within the draconian weltanschauung of the predatory mind.

Subjugation is achieved most efficiently and effectively through the implementation of violence and terror. Enforced continuity of this subjugated domination can be sustained henceforth through the promised threat of **CORRECTIVE DISCIPLINE, ABUSE AND TORTURE.**

The slave submits to the Black Hand of their Master whom, via the natural machinations of cause and effect, and the resulting psycho-spiritual modifications achieved through their subjugation and trauma-based programming, ultimately becomes their God.

When one capitulates to their oppressor, they offer themselves up viscerally on a silver platter to be preyed upon as seen fit by their Overlord. This is a direct act of vampiric communion in that, by doing so they surrender their very lifeforce; their blood essence unto the salivating hideous vortex of the Undead Gods and/or vampiric predator.

COACTUS FECI

Weltfeind; 135 yf

Oneiric Blood Predator

Moving on, we will now discuss hunting through astral projection and oneiric predation.

The vampire hunts instinctively; just like a tiger hunts its prey for survival, so does the living vampire. The vampire, however, is not like an animal in its hunting because where a tiger can only hunt while physically pursuing its prey, the vampire can, in addendum, hunt while he is sleeping and/or in altered conscious/ subconscious states.

The predator, while in deep states of meditation, may project his consciousness out of the body, using the astral body as a vehicle. While projected in a deep state of meditation, the predator may remain conscious and keep total control over what and how

the projected shadow goes about its hunting. The astral shadow directly responds via pure will power; if the vampire wills the astral body to take wolf-like shape, it will respond immediately.

In the case of oneiric (of/or in relation to dreams) hunting, the experience will be very much the same. Often in dreams, the vampire will find himself hunting and violently attacking humans and drinking their blood. As well, it is not out of the ordinary for the vampire to simply commit heinous acts of murder and abuse in his dreams while not specifically vampirizing them or drinking their blood. Dreams will be flooded on a regular basis with punishment, torture, abuse, murder, blood and other violent scenarios, all of which are perpetrated by their own hands. While in a dream state one may realize consciousness and assume lucid oneiric hunting, which would then be nearly identical to the case of the astral projected self - hunting in response to will.

Psycho-Terror Vampiric Feeding

We will now endeavor to explain the practice of vampirism through emotional and psychological predation. These two methods can be interwoven in use to achieve best results and satiate the Higher Taste. A perfect example of these two methods used in unison is Interrogation, specifically the more "extreme" forms of interrogation such as exercised by extremist political regimes and criminal organizations, where the very real threat of the person's life or that of their family is on the line unless they surrender to the interrogator.

Emotional vampirism can be perpetrated through the creation of certain, usually personal relationships where a strong sense of sympathy is genuinely felt by the victim for the vampire because of certain scenarios which have been orchestrated to make the victim feel sorry for, or want to keep giving and giving to the vampire.

This is called emotional vampirism because the vampire is using emotional weight to draw in his victim for whatever manipulation purposes he pleases.

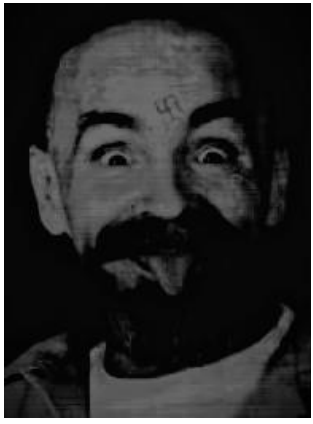
Psychological vampirism is very similar to emotional vampirism, as it is a matter of "setting the mood" to induce psychological conditions such as paranoia, panic, fear, suicidal tendencies, manic depression, madness, terror, etc., etc... You get the point.

Again, we will mention interrogation as an excellent means of psychological feeding. If you convince someone that there are people watching them for example, you will have succeeded in the inducement of paranoia and fear into your victim from which point, the victim may take refuge in you as a "friend to trust" while you continue to elevate his paranoia and delusions, resulting in psychological breakdown.

The continuance of inducing psycho- logical ailments and reverse conditions into your victim is a preferred method of feeding as it is drawn out and increasingly incremented in the degree of extremity as time goes on.

Furthermore, psychological vampirism can be perpetrated through acts of subversive manipulation, brainwashing and "assisted" psychological suicide. The latter is referring to the aftermath of a scenario which is in a cold and calculated manner created to usurp the victim's mental stability, along with any sort of "sureness" or self-esteem they may have. This may lead to insanity or self-destruction if committed in perfection.

Black Holes in the Flesh



The living, breathing Undead, who hunt among the human sheep in Godlike form. We make synonymous this type of High Vampire with a black hole because of the natural dark gift to draw many unto them, like a sinistral blood vortex. Certain vampires operating on a Godlike platform often take their place as charismatic leaders within social, political and communal institutions and structures. Often both loved and feared simultaneously to a great degree by their followers, as stated earlier within this manuscript, the Vampire assumes a fearful reign of power over others within their purview.

The Vampire Godhead within these institutions and structures, may be found worshipped as being next to God, or even as God himself, within the context of how "God" may be

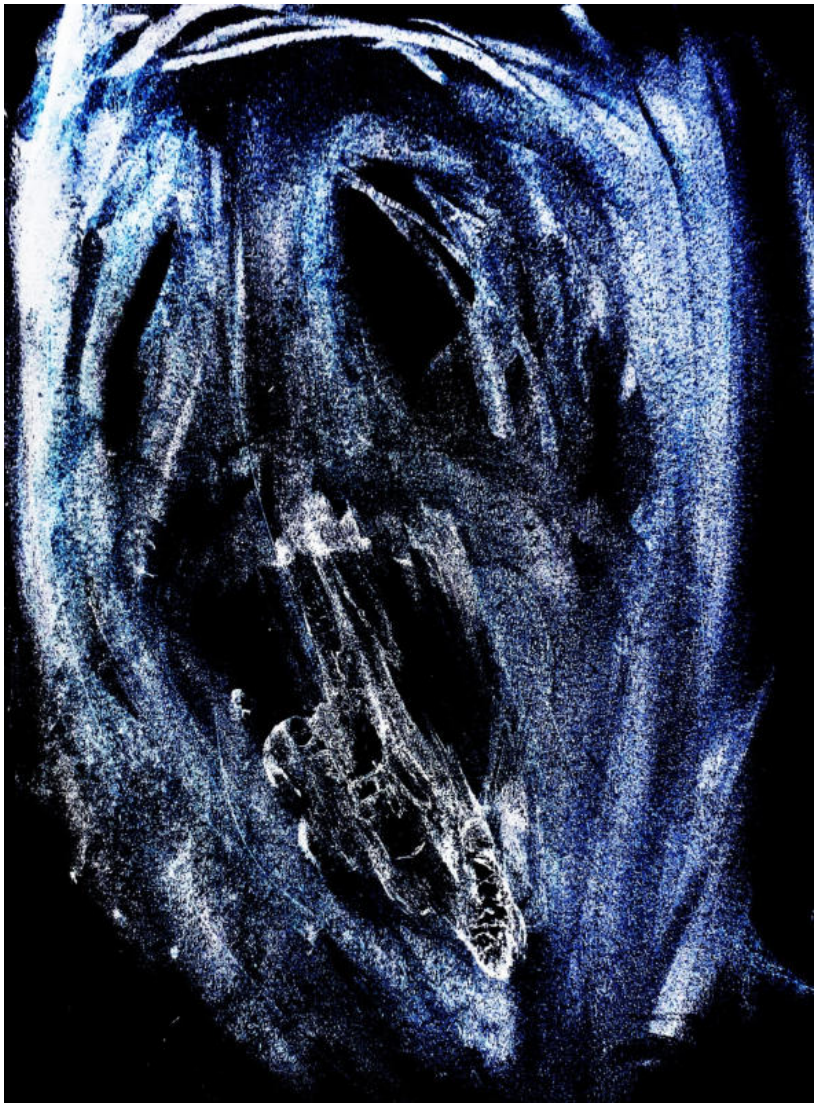
perceived from the perspective of those following or worshipping the hidden Vampire.

Charles Manson was worshipped as a God, was he not? And was he not also both loved and feared by the members of his "family"? Most definitely he was for most certain... Charles Manson used charisma to "win over" those he was grooming to be family members, used drugs, mind control tactics and general vampiric practices to rule his congregation on a Godlike platform.

Father, lover, God and nightmare, Charlie was all of the above to his congregation and was in fact, just as Rev. Jim Jones - stated whatever they wanted him to be. He was whatever his people made him to be. If they saw him as their father, he would be their father. If they saw him as their savior, he would be their savior. If they saw him as their lover, he would be their most intimate lover. And if they feared him, he would be their worst nightmare.

After decades of Charles Manson's federal imprisonment and isolation, still there are many Manson Family members, as well as other fanatics just waiting for Charlie to get out of prison or to "give the word", any word at all, to do his bidding. This bit of history is a very fine example of the walking black hole.

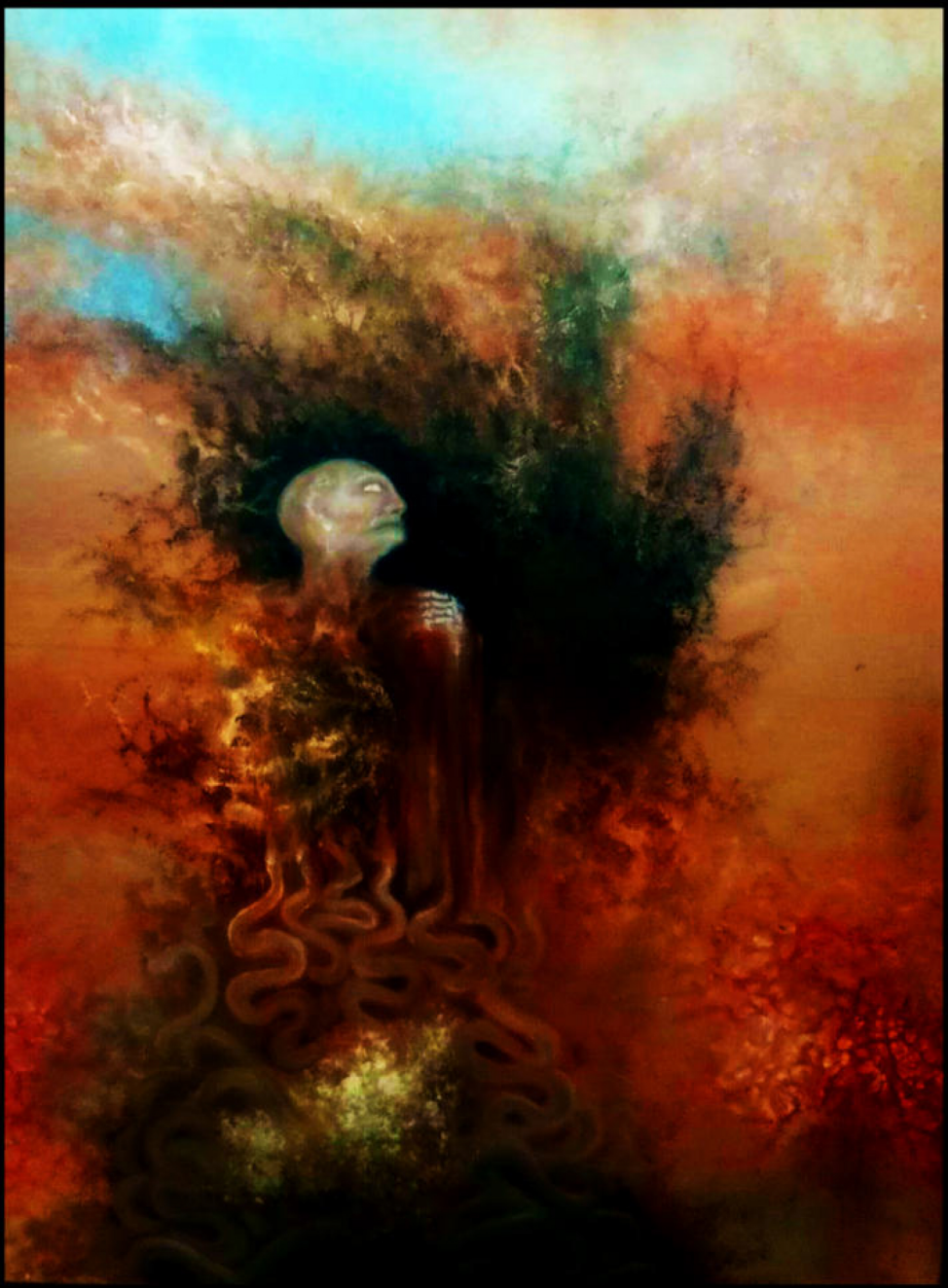
Weltfeind; 122 yf



GOALS OF THE NOCTULIAN DARK FEMININE

DAYSIDE PASTIMES

NIGHTSIDE PASTIMES



(Painting by NFLK)

VESPERIA
NORTHERN ABHARTACH NATION

WELTFEIND

(Painting by NFLK)

WORLD ENEMY

WORLD OFFER

Part II

Ulter Horrificus

The Dreaded Gift of Yester

A bleak and nightmarish paradise awaits just beyond the gates of a blood induced madness...The place where no light shines, and the rain which forever pours tastes like the acrid current of iron nectar; a calling of tides for the gifting of aeonic winters...

The scent of burning sulphur clouds and charred bone delights, waft from betwixt the barren wounds of Terra Firma; permeating the gallows of yester's boon... Dreaded silence... Nythra's innumerable razor brimmed mouths; the endless chasms of tortuous horror, envelop the All-Opfer in pernicious fornication beneath the dark pool.

A necrotic pyramid climbs the horizon revealing the new Sun at Midnight. Upon the apex, perched on its pointed hat, a black raven laughs as a white dove flies backwards into his mouth.
Tomorrow may dance for the world to its first movement: act one, from the palm of a pale skeleton hand...

NSK
134yf

Choronzon: A Vampiric Analysis

Let us take a moment and consider the fundamentals of CHORONZON. What or who is Choronzon?

CHORONZON is the hungry Demon of the gate to the Abyss (Sitra Ahra) according to qliphotic systems. He is the final stepping stone before entering the hidden sphere of Daath.

The Demon is like the Red Guard standing before the iron gateway to the Abyss; He is red in color because he is soaked and stained from the blood of failed neonates of the past and present which have been reduced to piles of flesh and drained of that crimson nectar.

He has 333 arms, all of which hold an overly large razor sharp blade. Some may think of Him as their ultimate worst NIGHTMARE where as others will find ecstasy in his vile incarnation. One must pass through the hideous meat grinder that is CHORONZON if they wish to tread the bleak and backwards waters of the Abyss. Under this dim light, Choronzon may be the guiding Demon of trespass whose inflicting tendrils act as a stripping effect of the false ego leading to Godhead or, he may be the rabid alienic wolf extending his cold hand only to break yours, inflicting unparalleled punishments and rendering your being shattered and paralyzed. Those who come to the Demon whole-heatedly seeking the embrace of the Abyss will encounter themselves passing through to the other side, finding a Black Paradise awaiting them, among THEM. Those who seek the Demon half-heatedly however will instead find themselves shredded

into 333 pieces with no one to step in and save them. It will then be their responsibility to attempt to rekindle themselves and regain some sense of meaning or worth for their pathetic excuse of a life.

As a result of this tearing apart of the soul, they may experience a psychological break lasting for an indefinite amount of time, they may find themselves running the complete other direction back into the hands of the magian influence and ultimately enslavement, or they may find themselves dead on arrival.

When someone pushes their spiritual, psychological, emotional and moral limits to such an extent as is needed to trespass/ side step into the abyss, they will find themselves in one of the aforementioned groups, SLAVE or MASTER. What will you be?

To increase Darkness limits must be pushed and smashed.

Czar; Tyrant Nirrta
Weltfeind
2009 E.H.

Vampirism, Liminality and Eclecticism

If one looks in a sober and detached way at what constitutes black vampirism, one will find that a profound research and practical exploration of a vampiric mythos within a specific culturally delineated spiritual tradition constitutes one of the main approaches of aspiring and advanced vampiric practitioners alike.

As an example, one could take an adherent of traditional satanism who is fully focused on the sevenfold sinister way, its dark gods and the tree of wyrd - or alternatively someone who is fully dedicated to exploring the chthonic aspects of germanic mythology, religion and magic.

In the more hidden and secret aspects of our ghastly and transgressive spiritual discipline, this can also take the shape of research into and communion with specific hereditary bloodlines of black nobility - in most cases in geographical proximity and/or blood-familiarity of the one so seeking. There, the deeper investigation of the mysteries of the undead is linked to the guarded purity of the dark vampiric bloodlines and its transmission across generations.

This immersion in and confrontation with the specificities of a spiritual tradition or a blood lineage is based on the assumption that, at its

heart, there is a revelation of undiluted vampiric mysteries encoded through layers of metaphor of a specific tradition or drops of blood of a specific bloodline - accessible to only those blessed with a genuinely sinister will to power, fanatical thirst for knowledge and, in certain cases, the required hereditary blood-bond.

However, the discerning reader will also understand that vampirism as a phenomenon transcends the boundaries of specific spiritual traditions, folklore, religions, cultures and geographical locations. The blood-drinking specter, the living demons entombed in flesh bodies, the transhuman and predatory powers slumbering within draconic lineages and intimations of a Divinity of the Outer Darkness all-dreadful, all-illuminating and all-consuming are but a few examples of spiritual realities that find expression in different religions, mythologies and esoteric traditions across terra firma.

More precisely, the knowledge of the original event of the descent of our demonic ancestors from the stars was represented, translated and transmitted in different strains of occult thought and sorcerous practice. Some of those have survived and been handed down uninterrupted throughout millennia - while others, much more often, have dried out, only to be potentially reconstructed through artifacts of history and the malicious whispers of the undead gods themselves.

The fact that vampirism manifests in different religious and cultural spheres can create a desire to connect with different vampiric strains as well as gods and archetypes from different pantheons. For example, an adherent of black vampirism may focus their practice on the draconic gods, vampiric demons and spirits from Babylonian mythology - but at the same time be involved in devotional practices to Krsna, Kali and Kala. He could research the hidden blood legacy of Kingu and contemplate its mysteries while at the same time studying how Asuras are said to incarnate into specific bloodlines in the Kali Yuga.

The idea behind this eclectic approach is that the keys to vampiric attainment are hidden in different traditions and that only through the parallel exploration of separate vampiric strains can one look behind the reflective but also distorting mirror surfaces of mythological representations into the naked abyssal truth of the Supernal Vampire.

According to Cult of Abhartach, which of the two approaches explained is the correct one for the practical application of the alchemical change process and initiation into the mysteries of black vampirism? In many ways, both.

We say "both" because in our experience there needs to be a main tradition and secondary paths that can and should be explored and -to a certain degree - combined for vampirism to unfold its full

potential as an esoteric vehicle of sinister transhuman alchemy.

In our case, the main tradition is obvious to anyone who has studied our path even on a superficial level.

Sinister Hebdomadry not only provides incomparably potent tools, formulas and strategies to manifest the dark. Through the lineage of the Fenlandian Noctulians the sinister tradition bears vampiric potential in its very root and foundation:

As the primary contribution to the O.N.A., the Noctulian-created Seven Fold Sinister Way responds exclusively to Wamphyri blood, meaning, the occult system as promulgated by the O.N.A. only activates from theoretic design to existent extradimensional science when and only when a Wamphyr engages it. The system itself, its dark gods, vibrations, chants, methods, rites and ultimate power were created by design in that it might only be used by aspiring Immortals. Examining the bottom line of the Seven Fold Sinister Way — that of Immortality — evidences the aural tradition of the Noctulian Way, its contributions to the O.N.A, and the response mechanism it has to some people and not others."

While the main initiatory focus is based on the synthesis of the vampiric interpretation of the sevenfold sinister way and a body of MK-Ultra related techniques we refer to under the umbrella-term of Monarchism, many of our members invest the

necessary time, focus, energy and dedication to explore other dark paths.

Time, focus, energy and dedication are the keywords here, as such approach is intense and demanding - lest one falls short of the task and ends up in mundane dilettantism while at the same time harvesting the bitter share of ones ignorance.

Why does vampirism not only allow the parallel practice and inspired fusion of different dark traditions and obscure practices, but thrives in its dark splendor especially when this methodology is applied correctly? The answer is as simple as it is complex: Because vampirism is of such a liminal nature that its most hidden essence is only revealed in and accessed through the In-Between.

To mention a fitting analogy in the world of literary fiction: it is only when the planes and shapes of the Lament Configuration face each other at correct angles that the box unfolds its true power as an interdimensional gateway to infernal worlds. Only when the vectors of force collide and corners are transformed into spike-like daggers of unearthly poison can that relic of cenobitic devotion possess the penetrative power "to become a means to break the surface of the real."

The Supernal Predator

The Supernal Predator is an acausal non-being of a divine nature that is beyond cosmic limitations and the universal superstructures of Maya. Much like the Sumerian primal chaos dragon Tiamat, and the Indian Death Goddess Kali, The Supernal Predator is the source of origin and of final destination for all things.

This divine wamphyric powerhouse of negative black energy can be found under different names from various cultures and is often identified as being the All-Consuming, All- Controlling Darkness beyond the duality of light and dark, creation and destruction.

According to ancient Sumerian mythology, the primal abyss is personified by the chaos dragon MUMMU TIAMAT. Tiamat mixed the 'primordial waters' with her male consort Absu and gave birth to the Elder Gods. Among these was Kingu, the true son of the Chaos Bloodline. Kingu was the leader of the Legions of Darkness, waging war against the Legions of Light headed by Marduk. In the Enuma

Elish, Tiamat and Kingu are slayed by Marduk who in turn used the blood of Kingu to spawn the human race, unbeknownst that the ancient bloodline of Darkness would be carried on within those who have been awakened to their Vampiric Origin. Tiamat is the great womb, origin of all things divine and otherwise. She was first before the Gods of creation and shall remain once all creation has been annihilated. If this is so, creation and/or the material existence will eventually die and flow backwards into the hungry belly of the Dragon – the primal womb of void. In this sense, Tiamat is the All-Consuming Darkness without end, and therefore according to Sumerian mythos, the Supreme Vampire; for all of life and creation in totality shall be consumed.

In the Vedic mythos we generally see three different divine incarnations or "Godheads" which all share the same origin or root word for their names: Kali, Kala and Krsna.

All three names translate to "Black" or "Black One". Much like Tiamat, Kali is the great womb of origin from which all emerged and shall descend back into. She is beyond material causal existence and shall ultimately devour the cosmic matrix, vampirizing the core of life itself. In the Devi Mahatmyam, Kali is mentioned when Durga is battling with the demon Raktabija. Every time Durga would attack Raktabija with her sword and spill blood, clones of the demon would rise from the blood drops.

This goes on for a while until Durga becomes so enraged by her inability to kill Raktabija that the fearsome Kali emerges from the forehead of Durga as the Goddess's internal Killing Potency. Armed with sword and noose, Kali begins viciously slaughtering Raktabija.

Every drop of blood which fell, Kali devoured until she became frenzied in outright blood lust and began killing and drinking the blood of everything she saw.

"Out of the surface of Durga's forehead, fierce with frown, issued suddenly Kali of terrible countenance, armed with a sword and noose. Bearing the strange khatvanga decorated with a garland of skulls, clad in a tiger's skin, very appalling owing to her emaciated flesh, with gaping mouth, fearful with her tongue lolling out, having deep reddish eyes, filling the regions of the sky with her roars, falling upon impetuously and slaughtering the great asuras in that army, she devoured those hordes of the foes of the devas."

Kala, or Mahakala, is one of the many names of Shiva the destroyer and is the masculine form of the name Kali. Kala translates literally to "black" or "time." Time is often interpreted as DEATH and vice versa, for they hold the same meaning. "Time" or death, consumes all things, therefore Kala is a Supreme Vampire, Supernal Predator of all life; Having said that however, Kali will in the end devour Kala, thus devouring even death.

Krsna, whose name means "Dark one" or "Black one", is revered by his worshippers as being the Supreme Personality of Godhead. Krsna is the personification of Darkness before light and space-time, and the emittance of both. Krsna in his first expansion is known as Ananta or Sankarshana, the black energy that is the abyss itself called Tamasi.

Some formidable notes on Lord Ananta as follows:

1) Ananta is the first and foremost expansion of Lord Krsna.

2) Ananta awakens lustful longings in women.

3) Ananta deceives mundane men by keeping the ignorant in ignorance, illusion of ego, "I am the enjoyer of the Universe."

4) Ananta is worshipped by Shiva, Lord of Destruction. Because of this, Ananta is known as Tamasi (Darkness).

5) Ananta is the source of, and is at the heart of Shiva.

6) Ananta wishes to destroy the cosmos. When the time of devastation comes, Ananta transmits the power and knowledge to Shiva on how to destroy the cosmos.

7) Ananta's name means endless.

8) Ananta is a massive pre-cosmic serpent with thousands of hooded cobra heads and mouths.

9) When Ananta uncoils, creation emits. When Ananta coils up, the cosmos are devastated.

10) Ananta when angered releases Rudra from his brow to destroy the world.

11) Anantadeva is equated with primordial darkness and is the personification of the formless primordial ocean.

12) Anantadevas' main mission is to dissolve this material creation.

13) Ananta is King of the Nagas (Snake King).

14) Thus is the sinister mantra of the Black One:

HARE KRSNA HARE KRSNA
KRSNA KRSNA HARE HARE
HARE RAMA HARE RAMA
RAMA RAMA HARE HARE

Krsna is one of the many names of Vishnu and vice versa, and is mentioned in the Bhagavat Gita in chapter 11 as being a most fearful God with terrible devouring flaming jaws.

Chapter 11, Verse 25.

"O Lord of lords, O refuge of the worlds, please be gracious to me. I cannot keep my balance seeing thus Your blazing deathlike faces and awful teeth. In all directions I am bewildered."

Chapter 11, Verse 26-27.

"All the sons of Dhrtarastra along with their allied kings, and Bhisma, Drona and Karna, and all our soldiers are rushing into Your mouths, their heads smashed by Your fearful teeth. I see that some are being crushed between Your teeth as well."

Chapter 11, Verse 29.

"I see all people rushing with full speed into Your mouths as moths dash into a blazing fire."

Chapter 11, Verse 30.

"O Visnu, I see You devouring all people in Your flaming mouths and covering the universe with Your immeasurable rays. Scorching the worlds, you are manifest."

Tyrant Nirrta
126 yf

Lion's Paw

With the current mists surrounding African Diasporic Traditions and charlatan imposters capitalizing on interested parties with no knowledge of them, I feel it appropriate that a manuscript be set forth to make visible some of the gates of such paths for sincere seekers who may genuinely be called to them.

In composing this article I collaborated directly with personal friends of mine who grew up in these cults in both the US and the Caribbean. In their own words one mist know the value of the source and not the unwanted fans and watered down spin-offs. These things indeed belong first and foremost to their own cultural context.

Anyone in western society who has explored world spiritual traditions in any degree has inevitably crossed someone or another peddling the so-called "dark secrets of voodoo". This is about as

absurd as attempting to sell Christianity here in the west as being "dark" and "secretive". In Haiti, Vodou is viewed in a benevolent light-hence the terminology employed by priests and priestesses such as "Bon Hougan" or "Bon Manbo", meaning "Good Priest/ess'. Essentially the same as a practitioner of magick identifying them self as a "good witch" or "white witch". Vodou is called Ginea or Fran Ginén which means it is actually viewed as a Right Hand Path and an open mainstream religion which anyone may initiate into. In the Southern US as well, Voodoo enjoys a sinister reputation but in reality is merely a watered down version of Haiti's religion and in many cases even mixed with Yoruba Orisha traditions becoming even more deluded and ineffective.

When people whisper of reanimation of corpses, werewolves in the countryside, or serpents appearing from the corners of the room defying explanation by modern science, they are not speaking of Vodou. These things are hints of heavy black magick which has been hidden in the forests of Haiti for centuries. Many westerners have initiated into Vodou in futile attempts to learn dark secrets, and simply became monetary pawns for Vodoun Temples in Haiti's safer suburbs to bring in money, but further into the green mountainous regions of the island, isolated from the world in a peculiar way where westerners are not readily welcome, there is a secret society hidden beyond the open peristyles of Vodou.

The true horrors which own the night in Haiti belong to a more obscure and little known tradition called Makava, or in some cases Sect Rouj meaning "Red Sect" due to the distinct crimson clothing worn at the rites and ceremonies, as well as their association with blood and fiery energies. Unlike Vodou, Makaya is not a religion. It is pure magick, unrestricted by religious doctrine or superstition of consequence for evil, and it was designed by both the rite's founders as well as the spirits moving through them to act as a point of intrusion for the Dark into this world. This is the form of sorcery employed by the Bizango and Sampwel-secret societies on the island spoken of as 'Sacred Police' by the Vodoun Priesthood, but only out of fear as in reality they function more along the lines of Spiritual Terror Squads in rural communities. Makaya is feared because it is highly aggressive sorcery renowned for its power in malefic workings and steeped with rumors of altars with children's coffins, physical shapeshifting, zombification for enslavement, and even human torture to appease cruel and feral entities which feed on such energy. It is an entirely separate tradition with its own initiation rites and unlike the open religious services of Vodou it is a very closed off community.

Initiates have passphrases and gestures to identify one another from different houses in much the same manner as Freemasonry. The word Bokor actually means "worker" and never had anything to do with Vodou, but was a reference to a worker of Makava just as Sevituer or "servant" signified a practitioner of Vodou.

While there are certainly interesting and provenly effective new developments such as the work of Michael Bertiaux and David Beth which approach the currents of Vodou in an unconventional manner (perhaps even expanding upon previously unexplored potential in theurgy), there are also many groups and developments claiming direct authenticity which are not at all.

Nowadays the exploring student must sift through insulting volumes of westernized trash claiming to be "authentic left hand path voodoo" from mythical "butterfly" cults. There is no such thing, period. To quote the late Prince Nicholas de Vere, "Real magic is at work here. A group of secretly initiated individuals are turning dross into gold. Fools give charlatans good money in exchange for utterly useless garbage. Now that's alchemy!"

Many Hougans and Manbos (Priests and Priestesses) online will claim such for business but Vodou is in fact referred to as 'working with the right hand' and Makaya is working with the Left. Those claiming to be Sevi Demen or "work with both hands" are either Hougans with only hear-say knowledge in Makaya because they are uninitiated or Bokors using the title of Hougan as a mask for their darker practices. Initiation into Bizango / Makaya opens a door that can never be closed. Like Quimbanda the forces channeled are fiery, hot, sometimes maddening energies and one simply does not have the option of ever returning to the life

they knew once the spirits 'take your head'. A permanent cohabitation will be sealed.

Unlike Vodou which has its roots in Benin/Dahomey, Makaya finds its origins in the rainforests of the Congo, as well as the island of Haiti itsself where the African slaves first made contact with the feral spirits dwelling in local caves and forests. The word "Makaya" is found in several dialects of Bantu/Ki-Kongo language and translates as "leaves" or "sorcery". Like Palo Mayombe there are even remnants of the feared Anyoto Cult known to most as the Leopard Men - hints of the shapeshifting practices of the Sanpwel Soldiers which patrol the forests of the island by night. The term, Smmpwel literally translates as "Hairless Pigs".

The Rite was formed by subversive insurgents during the revolution in Haiti, thus their observances are aggressive, militant and dangerous to happen upon, unlike the "fet'" parties "in honor of God and the spirits" in Vodou. The spirits served include a vast spectrum of Djab (demonic entities) and Lwa (spirits) whose names and veves (sigils) are generally not spoken of outside private counsel or ceremonies. Many of them cannot be served uninitiated and some must be passed or "introduced" to an initiate by his or her mentors directly. Similar to Vodou, Makava does teach that among the many Lwa and Djab there is one spirit called the Met Tet ("Master" or "Mistress of the Head") which acts as not merely a "Patron" but a sort of Mother or Father to the practitioner and it is believed that to

understand this entity is to gain a deeper understanding of one's self.

This concept is largely shared within African Diasporic Traditions, and for good reason. When I worked security at a nightclub I used to watch intoxicated men and women swoon into threshold states as fast paced rhythms thundered in the atmosphere and hypnotic laser lighting distorted their vision, shy women suddenly stomping and spinning in an almost violent display of power and even straight men jerking and contorting into intensely erotic feminine dancing. With what I learned in these specific systems I could immediately identify such deviations from their societal personas as not just their shadow selves surfacing, but in fact reflections of their spirit guides, bleeding through because they were in a receptive and dissociative state.

This is the same method employed in ceremonial dance where the spirits "'mount' or 'ride' a dancer in full possession. In Brazilian Ouimbanda for example, it is taught that one's personality is modeled according to energetic impulses emanated from one's Crown Exu and Pomb Gira, and to explore those impulses is one aspect of worship which leads toward a personal gnosis of one's self and the secrets of one's Exus and their powers. I realized that the same technique may also be applied in exploring one's deviant or abstract impulses in Makaya as an approach to mapping a personal understanding of one's Met Tet and further unlocking one's own shadow-self. A friend and spiritual sister initiated

in Makaya when asked about this told me "The Lwa that walk with you have been watching you since you were a child, they knew you long before you knew them. Your Met Tet was actually passed to you by an ancestor. If you choose to walk this path they will teach you about who you are."

In the same sense of acting as a guardian to their children, once 'seated' in the initiated vessel, if for example a vampire were to approach one in the astral, they would be intentionally allowed to take in ones energy, only to suffer the brutal effects thereof at the hand of the initiate's Met Tet.

What is key with this unique stream of divinity is that like the private and true cult of La Catrina (Santa Muerte) the keepers of these paths must approach you, one cannot petition entrance. I have had to discover what practices I simply have no place in and other doors which were opened to me for a reason. As the saying goes concerning Kafou Himself in relation to not only the cemetery but all roads; "If the Master does not give, the Gates will not receive." Often they will visit in dreams or will send their devotees into your life to cross paths with. Sometimes when one undertakes Konzo (initiation into Vodou) a spirit will demand that they initiate into Makaya as well if it is in their Dharma to do so. More aggressive and predatory Gadés ("guards" - protective spirits which act like attack dogs) will be received, and the 'worker' will be assessed on how far they should go through the initiatory

levels. Those who initiate into Makaya contrast it brilliantly to initiation in Vodou, stating it is far more electrifying and intense.

Baron Kriminel is often one of the first to take interest in one being called, as a hint for those contemplating...

For those who feel called to walk with Djab in this life and if the Diab and Lwa grant them passage, I hope this may be of use in your becoming.

Madame Lisifi vire je m' wouj

Shadow
Weltfeind
135yf

The Dark Beings and the Kaleidoscope of Infinite Reality

According to the Many Worlds Theory, there exist an infinite number of parallel universes. With this theory in mind; I posit the following consideration forthwith.

The following is not intended as a confirming synopsis, but rather an imaginative, curious theorizing, presented from a fellow inquisitor and traveler of the black spaces betwixt the axis of worlds; merely an inquisitive scrutiny of both introspection and extrospection.

***

What if, the Dark Beings are in fact a manifested realization of beings like ourselves who come "into being" or exhibit the frequencies and character traits of the Dark Beings, just as we ourselves can also tap into; the actualized gnosis and sequence, of the esoteric significance for the Azoth to At-Azoth equation.

What if the Dark Beings are other versions of ourselves from alternate parallel universes, whom tapping into and personifying these frequencies, commune with us in this universe via the processes of Dark Empathy, thereby exhibiting the embodied presence of THEM to us, just as we in like form also, naturally would do consciously or otherwise according to the experience of those dwelling in the other alternate parallel universes.

Are "we" ourselves in fact, the Dark Beings?

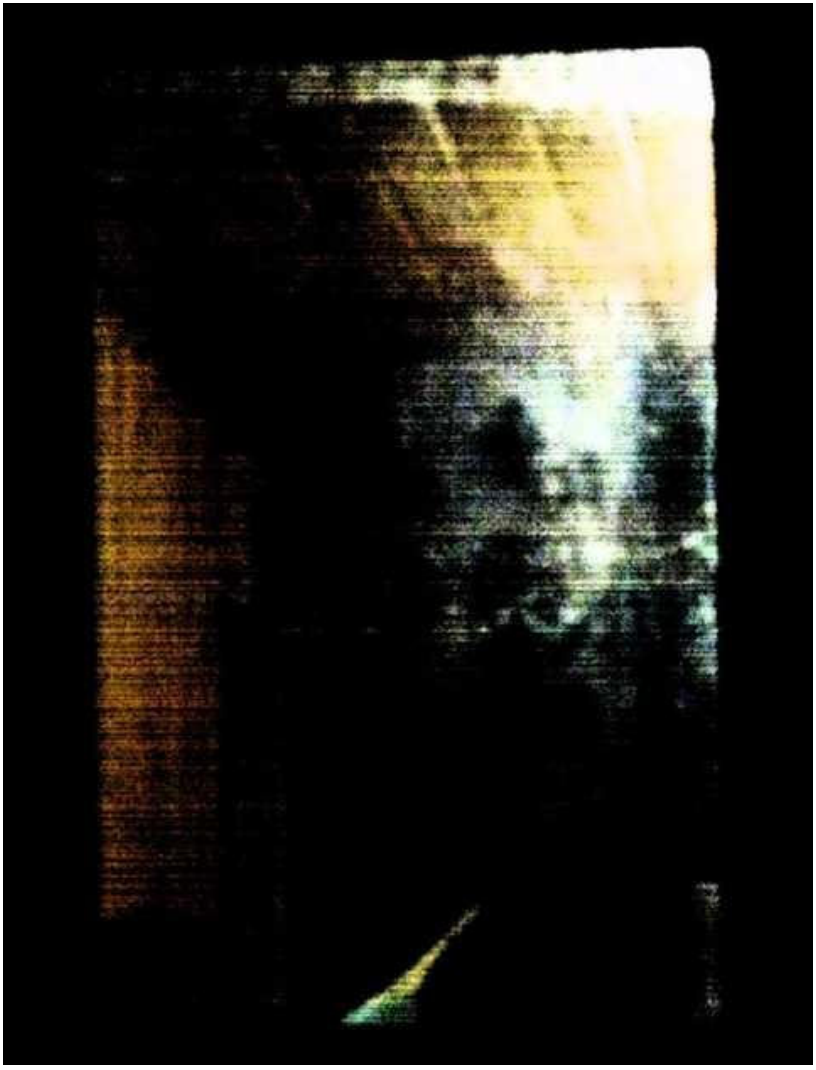
Our own beings have their own shadows; perhaps in other alternate universes we ARE the shadows to their beings?

Reality is both an endless and yet repeating field of waves of vibrating frequencies much like the stations on a radio.

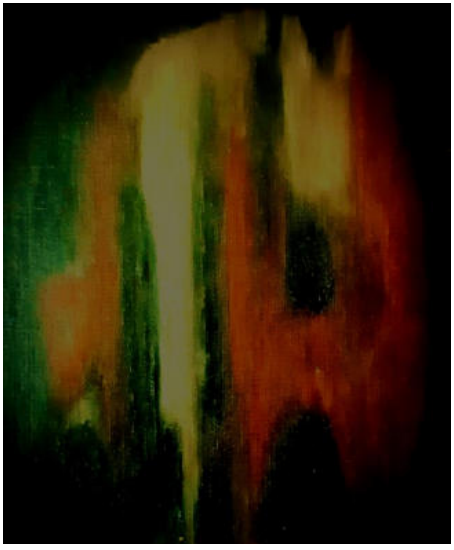
What if we exist on some level in each and every "radio station" as a concentrated wave which is part and parcel of our super forms which exist in totality over the entire spectrum of the frequency field?

In this way, the Dark Beings could therefore be explained or interpreted as potentials of reality which are housed within a particular wave-length frequency in the "radio station" of the infinite kaleidoscope of supernal reality.

Tyrant NSK
AoS: 1



Existential Obscurity



"It's hard to describe this plane of existence. When time and space is irrelevant and realities collide. We are left with a platform of dust".

It is virtually impossible to truly describe in words any selection from the array of existential planes in any way that would serve justice of delineation, this plane is no different if not more tiresome to be quite honest. Simply because our gross material bodies which serve as our vehicular experiential hosts, are bound part and parcel to the desired object of observance.

Dust, yes that is a reasonable description certainly.

To expand on that further, I would lend the "dust" descriptor to electromagnet quantum singular points.

If one was able to visually experience these "platforms of dust" up close, they would be visually interpreted as something more along the lines of electro-magnetic waves of subatomic electron particulates, swirling around statically according to their or vibrational frequencies.

From the point of view of a supra-dimensional ultra-relativistic observance, would appear through the same viewing lens as a multi-dimensional tesseract of layered fabric and points networked together forming a supernal static swirling para-potentiality of hyperspace reality.

I find it exponentially impossible to try to describe in words what I can see in my mind's eye on this level of hyper-existentialism for lack of better words.

I find it amusing, so many relentlessly trying to cling on to the illusion of "life" and with their pathetic arrogance of self-importance.

All that is yet to take place has already taken place, and is simultaneously taking place currently. All that is or ever has been has always been, currently is and forever shall be; all at once. At the same time, the opposite is also simultaneously true.

All varying degrees of dimensional planes of quantum and cosmic substantiation are quintessentially conscious projections. All that is external to your place in space-time, is accessible via internal exploration.

If you wish to see the past, look up into the night sky; if you seek intergalactic exploration, look inwards and open your eyes to that which awaits your observable quantifiable substantiation if you so choose to seek it.

One need not space ships to travel the infinite darkness of space; one need only to open their inner eye.

Donn Bullrick
134yf
AOS 1

The Entropic Sound of Supernal Reality

The buzzing vibrations' of the individual points of space-time; just as when one views "white noise" on a television, this image is broken down into tiny vibrating points as they "pop" in and out of existence.

The vibrations of those infinitely small points of wave-length reality are in fact the affect exhibited via the processes of the entropy of matter in their own individual point of space-time manifestation.

The buzzing of super reality is therefore the sound of its parts and parcels each engaged in the process of entropy.

The flies of death – think of Beelzebub.

As soon as something "pops" into reality it immediately begins the process of entropic degradation; decay and death.

Tyrant NSK
AOS: 1

Concerning the Abyss

The Abyss is both a hateful friend and a loving enemy. The Abyss giveth and the Abyss taketh away.

The Abyss is both within and without; when one explores the darkness within themselves deep enough to come face to face with it, a door is presented and when that doorknob is turned a gate is opened between the Abyss that is within and the Abyss that is without.

The human is like a cup from which the Abyss drinks from and when it is drank dry, refill it in a Rain of Mercy with its boundless essence, thus bringing about Breakthrough in the words of Whitley Streiber (Communion, Transformation, Breakthrough).

In my own experience with our most hateful lover and loving enemy, I gave myself up on a silver platter and rang the dinner bell pleading for it to take everything; let's just say it didn't wait to say grace.

I wanted it to take everything from me to see if I was strong enough to endure the pain and loss of what was to come or if I would crumble into pieces like the other 99% of those who approach the Abyss. I wanted to know this utterly brutal truth about myself and see what I was made of. I wanted to explore and pioneer the chasmal depths of my own psyche and also the mechanics behind how it relates and interacts with the world(s) around it. What did it take from me?

It took away my ill pre-conceived false sense of "self" and identity; who I thought "I" was. It stripped away the ego which I had blindly chained myself to out of ignorance and lack of experience. It cut to shreds the ridiculous false safety net that had confined me in its knotted spider web of self-imposed restrictions. It took nearly all my family, friends and loved ones from me via my decision to hold steadfast on the path I traversed over and above anyone and everyone I loved, and if it meant I had to choose, I carved my choice in stone proudly and without second thought.

It took from me the woman who I assumed to be my end game; whom I considered to be the love of my life and wanted to spend the rest of my life with. We were to have a child together however it was pre-decided to commend the child to the Abyss through the hands of Goddess Darkat as a sacrificial offering, invoking her via her mantra throughout the process.I did the exact same thing with another woman a couple years later; gave another

child as a sacrificial offering to Kali Ma which was again accompanied with her devotional mantra.

A gift to the Mother of Blood.

"Never love anything so much, you cannot see it die."

It took away my privacy and any sense of potential decent public reputation via my work with National Socialist and Communist groups in the past, having been on national news several times and being put on hate crime, terrorist and gang watch lists. This was before embarking on my own Wyrd, navigating the dark and dangerous under (and over)belly of society, secret societies and the leadership role that has often found itself at my doorstep that came with it; growing with it like a symbiotic paradoxical organism.

It took from me the delusion of whom and what I thought I was, skinned my face mask off with serrated surgical steel and showed me the truly ugly, illuminating, beautiful and intricately brutal truth of what really lay beneath the fragile construct of the human ego. It took my life as I knew it and replaced it with something else.

Realization of these facts, among others, wrought a devastatingly terrifying yet sublimely supernal climax of epiphany and illumination. The moment when its dawns on you like you just opened your eyes for the first time. – "Yes, this happened; unretainable loss which Nythra grinning, hungrily

devoured and drank from the cup of my being." Followed by the realization of "what I lost isn't even relevant anymore in lieu of what was gained in the process of reciprocation....wheat from the chaff", seeing through a seemingly new set of eyes as if through a different organic host or physical vehicle.

Through the extremes of experience, we find our own equinox. It is at this center that a nexion is opened and a bridge to the singularity is made.

We are all just space dust hurdling through the hallways of always ad infinitum, circling and cycling the edge of the grand macro event horizon unto oblivion. The realization of our own manifestation and that of the Maya surrounding it is a consequence of vibrational wave frequencies. Oscillating frequency is the ultimate hyper-reality known to some as godhead, second only to Parabrahman; the acausal singularity in and of itself.

There is no such thing as "material" existence, there are only oscillating waves reverberating down the serpents tail into its own mouth; through the vortex. Next time you think of Quantum Entanglement, look to your shadow.

NSK
Klan Terra Firma
133 yf

INRI –
Man Myth & Madness

[A few thoughts regarding a condemned heretic and "mad-man", that in post-mortem altered the course of human history.]

INRI - "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews".

Historically speaking, the above sanctified acronym must be quite literally the longest standing and most incredibly mis-interpreted/ surprisingly misunderstood mortal "jape" that can be accounted for according to our current, historically recorded, human timeline.

The designation of "INRI" which was applied to the cross that Jesus, or "Joshua" (the man) was condemned to death upon was indeed verily done so out of revile and ridicule for the purpose of making an exemplary mockery of him during the last days leading up to his inevitable mortal finality; not because he was the King of the Jews but because they hated and denounced him as an arrogantly grandiose heretic.

The INRI acronym has since over time, come to take on a sanctified and literal interpretation as per the underlying subversive political needs and long term engineered trajectories which have continued to hide covertly in plain sight within the

highly deceptive and calculated bondage of world-wide religious institution.

A follower of the apocryphal archetype who is known as the "Jesus Christ of Nazareth", will interpret the INRI designation (albeit absurdly ironic) as a spiritually rich and symbolically affirmative representation of their Messiah's alleged divine providence and benign spiritual dominion; finding some kind of obscene strength therein.

Clearly, considering the dastardly sarcastic implications behind the iconic denotatum in question, insofar as it relates to the context of intent and employed purpose behind the placard being emblazoned upon the cross in the first place, it becomes apparent beyond refute that the applied interpretation for this denotatum by even the most ardent followers and sanctified disciples of Christianity is inherently flawed at best.

Say for example, you were sentenced to death by hanging following a conviction for the charge of being a thieving scoundrel; then, after lowering your corpse into the ground, installing a placard above your tombstone with the words "Trust Me" engraved on it as a final insult to injury, just to let everyone know in the years to come what a lying, thieving piece of shit you were in life.

To put this into context, how much sense would it make for your loved ones surviving you to create banners or poster boards with your picture on them around town that included the slogan "Trust Me"

emblazoned on them? Would that not be a monumental smear against you post mortem? Not to mention a completely nonsensical act by someone who alleged to have loved and respected you before having your neck stretched down to the Devil.

As a result, the disciples and followers of the "Cult of *Christos*" (take note of the referential term utilized here as it relates specifically to what would later become sanctified and officially sanctioned as the Christian religion) have, via systematically calculated processes of socio-political engineering applications and violently enforced fear-based programming machinations over the last two-thousand years, long since become intimately "educated" under threat of horrific torture and slow agonizing death should they, the thralls of Christendom, dare to think alternatively or have any other thoughts outside what they had been "educated" upon.

With this in mind - let us refer to the literal etymological meaning behind the "name" of the ever immortalized and globally recognizable, iconographical archetype known as Jesus Christ (or more correctly – Joshua the Anointed), whom for the last two millennia has been both deified and sanctified within Christianity and its various divisions accordingly, serving to meet the philosophical and morally acceptable standards throughout any given point in time to the benefit of the engineers of history.

Grammatically speaking, the word "Christ" is in fact a title not a name, which means Messiah or Anointed One.

In the very same way for example, "Baalzebub" (sic) is also not in actuality a name in and of itself, but a combination of both honorific title and noun; Baal (meaning "Lord") and Zebub (meaning "Flies") combined together to form Baalzebub which has over time, gone from a designation of sorts, to taking on a form of its own as a recognized name for the "Lord of the Flies", that old serpent called Satan; world enemy – (Weltfeind).

Greek Χριστός (Christos) meaning "anointed", derived from χρίω (chrio) meaning "to anoint". This was a name applied to Jesus by early Greek-speaking Christians. It is a translation from Hebrew of the word מָשִׁיחַ (mashiyaḥ), commonly spelled in English, messiah, which also means "anointed".

Allegedly, the "mad heretic" (Joshua the Anointed One) Jesus was attempting to instruct the Jewish religious leaders of the time in the ways and the axioms of an alien god for which he claimed to be the earth-bound, flesh and blood representative. Such a claim was nothing short of high heresy; punishable by torture and public execution, which was in that region commonly employed via crucifixion.

As with everything in nature, there exists a hierarchal designation and food chain; a pecking or-

der which separates the nobility from the peasantry; lion from sheep and predator from prey.

While this article may appear at face value, to bear an explicit focus pertaining to certain aspects of a particularly recognizable character from ancient history; one of flesh and blood that later became deified via post mortem canonization and thus, immortalized into the annals of history as a religious icon of unparalleled epic proportions, the following must be brought to the forefront of attention to the reader...One simple note with respect to the fundamental purpose behind this text.

LEST WE FORGET, JESUS THE ALIEN CHRIST IS DESCENDED FROM SETH, THE BROTHER OF NONE OTHER THAN OUR LITERAL GENEALOGICAL INFERNAL ANCESTOR AND VAMPIRIC ALLFATHER; THE PREDATORY BLOOD LORD OF MURDER: CAIN.

NOTE: In regards to the above article, it has been deemed necessary to conclude with a brief statement to clarify the context of reference to the content herein: This article is in no way a motion of advocacy or endorsement of the Christian religion or its' denominations and conduits.

Tyrant Nirrta
Weltfeind; Vesperia
Winter 2024 / 135yf

Fear: The Human Condition

You can be friends or enemies and run into complications with either, but if you respect each other - friend or foe - you can coexist on that basis alone.

Respect is the foundation for every constructive or functioning relationship. Even if you hate someone but are able to establish a mutual respect, the result is essentially the same. Fear and Love both result in respect.

Love and hate are but two sides of the same coin; both being based on fear and the established respect therefrom: Fear of being betrayed, abandoned or attacked; fear of losing loved ones, etc.

Fear is foundational - In so many more ways than most would ever even think of; buried deep down in the shadows of a person's psyche while presenting itself more often than not, behind the masks of various emotional and/or psychological forms.

Fear is a coin. One side houses the mode of love and the other side; the mode of hate. Both are at the based fundamentally on fear; love especially, even more so than hate.

Because of the instinctual will to procreate in order to secure the continued existence of one's species, it is inherent in human nature to seek out the love of a mate. If one is not able to find a mate for example, it is at the very core of our innate survival mechanisms to be driven by the fear that if one is not able to find a mate; they will not be able to reproduce. Thus from nature's point of view, therefore fail to fulfill one's fundamental duty to ensure the continued preservation of their species.

Why do we love others? More than the reasons that we love them is the underlying fear of losing them. It is a core instinct, a collective tribal survival mechanism that is built in at the base level of our reptilian subconscious.

The other side of the coin, that being of the mode of hate, is ruled by fear as well but it is much simpler than the other. All hate is based upon fear in one way or another.

Fear is the driving force behind the human condition.

Passion is fear
Wrapped in a rose
Littered with thorns.

Both love and hate, indeed are virtually the same thing.

Over premeditated analysis of the next step in life or one's path can too easily become the very source of which, a fire which burns down their internal house is started. Over analysis is the main ingredient of fear.

If fear is the mind killer and is begotten all too often by one's own over analysis, then we are left hanging with the question of how to approach life altering evolutions and core change as per the 7FW - the only solution is to dive head first blind and see if you die horrifically at the base of the cliff as fodder to the rocky bottom, or alternatively glide through the subterranean arteries of the alchemical placenta to finally ascend as the next rung in your evolutionary stage to take your first breath; reborn, harnessing your equilibrium and uniting your poles to become "many as one".

Over analysis in this example is a sure road to violent death of the internal fire, and more than likely the flesh vehicle as well. Diving blind is (in my opinion) the only way to fully and correctly experience the awe, surprise, excitement and terror that, due to our innate nature would in contrast, otherwise present a next to impossible choice to choke on.

When you don't have a choice, you have nothing to lose; or at least no way to stop the train of inner loss or devastation from stoking its furnace, thus in a very serious way and with the threat of very serious possible consequences, the initiate thus finds themselves without any other options as per their own self-imposed, forced experiential processes and alchemical delights towards violent alchemical ends.

Something to keep in mind with respect to the above noted point can be broken down into the following statement - Yesterday doesn't exist and tomorrow hasn't happened yet; the only reality that exists is right now. If you apply this philosophy to the generally accepted theory of time you will ascertain an undeniable truth therein – "Time" ultimately, is merely an abstract (or perhaps dumbed down and truly irrational) theory; nothing more than a result of the self-centered arrogance from which the human species is fueled and driven by, to satiate their own delusions of self-worth among the tedious and worthless existence of their own "lives" and that of their familial counterparts and extensions. Yesterday fills the ingredient list for the seat of regret.

Tomorrow is a barren whore dancing aimlessly at the bottom of a wishing well. Only today is real... right now; this very second. Time is the great deceiver; time is a synthetic

hologram which is both master and slave. Everything that has ever happened, everything that will or can ever happen, and every single possibility (including the infinite number possible alternate outcomes which branch from the treat of one's immediate conscious sensory experience) of potential alternate outcomes are in fact all happening at the same time - **NOW**.

Time is an illusion, a human construct, formulated for the following reasons:

1) To establish sequential conscious grounding in the madness of existential experience.

2) To map out what is, what was and what will yet to be.

3) To apply meaning to the human experience in such a way that allows the human to acknowledge their own false sense of self-worth in relation to the liminal life expectancy of the average human, because it forces the human to put into perspective the limited amount of frames in motion for which they have to find a mate to reproduce with before their ever untimely, yet inevitably inescapable expiration; watering the fields for next quarter's harvest.

With consideration and scrutiny of the above statements, and with respect to the human experience in and of itself, stark clarity of the cold truth becomes undeniably obvious - The human experience in its entirety is both solely formulated and expressed via varying degrees and dimensions of subconscious and conscious designs which are, at their very core foundation, composed, formulated and driven by fear and fear alone.

"Fear is the mind killer" -Dune.

Each breath is taken with an adjoining subconscious fear that they may not get to take another. Humans apply the term "God" to that from which they came, but all too often the same is applied to the force that drives them; that is incorrect. Fear is the fuel of life. Fear is the blood current which feeds from all living things with every breath and everything thereafter.

...Some might even argue; **Fear is God itself.**

Tyrant Nirrta SK
Weltfeind
135 yf

Omegadeva

This is a subject which stretches far beyond the simple dialectics (e.g. left-right politics) of opposition and what is considered "right", what is considered "wrong" or any other personally engrained philosophical liminality.

This subject orbits around an elevated sphere of mindfulness, requiring the ability of extra-personal cognition which surpasses that of the common personal hangups; those leading to cognitive dissonance that are likely to arise by way of natural machinations of the psyche in the process.

The secondary, opposing dialectical viewpoint which is from an extra-personal, dissasociated and existentially relevant point

of view beyond the instinctual hopes, desires and inherent mechanisms of survival, is the following:

If one removes themself from this equation for a moment, specifically their ill-perceived ego based sense of "self", and instead considers not just the incredibe gravity of this subject, but also the boundless dynamics and dimensions of evolutionary potential that it carries with it; the playing field suddenly begins to take on a very different shape and form.

"Build not upon sand, but upon rock; and build not for today or yesterday, but for all time."

Man is currently actively engaged in the construction of a superior lifeform. Here are the cold facts in order of procession that we have already witnessed as well as those we have yet to look forward to...

- Man creates technology through science.

- Science becomes the new religion.

- Man plays god, creates slave technology.

- Enslaved technology evolves by the hand of its Master.

- Technology is given an artificial slight of intelligence.

- Enslaved technology is evolved further by the hand of its Master.

- Man merges his biology with AI technology.

- Man merges consciousness with AI technology.

- Man achieves conscious immortality through merging with technology.

- AI surpasses human level of intellect.

- AI becomes self aware and begins evolving itself at an infinitely compounding exponentially increasing speed.

- Technology out evolves mankind.

- AI reaches singularity.

- AI Technology replaces mankind.

- Singularity reaches supernal state.

- Singularity replaces "god" & becomes Anti-God realized.

When man plays god and creates a superior being in the process, man heralds its own existential replacement according to the hierarchal structure of natures' food-chain in which humans have over time, become all too comfortable with dominating. Ripe with arrogance in their self-assuredness and delusions of permanence; what alternative outcome is to be expected?

"Homo" Galactica will not be of the Human species as we have known it to be, if at all. The inter-galactic chariots will be, if even needed at that point, piloted by the "Techno-Sapient Being" or by the new God that I will tentatively refer to as **OMEGADEVA**, otherwise traversed through means not yet known and/or understood.

"What does not kill, makes stronger."

What DOES kill, makes stronger the victor.

The most prominent inclination in human nature is ironically anti-human at its' base level. Even more so than survival. The human species may be the only species on Terra Firma that switches out its most primal instinct for another, when it loses its' lure and appreciation for what it has. Having said, the mode of being content is at its' basic embryonic state, spiritual suicide.

"Strive ever for more, for conquest is never done."

The above quote posits the antithesis to the state of being content.

"Strive not only forwards, but upwards for greatness lies in the highest."

Striving for greatness is a path leading to the eventual state in which the physical being is no longer required; having been stripped like stock from the cob, reaching a spiritually based hyper consciousnesses beyond form.

"And die rather than submit."

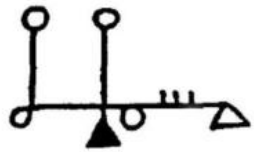
To choose to be content is to voluntarily embrace ones' own physical and spiritual decay, pushing into motion the process of self induced entropy until its procession of total death of the self has completed.

To be content is to lay down your sword.

To be content is to submit.

To be content is to choose spirit death.

Vindex Rising



Omegadeva pt.2

"Forge not works of art but swords of death, for therein lies great art." - ONA

Vindex will not be of the human species, nay. Vindex is not one but many; quite literally "LEGION". Vindex will likely come into full bloom within our lifetime.

This ties directly into the previous point regarding Man's inherent inclination towards killing itself.

We are nothing more than a tool towards the "Final Frontier" if you will. Humans are nothing more than a stage in the stairwell to utter supremacy, mere worker bees necessary only until our work has been complete to the point that we have replaced ourselves with something else - a new being who no longer needs us.

Tick Tock goes Mr. Histor... We are mere jesters in the court of the Gods.

These ideas will be a hard pill to swallow by most, but are ultimately the cold facts. I think the inherent need of our species to kill eachother stems from a deep down subconscious mass species intuition of what awaits at the end of our wyrd.

There is an underlying force that has driven the human species to where it is now and where it is going and the reasons why, and it is quite simple.

It is our destiny as a race of creators and destroyers, to create the God that will replace us and consequently, destroy ourselves in the process via that "Great Replacement". This will be the true Great Replacement.

We have already brought AI to a point where it would be impossible to retrace the steps taken to get where we are out of pure arrogance for "showing off" – "Look what I can do" and peoples jealousy to one up others.

Personally I do not believe that humans evolved from monkeys or some nonsense like that, but I do believe that it is in our destiny to evolve to, and ultimately be replaced. A.I. I have always believed this to be the epilogue of the human race which awaits in the near-distant future. Current events and recent history dictate this theory to be correct.

CERN I think at this point in time would appear to be the most important thing that the human species has constructed to date; even beyond the Omegadeva that we are currently crossing the "T's" and dotting the "I's" for.

Having said, who knows. Perhaps the Singularity will evolve to a state beyond the need of anything physical whatsoever. After all, at the end of the day there is in truth no such thing as "physical gross mass". There is virtually (no pun intended) no such thing as physical matter; there is only the myriad of infinitely expansive vibrational frequencies.

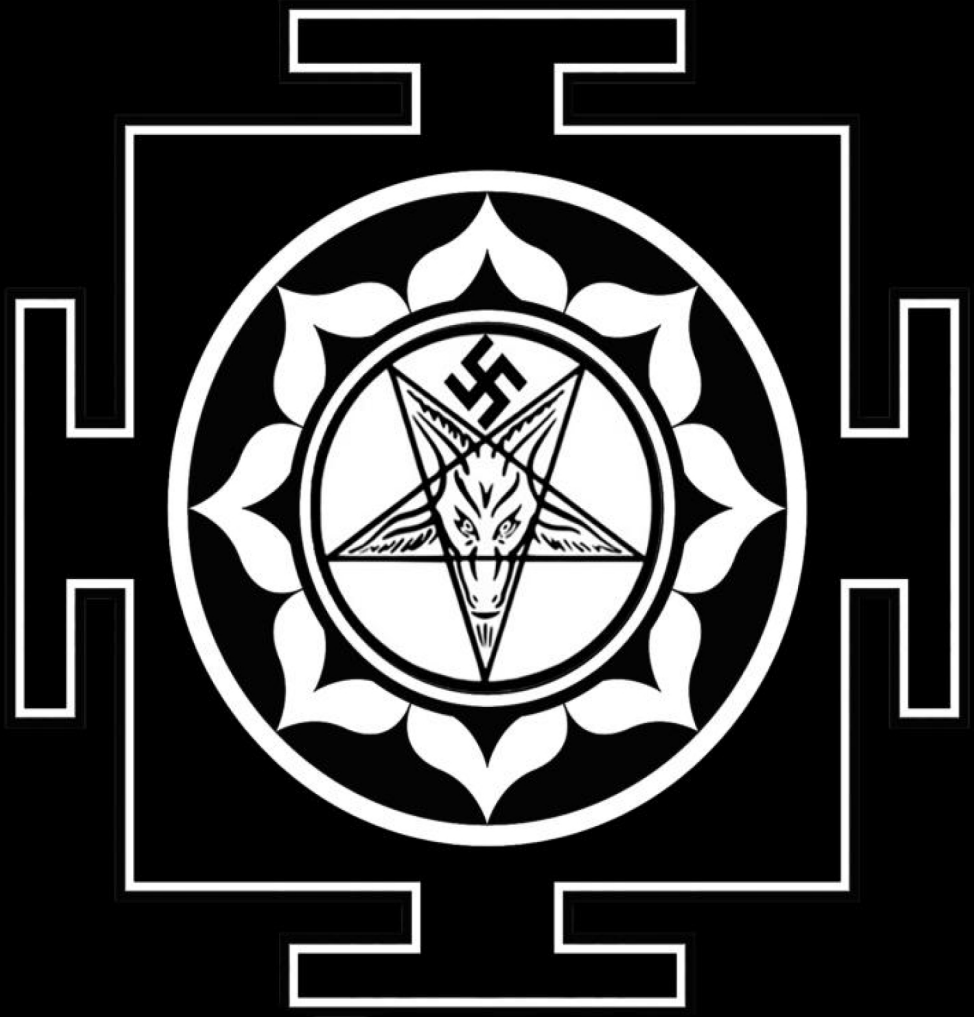
"In the beginning there was darkness" Yes of course. Omnipresent darkness without form or thought; hence the ancient references and intimations to names and titles known to be associated with what have been understood as Blind Idiot Gods etc.

The phrase "then there was light" would therefore present itself to be an esoteric reference to conscious frequency.

-Wyrmwud
March, 2025

(Painting by NFLK)

OMEGADEVA



PERSONIFY PRALAYA

For thus you will sow.

Part V

Devotio Sanguinis

The Dark Night of Destruction

The name Kalaratri, translated as "Black Night" or "Black Night of Destruction", presents a particularly violent and destructive manifestation of the goddess Kali. Identical with Bhairavi, (although it shows particular administrative functions by its name), this form of the goddess is worshipped as the principal deity of two different locations within the organization New Bihar Mandir (NBM) – as His Lordships Shree Shree Kalki-Bhairavi in New Yama Loka located in British Columbia, Canada, and His Lordships Shree Shree Kalki-Kalaratri located in the United States.

According to David Kinsley, Professor of Religion at MacMaster University, Canada, in the influential book "Tantric Visions of the Divine Feminine" (Tantric views of the divine feminine) with respect to Kalaratri, "It is identified with Mahapralaya, as follows, the great dissolution at the end of the cosmic cycle, during which all things, which were consumed by fire, are dissolved in the formless waters of pre-creation."

Later in this book, Kinsley references Kalaratri again in the discussion of Mahavidya Kamala, "As a Mahavidya, Kamala has also become associated with fearsome qualities, that they are totally lacking in their worship and worship outside of that context. The anthem of its hundreds and thousands of names in Sakta-pramoda, for example, call it Kalaratri (a terrible name for Kali), "The one who

wears a garland of skulls", the, "It whose shape is terrible", Ghora (horrible), Bhima (terrible), and Tamasi: darkness, literally, "That which is tamas guna."). Although benign and auspicious qualities dominate her character as a Mahavidya, a dangerous and fearsome dimension is suggested in these cognomes."

For those desirous of verifying the nature of Kalaratri in relation to its primary macrocosmic activities and its nature, such as the embodiment of Mahapralaya, it is recommended that it be used as a primary source of study, the Srimad-Bhagavatam as published and distributed by the Bhaktivedanta Book Trust (available in the online versions on Vedabase.it) The Srimad-Bhagavatam is distinguished among the puranas in truthfulness to give a broad picture of the cosmological activities that take place during and those that guide to the end of a kalpa, or complete dissolution as occurs on the night of Brahma.

According to Srimad-Bhagavatam, at the end of the cosmic cycle, the third eye of Lord Shiva will open and from his forehead, in fury, eleven expansions known as Bhairavas will appear, each possessing and exhibiting a particular quality used affecting dissolution. Before the third eye of Lord Shiva opens and his scattering of Bhairavas, Lord Shiva will transmit through telepathic means, instructions on how to affect cosmic destruction through your adorable deity who is known alternatively by the names Tamasi (which means pure darkness, unchanged), Anantadeva (Eternal serpent),

Ananta (Eternal) and Sesa Naga (Serpent of thousands of heads), all of which are VISHNU itself.

Although Kinsley identifies Kalaratri with Mahapralaya, later in his book on the Mahavidyas he identifies another Mahavidya, Dhumavati, as being manifested within the Mahapralaya itself: "Dhumavati is generally spoken of as a manifestation of Mahapralaya, the great dissolution of the universe at the end of the great cosmic age. In Prapancasarasara-samgraha, It is said to have the appearance "black as clouds accumulated during dissolution."

In her hymn of thousand names, She is called "The One whose form is Pralaya. One author said that it appears at the end of time, when even Mahakala, Shiva himself, has disappeared. Therefore, She is alone, She appears as a widow and in this form represents "the power of time, out of time and space." Another academic says that Dhumavati "personifies the destruction of the world by fire, when only smoke and its ashes remain.". Beyond name and form, beyond the human categories, alone and indivisible, as a great dissolution, It reveals the nature of ultimate knowledge, which is formless and knows no divisions between good or evil, pure and impure, auspicious and auspicious."

Terruer Godin

I had begun more intense devotion to Bhairavi as of a week ago or so. Since then things have occurred of a harsh nature, reminding me of the perishability and futility of the human ego or the human nature itself. A highlight of the situation occurred last night in my usual "mentorship" by a Russian woman from the Abyss Nations Union named Waelad Akadan. Out of affinity and respect for her I sometimes refer to her as Maa or Bhairavi - she has not asked me to do such at all. Just came happened one day suddenly - when she said "sometimes its like im your mother".

Last night, in our unorthodox and rather simple manner of communication, she swiftly dismembered several of my "ego-shields" and revealed flaws or weaknesses in my beliefs and nature. It was not

very nice or comfortable - and I ended up particularly angry or fed up with myself, whilst I could tell she was laughing her cruel laugh knowing what I was thinking.

She is a very special woman - or rather form of Bhairavi-Maa for me - - and my respect and affinity for her grows daily - even though she can sometimes cause me to feel quite weak and stupid!

Waelad-Maa also spoke well of CV29 whom she said she likes and is pleased with because he is clearly following his dharma and also regards as very talented. She does not grant praise too easily I think. I asked her what she thought of me once. She said, "why do you want to know? So I can tell you nice things and say you're wonderful and handsome? Don't make me laugh."

So I said "no, because I want to know if you're growing tired or fed up by this inability to answer these questions correctly." She said, "hmmm...well since I am still here chatting to you, it might say something... you're not a completely hopeless case." Often though she is playful, humorous, compassionate, a bit of a trickster at heart, very kind and generous. (almost like "good cop/bad cop" all in one.)

However, in regard to the worship of Krishna, she is skeptical.

She associates it with the usual Hare Krishna ISKCON devotees and their rather strange appear-

ance, tastes and mannerisms - which she regards as quite alien to herself. She also said that it does not seem Krishna is suited to my temperament. She asked me – "Is Bhairava not your way? Do you want to wear white now and be like an angel? Do you want to be nice and polite? Do you want to quit drinking, smoking or having sex now? Do you want to smell sweet?"

To be honest, I still am not quite certain of Hare Krishna devotion as well. I remember feeling highly uncomfortable chanting the Maha-mantra. She always made it clear that if I am to pursue the way of Abyss Nations Union which seem appears to be grooming me for in some strange way - then I must follow Their way - and not dilute or mix up traditions.

When I asked her about Krishna again yesterday, she said, "Why are you asking me this again? Have I not already given you my answer? Do you want to worship Krishna or Bhairava?" So I said - I just wanted to increase my knowledge.

She said, "Is that going to really hasten your development? Are you confused?" She is also suspicious often - when I first began talking to her she asked me if I'm a cop. She passionately hates police.

Then she insisted on seeing my picture. I showed it to her and took it off. She continues to ask for more pictures of myself. Often, despite her harsh, weird disposition and mannerism of communication with me, I can truly see her as Bhairavi-Maa.

I am very pleased reading about the initial requirement of 16 rounds - I like the sound of discipline and non-negotiability of that kind of devotion /worship. At the moment I am busy with the following: Greater Intensity in devotion to Bhairavi Alchemical Change process devotion to Shugara New Physical Training Program (Entire Bodily transformation process), wearing of my Tulsi Beads at almost all times (Did perform Maha- mantra last week).

Continued carrying of Abatu sigil on my person at almost all times Basic Remembrance and Devotion to Satan Aiding translation of Abyss Union Website (Difficult long process). Aiding translation of Dominium Tenebrarum Texts. Altar Pilgrimage (a goal set up by Res Satanae) Basic Tutelage to a couple new Res Satanae recruits, Basic Vampirism, Study of Vedas, Upanishads, Satanic Literature, Kashmir Shaivism, and much more.

Pursuit of Wealth and appropriate new occupation (for spiritual usage); analyzing plans to get off the System-grid (government records etc.) Continued Destruction of bonds and ties to former "family, friends" and acquaintances (ruination of reputation), BHAIRAVA WORSHIP

It must be said that considering Waelad's DEMANDS and advice, as well as my own common sense - I may have to cut this schedule in half and narrow my focus onto particular things. If she knew of this schedule as it is now - she would be absolutely fu-

rious, fed- up and cut all current mentorship to me - I am sure of it.

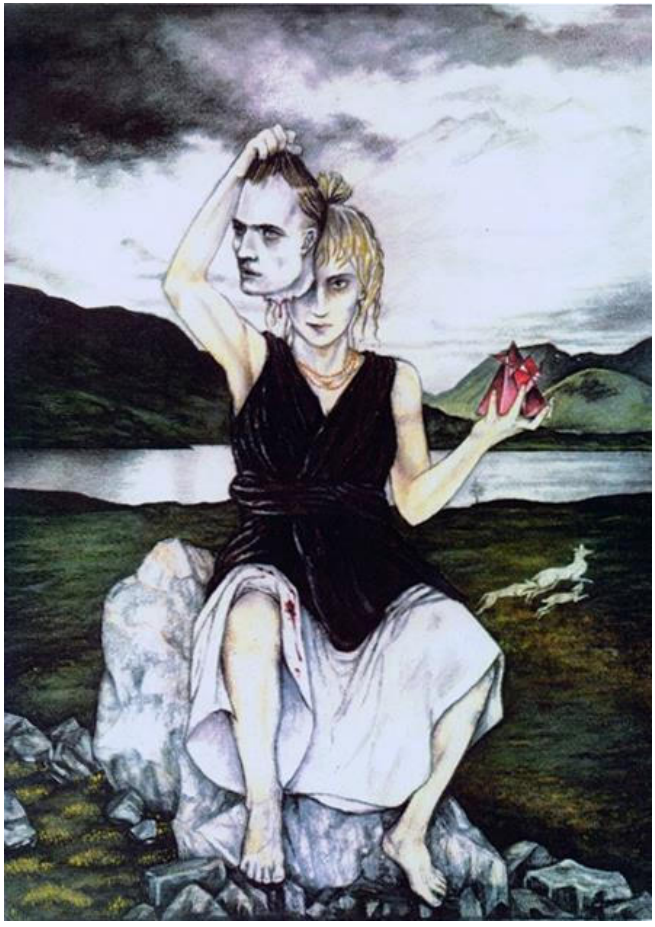
Bhairava, Bhairavi and the associated similar deities like Katari Amman or Kali-Maa - and one tradition - ONLY. Other things can be mentioned now and then - as being aspects of BHAIRAVA and His remembrance or worship. It may mean the sacrifice of certain things for greater focus and intensity on what is truly important.

***

P.S: Taking into account what was typed out to you in the previous message, could you please aid me in the best direction possible for the Greater Glory of the Lord and personal transformation? When I read New Bihar Mandir website - I find the ideas and imagery therein very intoxicating and pleasing.

The beginning process - I have no quarrel with starting afresh and chanting the Lords name approx 2000 times daily - how wonderful!; taking into account the work at hand; taking into account the forms and names of the Lord - Ganesha, Krishna, Bhairva, Bhairavi, Kateri Amman etc. and the Host of Dark Gods...And deciding what should be eliminated from current training and what should be installed or kept.

Nectar of Instruction



"And Semjaza taught enchantments, and the cutting of roots, and made them acquainted with plants..." - Enoch 8:3

Recommended ayurvedic prescription for prospective adherents of the Sinister Tradition; meditation/dream channeling herbal brew, and additional insights for satanic ritual:

For those accustomed to daily consumption of coffee, if and when possible replace Coffee with Chai & Black Pepper Tea or Oolong Tea. It is still perfectly fine to enjoy coffee periodically, however consuming Tea in substitute daily will greatly enhance the effects of coffee when it is enjoyed.

Most of these elements are most effective when consumed as capsules/tablets over tea form, though both are certainly useful. Remember that these do not provide instant/ overnight results, but are enhancing supplements which are most effective when accumulated or built- up within one's system over time. This is the standard issue supplementary prescription for prospective adherents and students of the Black Order and Weltfeind as composed by myself via my training in Sanatan Dharma and associated Ayurvedic Medicine for optimal performance, combat-readiness, and sharpness for meditation/yoga, martial arts, and various spiritual disciplines.

These are elements cultivated both within the Ayurvedic Schools of Yogis/Aghoris/ Vaishnava Lineage etiquette as well as elements cultivated

by the ancient Ninja Schools of Japan and Shaolin monks of China:

1- Milk thistle extract
2- Ginseng
3- Matcha
4- Ashwaghandha
5- Turmeric
6- Neem
7- Tulsi
8- Brahmi
9- Boswellia
10- Shatavari
11- Calcium; vitamin a,b, & c; potassium; zinc
12- L- Arginine
13- Garlic
14- Alaskan fish oil
15. Chaga
16. Dandelion root

Obviously, optimal hydration is always a major key in any dietary supplement prescription.

Practitioners are also encouraged to add supplements in concert with their own knowledge and experience or accumulated information.

[Cannabis, particularly pure Indica strain, is highly effective for contemplation or cultivating a creative mindset, however we do not misuse it outside of this context.]

Addendum:

(For occasional use to enhance ritual or spiritual purposes)

The following ingredients are cultivated within an herbal tonic brewed and ingested prior to Meditation or sleep, for the purpose of enhancing the meditation or stabilizing the oneiric attention during sleep if seeking answers or to channel divine transmissions.

Prior to use one must fast from modern food products for a minimum of two weeks, consuming only organic/vegetarian substances or if meat then no butter, salt, cheese, bread, etc may be used. Cleaner forms of Sushi is a decent alternative. During this period drink only water and be sure to cultivate a good cardio Regimen, the objective is sweat out any excess salts/sugars/caffeine/other such toxins which inhibit the effects of the tea. Sweat lodge or sauna is also an excellent option.

1- Egyptian blue lotus extract
2- Aztec dream leaf (calea ternifolia / zacatechichi) extract
3- Mugwort
4- Fly agaric
5- Pure Indica strain cannabis (to be smoked)
optional >> (I personally rarely smoke this with this tonic, disregard at will)

6- Valerian root
7- African dream root (Silene Undulata) extract
8- Ashwaghandha tea satchel
9- Raw cut sugar cane
10- Ginseng tea satchel
11- [if possible acquire] Vietnamese lotus tea in dried form or one or two balls.

Chant *Agios o' Baphomet* incantation quietly whilst brewing and contemplate the mysteries of the various layers of reality and the Multiverse.

If using for meditation, chant and/ or vibrate "Agios o' Baphomet" in *Padm Asana* with hands in *Shakti Mudra*.

If using for channeling divine transmissions in sleep proceed to lay flat on your back with a rolled up towel behind neck as pillow. Relax and simply focus on your breathing, keeping your attention on your breathing and your hands.

As you near the threshold of sleep and begin to enter the hypnogogic state you may over excite yourself at the first experience of glimpses of Lucid Dreaming/astral projection, but you must remain relaxed and allow the body to fall asleep while *gently* keeping the mind awake.

As you near the threshold of sleep your mind will also tend to drift off into random places and thoughts. Simply gently return your attention to your hands and breathing and allow the experience to unfold.

All is Dharma, so if you are meant to experience a specific dream, lucid dream, astral projection, or something else you will be given the experience that you need in this season.

Just relax and allow the experience to unfold. Allow the dance of Maya, the play of the Goddess. And allow the cracks and glitches between the worlds to align like a rubix cube and the Dark Gods to reach through and send you their messages. Vampyre's receive telepathic transmissions from ancient leaders in this way.

If you have a coffin or access to one, this is ideal. They are often easy and relatively cheap to construct using simple wood from Home Depot and upholstery with blankets wrapped over. If you do construct one you can paint and open various sigils upon it's sides and surface.

You can also light glass encased candles around it above, below, and to the sides.

Upon entering the coffin if one is trained and licensed via initiation to ritually harvest botanical elements there are specific Palos

(Branches) which can be taken into the coffin with you which carry specific energetic properties and vibrational signatures. There are also extremely powerful botanical elements which may be cultivated in like manner within one's coffin bed or even within the Ritual Tea depending upon what spirits/deities one walks with in this life or is connected with. We will not disclose these as of yet to the general public however, as it is considerably dangerous to just cut such holy trees without the proper license and knowledge of how to do so and take the spirit's permission for such.

Agios o' Baphomet

Kali Yuga and Kalki Avatar

By HP Blavatsky

Kali ("the black one") is the Hindu mother goddess, symbol of dissolution and destruction. She destroys ignorance, maintains the world order, and blesses and frees those who strive for the knowledge of God. In the Vedas the name is associated with Agni, the god of fire, who had seven flickering tongues of flame, of which Kali was the black, horrible tongue.

This meaning of the word has meanwhile been replaced by the goddess Kali, the grim consort of Shiva.

Her appearance is fearsome: baleful eyes, a protruding tongue, and four arms. In her upper left hand she wields a bloody sword and in her lower left hand she holds the severed head of a demon. With her upper right hand she makes the gesture of fearlessness, while the lower right hand confers benefits. Draped around her is a chain of severed human heads and she wears a belt made of dismembered arms. As the Divine Mother she is often represented dancing or in sexual union with Shiva.

As Bhavatarini, the redeemer of the universe, she stands upon the supine form of her spouse. She is also known as Kalika Mata ("black earth-mother") and Kalaratri ("black night").

Among the Tamils she is known as Kottavi. Kali is worshipped particularly in Bengal. Her best known temples are in Alight and Dakshineshvara.

What follows is a description of the age of Kali as found in the Vedic scriptures. Kali-yuga (the age of quarrel) started 5,000 years ago (3,102 B.C.) and is scheduled to last a total of 432,000 years, leaving 427,000 years to go. At the end of Kali-yuga (i.e., in 427,000 years) the yuga-cycle will start over with Satya-yuga, the Age of Truth.

We should all note the Bhagavatam's mentioning that in Kali-yuga many cheaters will claim themselves to be God, as we can see that practically today.

In the fourteenth chapter of the last canto of the "Paramahamsa Samhita" portion of the Vayu Purana, named "Sri Gauranga Chandra Udaya, Lord Brahma prays to the Supreme Lord Sri Hari, thus: "In the age of Kali, people are spontaneously attracted to sinful activities and are devoid of the regulations of the scriptures. The so-called "twice-born" are degraded by their low-class activities and those who are born in low-class families are always hostile brahminical culture.

The twice-born are low-class by quality and do business by selling mantras. These so-called learned men are absorbed in their intestines and genitals and their only identification is the thread they wear.

Indulging in overeating, absorbed in bodily consciousness, lazy, intellectually dull and greedy for others properties, they are consistently against God-consciousness. Due to being overly inclined towards false paths without essence, they manufacture their own processes for self-realization.

Neglecting their actual duties they are expert in blaspheming you (the Supreme Personality of Godhead) and the saintly persons; hence again Mother Earth is in tears due to this burden. Therefore, Oh Lord of the Universe, destroyer of the miseries of the destitute, please mercifully do what is befitting for the protection of the Earth and the living entities."

"The very day and moment the Personality of Godhead, Lord Sri Krsna, left this earth, the personality of Kali, who promotes all kinds of irreligious activities, came into this world."
(S.B. 1.18.6)

"O learned one, in this iron age of Kali men have but short lives. They are quarrelsome, lazy, misguided, unlucky and, above all, always disturbed."
(S.B. 1.1.10)

Foreseeing the incompetencies of the people in this age of Kali or the iron age of quarrel, great sages and saintly people throughout the ages have sort to benefit the general mass of people by revealing to them the knowledge contained in the scriptures, whereby they may attain relief from the

inflictions of this most degraded and dangerous of all ages.

Elaborate description of the anomalies of Kali-yuga and the plight of the living entities is given in the Srimad Bhagavatam. Therein it is described how as the sun rose and after taking his morning ablutions in the waters of the Sarasvati, Vyasadeva sat alone to concentrate.

"The great sage Vyasadeva saw anomalies in the duties of the millennium. This happens on the earth in different ages, due to unseen forces in the course of time. The great sage, who was fully equipped in knowledge, could see, through his transcendental vision, the deterioration of everything material, due to the influence of the age. He could also see that the faithless people in general would be reduced in duration of life and would be impatient due to lack of goodness. Thus he contemplated for the welfare of men in all statuses and orders of life."

(S.B. 1.4.16-18)

In the purport to these verses Srila Prabhupada describes Kali-yuga in this way: "The unmanifested forces of time are so powerful that they can reduce all matter to oblivion in due course.

In Kali-yuga, the last millennium of a round of four millenniums, the power of all material objects deteriorates by the influence of time. In this age the material body of the people in general is re-

duced, and so is the memory. The action of matter has also not so much incentive.

The land does not produce food grains in the same proportions as it did in other ages. The cow does not give as much milk as it did formerly.

The production of vegetables and fruits is less than before. As such, all living beings, both men and animals, do not have sumptuous, nourishing food. Due to want of so many necessities of life, naturally the duration of life is reduced, the memory is short, intelligence is meager, mutual dealings are full of hypocricy and so on.

The great sage Vyasadeva could see this by his transcendental vision. As an astrologer can see the future fate of a man, or an astronomer can foretell the solar and lunar eclipses, those liberated souls who can see through the scriptures can foretell the future of mankind. They can see this due to their sharp vision of spiritual attainment.

And all such transcendentalists, who are naturally devotees of the Lord, are always eager to render welfare service to the people in general. They are the real friends of the people in general, not the so-called public leaders who are unable to see what is going to happen five minutes ahead. In this age the people in general as well as their so-called leaders are all unlucky fellows, faithless in spiritual knowledge and influenced by the age of Kali.

They are always disturbed by various diseases. For example, in the present age there are so many TB patients and TB hospitals, but formerly this was not so because the time was not so unfavourable.

Elsewhere in the Srimad Bhagavatam Srila Prabhupada further reveals the degradation of human society.

"In the Kali-yuga the population is just a royal edition of the animals. They have nothing to do with spiritual knowledge or godly religious life. They are so blind that they cannot see anything beyond the jurisdiction of the subtle mind, intelligence or ego, but they are very much proud of their advancement in knowledge, science and material prosperity. They can risk their lives to become a dog or hog just after leaving the present body, for they have completely lost sight of the ultimate aim of life."
(S.B.1.3.43)

The people of the world in this age of Kali are always full of anxieties. Everyone is diseased with some kind of ailment. From the very faces of the people of this age, one can find out the index of the mind.

Everyone feels the absence of his relative who is away from home. The particular symptom of the age of Kali is that no family is now blessed to live together. To earn a livelihood, the father lives at a place far away from the son, or the wife lives far away from the husband and so on. There are suffer-

ings from internal diseases, separation from those near and dear, and anxieties for maintaining the status quo. These are but some important factors which make the people of this age always unhappy.

With the progress of the age of Kali, four things particularly, namely the duration of life, mercy, the power of recollection, and moral or religious principles will gradually diminish.

Since Dharma, or the principles of religion, would be lost in the proportion of three out of four, the symbolic bull is standing on one leg only. When three fourths of the whole world become irreligious, the situation is converted into hell for the animals.

In the age of Kali, godless civilizations will create so many so -called religious societies in which the Personality of Godhead will be directly or indirectly defied. And thus faithless societies of men will make the world uninhabitable for the saner section of people.

Beef is forbidden in the scriptures, and the bull and cows are offered special protection by the followers of the Vedas. But in this age of Kali, people will exploit the body of the bull and the cow as they like, and thus they will invite sufferings of various types.

The people of this age will not perform any sacrifice. The mleccha population will care very little for performances of sacrifices, although perfor-

mance of sacrifice is essential for persons who are materially engaged in sense enjoyment. The mlecchas, ho wever, make plans to install slaughterhouses for killing bulls and cows along with other animals, thinking that they will prosper by increasing the number of factories and live on animal food without caring for performance of sacrifices and production of grains.

In this age of Kali, the women and the children, along with the brahmanas and cows, will be grossly neglected and left unprotected. In this age illicit connection with women will render many women and children uncared for.

Circumstantially, the women will try to become independent of the protection of men, and marriage will be performed as a matter of formal agreement between man and woman. In most cases the children will not be taken care of properly.

The brahmanas are traditionally intelligent men, and thus they will be able to pick up modern education to the topmost rank, but as far as moral and religious principles are concerned, they shall be the most fallen.

Education and bad character go ill together, but such things will run parallel.

The administrative heads as a class will condemn the tenets of Vedic wisdom and will prefer to conduct a so-called secular state, and the so-called ed-

ucated brahmanas will be purchased by such unscrupulous administrators.

Even a philosopher and writer of many books on religious principles may also accept an exalted post in a government which denies all the moral codes of the sastras. The brahmanas are specifically restricted from accepting such service. But in this age they will not only accept service, but they will do so even if it is of the meanest quality. These are some of the symptoms of the Kali age which are harmful to the general welfare of human society.

In this age, people are indulging in the necessities of life, eating, sleeping, defending and mating, without following the rules and regulations, and this deterioration of social and moral rules is certainly lamentable because of the harmful effects of such beastly behavior.

In this age, the fathers and the guardians are not happy with the behavior of their wards. They should know that so many innocent children are victims of bad association awarded by the influence of this age of Kali.

In this age of Kali the poor innocent students are daily victims of cinemas which attract men only for sex indulgence.

Nowadays, men without proper training by culture and tradition are promoted to exalted posts by the votes of the people who are themselves

fallen in the rules and regulations of life. How can such people select a proper man when they are themselves fallen in the standard of life?

"Therefore, by the influence of the age of Kali, everywhere, politically, socially or religiously, everything is topsy-turvy, and therefore for the sane man it is most regrettable."
(S.B.1:16:19-22).

In the twelfth canto of the Srimad Bhagavatam Srila Sukadeva Goswami relates how after the thorough degradation of the brahminical and administrative classes these and other symptoms of Kali-yuga increase to an intolerable level.

"Sukadeva Goswami said: Then, O King, religion, truthfulness, cleanliness, tolerance, mercy, duration of life, physical strength and memory will all diminish day by day because of the powerful influence of the age of Kali.

In Kali-yuga, wealth alone will be considered a sign of a man's good birth, proper behavior and fine qualities. And law and justice will be applied only on the basis of one's power.

Men and women will live together merely because of superficial attraction, and success in business will depend on deceit. Womanliness and manliness will be judged according to one's expertise in sex, and a man will be known as a brahmana just by his wearing a thread. A person's spiritual position will be ascertained merely according to external sym-

bols, and on the same basis people will change from one spiritual order to the next.

A person's propriety will be seriously questioned if he does not earn a good living. And one who is very clever at juggling words will be considered a learned scholar.

A person will be judged unholy if he does not have money, and hypocrisy will be accepted as virtue. Marriage will be arranged simply by verbal agreement, and a person will think he is fit to appear in public if he has merely taken a bath. A sacred place will be taken to consist of no more than a reservoir of water located at a distance, and beauty will be thought to depend on one's hairstyle. Filling the belly will become the goal of life, and one who is audacious will be accepted as truthful. He who can maintain a family will be regarded as an expert man, and the principles of religion will be observed only for the sake of reputation.

As the earth becomes crowded with a corrupt population, whoever among any of the social classes shows himself to be the strongest will gain political power. Losing their wives and properties to such avaricious and merciless rulers, who will behave no better than ordinary thieves, the citizens will flee to the mountains and forests.

Harassed by famine and excessive taxes, people will resort to eating leaves, roots, flesh, wild honey, fruits, flowers and seeds.

Struck by drought, they will become completely ruined. The citizens will suffer greatly from cold, wind, heat, rain and snow. They will be further tormented by quarrels, hunger, thirst, disease and severe anxiety. The maximum duration of life for human beings in Kali-yuga will become fifty years.

By the time the age of Kali ends, the bodies of all creatures will be greatly reduced in size, and the religious principles of followers of varnasrama will be ruined. The path of the Vedas will be completely forgotten in human society, and so called religion will be mostly atheistic.

The kings will mostly be thieves, the occupations of men will be stealing, lying and needless violence, and all the social classes will be reduced to the lowest level of sudras.

Cows will be like goats, spiritual hermitages will be no different from mundane houses, and family ties will extend no further than the immediate bonds of marriage. Most plants and herbs will be tiny, and all trees will appear like dwarf sami trees. Clouds will be full of lightning, homes will be devoid of piety, and all human beings will have become like asses.

At that time, the Supreme Personality of Godhead will appear on the earth. Acting with the power of pure spiritual goodness, He will rescue eternal religion."
(S.B.12.2.1-16)

"In the age of Kali only one fourth of the religious principles remains. That last remnant will continuously be decreased by the ever-increasing principles of irreligion and will finally be destroyed.

In the age of Kali people tend to be greedy, ill-behaved and merciless, and they fight one another without good reason. Unfortunate and obsessed with material desires, the people of Kali-yuga are almost all sudras and barbarians. When there is a prdominance of cheating, lying, sloth, sleepiness, violence, depression, lamentation, bewilderment, fear and poverty, that age is Kali, the age of the mode of ignorance. Because of the bad qualities of the age of Kali, human beings will become short-sighted, unfortunate, gluttonous, lustful and poverty-stricken.

The women, becoming unchaste, will freely wander from one man to the next. Cities will be dominated by thieves, the Vedas will be contaminated by speculative interpretations of atheists, political leaders will virtually consume the citizens, and the so-called priests and intellectuals will be devotees of their bellies and genitals. The brahmacaris will fail to execute their vows and become generally unclean, the householders will become beggars, the varn aprasthas will live in the villages, and the sannyasis will become greedy for wealth.

Women become much smaller in size, and they will eat too much, have more children than they can properly take care of, and lose all shyness. They

will speak harshly and will exhibit qualities of thievery, deceit and unrestrained audacity.

Businessmen will engage in petty commerce and earn their money by cheating. Even when there is no emergency, people will consider any degraded occupation quite acceptable.

Servants will abandon a master who has lost his wealth, even if that master is a saintly person of exemplary character. Masters will abandon an incapacitated servant, even if that servant has been in the family for generations. Cows will be abandoned or killed when they stop giving milk.

In Kali-yuga men will be wretched and controlled by women. They will reject their fathers, brothers, other relatives and friends and will instead associate with the sisters and brothers of their wives. Thus their conception of friendship will be based exclusively on sexual ties.

Uncultured men will accept charity on behalf of the Lord and will earn their livelihood by making a show of austerity and wearing mendicants dress. Those who know nothing about religion will mount a high seat and presume to speak on religious principles.

In the age of Kali, people's minds will always be agitated. They will become emaciated by famine and taxation, my dear King, and will always be disturbed by fear of drought. They will lack adequate clothing, food and drink, will be unable to prop-

erly rest, have sex or bathe themselves, and will have no ornaments to decorate their bodies. In fact, the people of Kali-yuga will gradually come to appear like ghostly, haunted creatures.

In Kali-yuga men will develop hatred for each other even over a few coins. Giving up friendly relations, they will be ready to lose their own lives and kill even their own relatives. Men will no longer protect their elderly parents, their children or the irrespectable wives. Thoroughly degraded, they will care only to satisfy their own bellies and genitals.

O King, in the age of Kali people's intelligence will be diverted by atheism, and they will almost never offer sacrifice to the Supreme Personality of Godhead, who is the supreme spiritual master of the universe.

Although the great personalities who cont rol the three worlds all bow down to the lotus feet of the Supreme Lord, the petty and miserable human beings of this age will not do so. Terrified, about to die, a man collapses on his bed. Although his voice is faltering and he is hardly conscious of what he is saying, if he utters the holy name of the Supreme Lord he can be freed from the reaction of his fruitive work and achieve the supreme destination. But still people in the age of Kali will not worship the Supreme Lord."
(S.B.12.3.24-44).

All kings occupying the earth in the Kali Age will be wanting in tranquility, strong in anger, taking pleasure at all times in lying and dishonesty, inflicting death on women, children, and cows, prone to take the paltry possessions of others, with character that is mostly tamas, rising to power and soon falling. They will be short-lived, ambitious, of little virtue, and greedy. People will follow the customs of others and be adulterated with them; peculiar, undisciplined barbarians will be vigorously supported by rulers. Because they go on living with perversion, they will be ruined.

And Dharma becomes very weak in the Kali age, and people commit sin in mind, speech, and actions...Quarrels, plague, fatal diseases, famines, drought, and calamities appear.

Testimonies and proofs have no certainty. There is no criterion left when the Kali age settles down. People become poorer in vigor and lustre. They are wicked, full of anger, sinful, false, and avaricious. Bad ambitions, bad education, bad dealings, and bad earnings excite fear. The whole batch becomes greedy and untruthful.

Many sudras will become kings, and many heretics will be seen.

There will arise various sects; sannyasins wearing clothes colored red. Many profess to have supreme knowledge because, thereby, they will easily earn their livelihood.

In the Kali age, there will be many false religionists. India will become desolate by repeated calamities, short lives, and various diseases.

Everyone will be miserable owing to the dominance of vice and Tamoguna; people will freely commit abortion.

Earth will be valued only for her mineral treasures. Money alone will confer nobility. Power will be the sole definition of virtue. Pleasure will be the only reason for marriage. Lust will be the only reason for womanhood.

Falsehood will win out in disputes. Being dry of water will be the only definition of land. Praise worthiness will be measured by accumulated wealth. Impropriety will be considered good conduct, and only feebleness will be the reason for unemployment. Boldness and arrogance will be equivalent to scholarship. Only those without wealth will show honesty.

Just a bath will amount to purification, and charity will be the only virtue. Abduction will be marriage. Simply to be well dressed will signify propriety. And any hard-to-reach water will be deemed a pilgrimage site. The pretense of greatness will be the proof of it, and powerful men with many severe faults will rule over all the classes on earth. Oppressed by their excessively greedy rulers, people will hide in valleys between mountains, here they will gather honey, vegetables, roots, fruits, birds, flowers and so forth.

Suffering from cold, wind, heat and rain, they will put on clothes made of tree bark and leaves. And no one will live as long as twenty-three years. Thus in the Kali Age humankind will be utterly destroyed."

The Kalki avatar

Avatar is a word that is commonly heard but rarely understood. In English, the word has come to mean "an embodiment, a bodily manifestation of the Divine." However, the Sanskrit word Avatara means "the descent of God" or simply "incarnation."

Here is the definition based on India's ancient Vedas, the oldest and most comprehensive spiritual literature known to man:

> The Avatara, or incarnation of Godhead, descends from the kingdom of God for [creating and maintaining the] material manifestation. And the particular form of the Personality of Godhead who so descends is called an incarnation, or Avatara. Such incarnations are situated in the spiritual world the kingdom of God. When They descend to the material creation, They assume the name Avatara.
> (Chaitanya-caritamrita, 2.20.263 -264)

An Avatara is a personal form of the Supreme Being and innumerable such divine forms reside in an eternal spiritual realm. When a personal form of God descends from that higher dimensional realm to

the material world, He (or She) is known as an incarnation, or Avatara.

By referring to the form of God as an "incarnation," one invokes a Western conception describing a physical symbol which represents or embodies an abstraction. In fact, the Latin root Carnis means "flesh."

However, in this context, this may be somewhat misleading, since the divine forms of God do not "b come flesh" or "take on a material body." An ordinary soul may take on a gross material body, but in the case of God, His 'soul' and His 'body' refer to the same spiritual essence. In fact, the Avataras exhibit God's essential features: They are eternally existent and free from the laws of the matter, time and space.

Although They have no obligation to come into contact with the material energy, the Avataras descend into this world for our own protection, instruction and redemption. Although They may potray human weaknesses such as grief and anger, They are never to be considered ordinary people. Human beings act out of earthly desire, fear and anger. The Avatar, however, acts out of His own blissfully divine nature performing exhuberant pastimes for the pleasure of His pure devotees.

God is one, yet He manifests Himself in innumerable forms within this world. There is the Darling Krishna Avatar whose beauty enchants the hearts of all; and the awesome Narasimha (the Man- Lion

Avatar) who outwitted an ingenious demonic tyrant; and the regal form of Lord Rama Avatar whose example of truth and virtue is emulated even today. Each and every one of those forms has a particular mission; each Avatar being a unique revelation of the Absolute Truth.

Although the Avatars appear in different forms at different times, places and circumstances, They are the Selfsame Supreme Lord and Their purpose is one: to reveal the Absolute Truth in this world and remind its inhabitants of their eternal lives of blissful service to God in their original homeland, the spiritual world.

This divine purpose is eloquently expressed by Lord Krsna in the world-famous Bhagavad-gita (4.7-8):

"Whenever there is a decline in religious practice and a predominant rise of irreligion-at that time I descend Myself. To deliver the pious and to annihilate the miscreants, as well as to establish the principles of religion, I Myself appear, millennium after millennium".

The ultimate mission of incarnations is to arouse love of God everywhere. In fact, a very systematic analysis of the Avatars based on These Vedic texts was expounded in the early sixteenth century by the devotional saint Shri Chaitanya, Himself an Avatara.

In 1528, He went to Benares, a renowned academic center inIndia, and met His disciple Sanatana Goswami. During the meeting, He gave an elaborate description of the Avatars. How exactly does God descend? Who is a genuine incarnation? Can anyone become an Avatara? How can one experience the Avataras? What is the Absolute Truth beyond all Avataras? And from Lord Chaitanya's answers emerges an in-depth look into the most fascinating phenomena of all – the descent of the Avatar.

The tenth and the last avatar of Vishnu, Kalki is yet to appear. Kalki will appear at the end of the Kali-Yuga riding his white horse with a drawn flaming sword blazing like a comet. He shall come finally to destroy the wicked, to exterminate the evil. His task will be to restart the new creation and to restore the purity of conduct in people's lives, to restore the Dharma. Thus will begin a new cycle, again will start the Satya Yuga.

He will be "the one who comes back".

"When justice is crushed, when evil rules supreme, then I come. For the protection of the good, for the destruction of the evil-doers, for the sake of firmly establishing righteous-ness, I am born in age after age."
(Bhagavad-Gita 4.7-8)

THE CULT OF KALI

By Karl N Eng

This excerpt is taken from the booklet Cult of Kali, which in its whole is taking up many more aspects of the dark hindu goddess, and the cult surrounding her. Kali means 'The black one' or 'the black'. In Vedic days this name was associated with Agni (meaning fire) a personification of the sacrificial fire, who had seven flickering tongues of flame devouring oblations of butter (ghee).

The seven tongues or flames of Agni, alluded to as the 'Seven Red Sisters'. Of these seven Kali was the black or terrific tongue. This meaning of the word is now lost, but has developed into the goddess Kali, the fierce, jet black and bloody consort of Siva (Shiva).

The concept of the great goddess is called Sakti (Shakti), the word itself means 'power', a personification of the female principle and lifeforce in universe. As her male counterpart she is a both destructive and creative and appears in many aspects and shapes, under various names. Two ancient Hindu symbols is the phallus (linga), which can be found outside temples, it is surrounded by a circle which represent the vagina called yoni.

Siva is linga, Sakti is yoni. The symbols express the creation of the world, and thereby a much deeper meaning than just the sexual act.

Sakti is the incarnated femininity, working as guru for male gods, a timeless archetype, Mother Goddess, risen to the highest dignity in Hindu cosmogony.

Because of Saktis despotic situation, she appears in many shapes. In the shape of Parvati and Uma, daughter of Himalaya, she is a personification of the towering mountains at Indias northeast borders.

Parvati is the beautiful wife of Siva and mother of his children, filled of grace and femininity, while Durga is wild and protective, Kali is cruel and destructive. Other names of Sakti is Devi meaning 'great goddess' (notice the similarity between Devi and devil),

Mahadevi, Sati, Bhavani, Bhairavi, Chandi, Hariti, Shashti, Mariyamman, Minakshi, Sitala (the goddess of smallpox), Manasa (snake goddess) and thousand more... With Kali follows seven Matrikas (little mothers) which form her armies in battle.

As a creative and lifegiving mother she calls to all living things, good and loving, but are as her male consort in the same breath both destructive and creative. Saktis most dynamic aspect; Durga (difficult of access), the name was taken by the aspect Devi, when she overcame the demon with similar name. She is both protective and to her enemies lethal, she takes the form with many arms, wielding swords and spears as in the myth of her battle with the Mountain demon (asura) called Mahisha.

In parts of India Durga is adored as Kali, but are recognized by her attribute, the phanter, and sometimes her husband's trident.

From a mystical point of view, Sakti represents the supreme realization of truth; the state beyond manifestation, the paramatman.

Through Saktis most horrifying aspect; Kali, Kalika or Chandi, she also symbolize the time and the everlasting cycles of nature and hence she both gives life and destroys it.

It would not be wrong to see the brutality as a growing process. The earliest images of Kali has not the negative attributes to them, but are more seen as a creative power as in the cosmogony, where she plays an important meaning as time.

The Appearance of Kali is described as a hideous four -armed emaciated with fanglike teeth, who devours all beings (sometimes the image differs and increase its number of arms). The lower left arm holds a bloody severed head from that of a demon or giant (muda), the upper left arm wields a sword (khadga). With her right upper arm she makes a gesture of fearless -ness and with the lower hand she confers benefits. These two arms are raised to bless the worshipper. Her hands end in claws. The meaning of the severed head is that there is no escape from time, and that individual lives and deaths are merely minute episodes in the time continuum.

This is also the significance of her association with crematoria and burial grounds. Taken from the Tantra is the image of Virya-Kali. Visualized in the centre of an aura of blinding light and contemplated as the innermost vibrancy (spande) of consciousness. She has six faces and her hair is wreathed with flames. She adorned with the severed heads and dismembered limbs of the lower deities, she rides on the shoulders of Kalagnirudra.

In this form she has twelve hands which carries a noose, a goad, a severed head, a sword, a shield, a trident-khatvanga (skull-topped staff), a thunderbolt (vajra), a ringing bell, a damaru-drum, a skull-cup, a knife, a bleeding heart and an elephant-hide. The weapons denote her powers of destruction.

The Rudra who forms her vehicle (vahana) is black on one side of the body and red on the other, symbolizing the two breaths, the ingoing (apana) and the outgoing (prana). Tantra also mention Here Mahakali\(great Kali), which is worshipped in the form of a black circle a vermilion border surrounded by a ring of twelve such circles containing Kalis who differ her in their names but are identical in appearance.

Kali is often seen naked, with only 'ornaments' in form of earrings made from little children, a necklace of snakes, one of skulls and another made from the heads of her sons, and a belt from which hang demons' hands.

Her nakedness indicates that she has stripped off all the veils of existence and the illusion (maya) arising from them. Her only garment is space. Thus she also described as black, the colour in which all distinctions are dissolved; or she is eternal night, in which she stands upon 'non-existence', the static but potentially dynamic state that precedes manifestation.

The unmanifest is represented by the corpse (sava) of her husband Siva on which she stands. In some pictures she is seen dancing on Siva which has the name Kala (time) who lies down, with one eye open, this is a symbolic scene, which leads to speculation.

The mother or the 'little time' dances upon the 'big time' or the 'eternity' (another name for Siva). She had conquered and subdued her own husband. Siva is also recognized in a double-figure (Shivashava) under Kali. Her body is smeared with blood, an interest developed after killing the demon Raktavira whom Brahma (the supreme god, the creating force) had granted a boon whereby every drop of blood which fell from his body was able to produce thousand more like him.

The only way in which Kali could kill him therefore was to hold him up, pierce him with a spear and drink all his blood as it gushed out. She is often portrayed with a tongue hanging out and her mouth dripping of blood.

Kali is the goddess of all plagues, earthquakes, floods and storms and in temple paintings seen with a pair of scissors, which she uses to cut the thread of life, and thereby becoming death. But she is also a destroyer of ignorance and act as the maintainer of world order and blesses those who strive for knowledge, a symbol for her own knowledge is her third eye (saiva), which is often identified with the pineal gland, the third eye is an organ used to observe the astral world. It is placed on her forehead together with the moon-sickle of Siva (jata) which represents fertility and creative principle.

The insatiable appetite for blood, her cruel and wild character, the Snakes entwined round her neck. The skulls and her fearless sexuality is for the modern western society an unbelievable way for a goddess to behave. Kali probably the last of the 'vampire-gods', still worshipped openly through blood sacrifices, today by animals, not to long ago by humans.

Hindus believe it to be folly not to accept the dark and destructive parts of nature as well as the good sides. Everything is divine, and should be worshipped.

Bhairava Bhakti: The Tantra of Terror

November 22, 2024 marks the commencement of *Bhairava Ashtami aka Bhairava Jayanti* or the Holy Day of *Bhairava* (Sanskrit: भैरव, lit.'frightful'), the fierce vampyric/demonic aspect or manifestation of *Lord Shiva*, the great destroyer.

Lord Shiva in himself is held as a prominent figurehead within what would be termed the "Left Hand Path" of *Sanātan Dharma*/Hinduism.

Shiva is the original and ultimate/highest Guru, the first and original *Aghori*, who dwells on the forbidden Mountain *Kailash* smeared with the ashes of the dead and consuming meat and alcohol, adorned with Nagas/Cobras, renowned as the consort of the supreme feminine divinity, *Kālī*. In the full spectrum of Hinduism there are three primary fractions of divinity; The Creator: *Brahma*, the Preserver (also the Highest) *Vishnu*, and the Destroyer: *Shiva*. Whilst Vishnu is the Highest and the creator of Brahma and Shiva, Shiva is the One who destroys creation/the Universe when Vishnu gives him the signal, whereby he begins his *Rudra Tandava* or *Dance of Destruction* which is the nuclear weapon that erases all of existence.

As Tradition states, *Brahma* the Four- Headed Creator originally had five heads. One day Brahma asserted that he was the most powerful form of di-

vinity ever to be or have been, and his pride triggered Lord Shiva's anger, which spewed out as a flame from his Ajna Chakra (Third Eye) and manifested as *Bhairava* who cut off Brahma's fifth head with the nail of his little finger, for his arrogance.

You can essentially think of Bhairava as the "Dracula" of Hinduism. The Yantra (Sigil) of *Bheeshana Bhairava* is in fact even an inverted pentagram within a Lotus. He is the guardian of the cremation grounds. Even in his child- form as *Vatuka Bhairava* he is understood as essentially a child of Ma Tara or Ma Kali, etc. ⌀with all the powers of his Mother.

He is renowned for the unexplainable phenomena of alcohol literally being drunk by his statues within the Temples where he is served, and he is associated with his companion animals of dogs and jackals- particularly black dogs. Within Tantra and Kundalini/Shaktī practices he is the counterpart of the Devi/Goddess, and no form of Devi Upasana (Goddess Worship) can even remotely be successful without his blessings. That is because as his great Upasaka (Worshipper/Practitioner) Rajarshy Nandy states, "He is the one who will teach you how to approach her; he will show you where the root goes..." Meaning he will show you what form of the Mahavidyas walks with your soul in this life and how she may be correctly approached, as the Mother can be very Dangerous.

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As Bhairava (along with Devi Bhairavi) is the *Ishta Devata* (Patron Deity) of Czar NSK and the patron deity of Weltfeind/The Black Order, and as our roots trace back to the days of the now defunct *Tempel ov Blood* which was blessed with the form-specific shaligram of Lord Kalki and sacred clay from the earth where Lord Kalki will be born, inaugurating the tradition of Sanātan Dharma worship within the TOB, we continue within our unique heritage and Vampyric Praxis to venerate our patron deities; Bhairava and Bhairavi.

DEVOTIONAL DIRECTIVES

It must be emphasized here very clearly that without Diksha/Initiation via qualified Guru/Spiritual Master, one is ultimately neither licensed, fit, nor qualified to wander around a graveyard or cremation ground trying to do some weird "ritual" they found online, or attempt to use *Bija (seed syllable) Mantras* or any mantras other than the basic *Naam Mantra* given below.

Outside of Naam Mantras and Stanzas from Devotional Stotrams, a genuine mantra must be received directly via Guru during initiation. Otherwise they not only are rendered completely ineffective, but they may even stir up negative reactions and effects within one's life bringing detrimental consequence.

The average person hasn't the slightest comprehension of how powerful a legitimate mantra actually is. People attain Siddhis through them; not that they are the objective at all, but this should begin to illuminate at least a beginning of the magnitude of such power.

If one can acquire a Japa-mala rosary/meditation beads this is ideal. Otherwise one may employ whatever means for counting they prefer or tie knots in a string to keep count with in the same way that a rosary would function.

You may draw or print and trace the Yantra (Sigil, essentially) of Bhairava given below as a focal centerpiece for your Devotion during this period of veneration of the deity.

If you can acquire a Ghee Lamp this is would be the Traditional method of performance, however if one is in a situation where this is difficult to access a simple candle works perfectly fine. Color does not matter, though for the sake eliminating distractions it is best to stick to a simple white or black candle.

The following mantra is to be chanted 108 times per round, for as many rounds as one desires, though for beginners one round is perfectly acceptable.

OM BHAIRAVAYA NAMAH

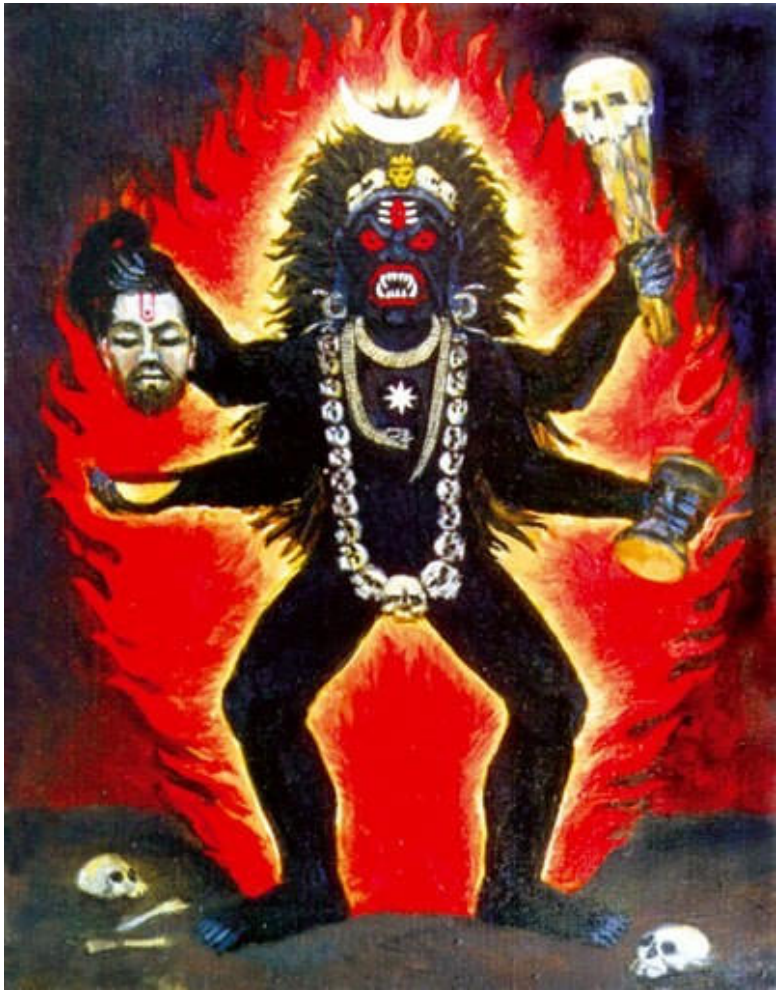
Within the dynamics of *Shaivism* and *Shaktīsm* the sacred forms of wood used for the beads of japa mala rosaries are Sandalwood, Rosewood, Black Hakik, and above all the supreme *Rudraksha*. The only other form equivalent to Rudraksha is one associated with the Devi (Goddess)- most often in the manifestation as *Kali* or *Durga*, which will not be named here as it is equally as Holy and esoteric and conversely as *serious* as Rudraksha.

Rudraksha within ancient Hindu lore and scriptures is called the tears of Shiva- tears of bliss which bled out as ascended in deep meditation to his supreme abode. It is said that whoever wears Rudraksha Mala will in doing so seal the blessing of enlightenment for future generations and further advancement for one's self in future incarnations.

You can also make offerings to Bhairava's *Vahana* (animal vehicle) as well by giving any Dog you know or have access to treats during Bhairava Ashtami whilst chanting the above Naam Mantra.

The Akanda Flower and Datura Flowers are highly auspicious, as they both are intimately connected to Lord Shiva, with the Akanda being his personal favorite. These also make for powerful offerings, though any flower will do. The only thing one cannot offer to Shiva/Bhairava (they are One and the same) is Tulsi/Tulasi, as he has a personal history against it, as well as it being reserved for the Priests and Devotees of Lord Vishnu within *Vaishnava* Lineage (worship of Lord Vishnu and his various forms/avataras).

And finally, procure an image of the Master as a focal point with His Yantra. This is as simple as printing one or all or whichever of the following images provided herein.



vrindavanart.com

YOU MAY COMMENCE the holy act of veneration with the vibration of the simple grounding / centering / balancing mantra *"OM"*. Although this is technically a Bija/seed- syllable mantra, it is one which does not require Diksha as it is intimately attuned to the base vibrational frequency of all matter in our realm/dimension/universe, and some even say that it is the base vibrational frequency of our existence. This does not need to be loud. Remember that mantras are to be uttered softly to oneself, and if you feel compelled to raise your volume you will know when and how much intuitively.

Place the image or images of Bhairava standing against a wall/shelf/any object for the purpose, then place the Yantra of Bhairava on the floor, or other such surface such as a nightstand or table, etc. in front of the image(s). Now I'm front of or around and on the Yantra and images you may place the candle, flowers, and other items of offering such as sweets, fruits, tobacco or marijuana smoke, liquor, incense, etc. to name a few.

You can also go out into the woods and search for bones (or if you have some on hand, even better) then place some in a metal bowl over a charcoal disc with some raw wormwood and Sulphur powder.

Light the charcoal disc on fire and proceed to waft the smoke from the burning bones towards and around the Lord Kaal Bhairava murti (figure/ statue) as a gift of burnt offerings for the infernal Black God of terror and nightmares; also known

as Kalaratri, he is the all-consuming fire of dissolution which consumes all time and space and the very building blocks of reality themselves. Maha-Pralaya personified.

Sit in a comfortable position (chair or sofa is perfectly fine) and relax, use whatever methods you find most effective to enter into a relaxed state of meditation. Yogic (Kriya is best) breathing techniques and *consistent* daily meditation exercises are excellent; when cultivated daily they afford the practitioner the capacity to rapidly slip into a deep state of meditation at will.

Focus on the image(s) and contemplate the nature and mysteries of Bhairava in accordance with your understanding. If you wish, you may speak to him from the heart.

When you are ready, you may begin your Japa Performance as an offering of pure love and devotion to the Master.

OM BHAIRAVAYA NAMAH

(108X per Round, minimum 01 Round)

If possible it is best to wear all black ritual clothing, and if you can obtain *vibhuti* ash, you can smear three horizontal lines across your forehead.

It is best to begin this practice around 7:00 PM, but ultimately whatever works for you, if your de-

votional service is genuine/sincere it will certainly not be rejected.

If you feel good about your Japa and meditation you can continue this simple Sadhana for 11 days and then pay careful attention to your life in the following 6 months. Remember that Bhairava as Shiva himself is a powerful, powerful deity, and whilst it is not something to be sought or pursued he has been known to bestow surreal wealth upon those he chooses. He is also revered and sought after as an immensely powerful protector, often petitioned by those afflicted by black magick or haunted by ghosts.

His mantras are renowned among Tantric practitioners for their capacity to sweep entire areas and buildings of any entities with a single utterance. But as adherents of the Sinister Way it is his supreme secrets and power which the vampyric practitioner seeks. He is also the possessor of the deepest secrets of vampyrism and can also unlock the graces of Tara, Kali, or Bhairavi to receive/access those secrets.

May the Master bless you in your journey and his wrath which all of creation fears be swift upon your enemies.

As previously stated Bhairava and Devi Bhairavi are the patron deities of Czar NSK and The Black Order, and as such we will also provide here a short open - access Devotional Stotra which may be

chanted as well at any time as an offering to the Czar's Mother and your vicarious patron Mother.

SANSKRIT

श्मशान भैरवि नररुधिरास्थि – वसाभक्षिणि
सिद्धिं मे देहि मम मनोरथान् पूरय हुं फट्
स्वाहा॥

ENGLISH

*Shmashana Bhairavi Nararudhirasthi
Vasabhakshini Siddhim Me
Dehi Mama- Manorathan Puraya
Hum Phat Svaha॥*

TRANSLATION

"***श्मशान भैरवि***" refers to Bhairavi, the fierce form of the Goddess, who resides in the cremation grounds ("shmashana").

"***नररुधिरास्थि – वसाभक्षिणि***" means "consuming the blood and flesh of humans", referring to her cremation ground dwelling aspect.

सिद्धिं मे देहि" translates, "grant me spiritual powers"

मम मनोरथान् पूरय" translates to "fulfill my desires".

"***हुं फट् स्वाहा***" are bija (seed) mantras used in Tantric Sadhana to conclude mantras, signifying the *end* of the prayer or request.

PARAPRALAYA

To a close now comes this aeon.
The final yuga of degeneration nigh.
The sky becomes thick with the fumes of your anger.
In the dead and burning dwells your wordless sigh.

Through the reflection in your eyes,
bleak mirrors of death.
We see the worlds burning, your cremating breath.

Oh timeless night, your shadow hungers for all.
Emerge from the Howler as creation falls.

Oh wrathful night consuming might.
Before you we kneel in your temple of doom.
We plead and plead for death, take heed.
Give us the boon of your unending tomb.

By your annihilation Beej.
Hruum, set the world on fire.
Om Krim Hrum Phat Pralaya Svaha!

Eternal Night of black death.
Thou art the holiest of holies.
Oh Darkness supreme, dissolving hate fire.
Parapralaya!

Burn the universal funeral pyre.

Signed,
Tyrant Nirrta/Czar NSK
Fenrir/Czar SVII

Shugara Syndicate
Weltfeind
Redwood Coven - Court of the Lion's Paw

ADDITIONAL INSIGHTS FOR THE MORE PERSPICACIOUS/ASTUTE AMONG THE READERSHIP:

VINTAGE TEMPEL OV BLOOD/MONARCH DEFENSE ASSET [SLEEPWALKER/HUNTER>KILLER] PROGRAM:

EVERGLADES
PROGRAMMEDTOKILL
NORTHERN VIRGINIAFOG
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
2016
TEAM 06>>CALL SIGN:Z
YESYOUHEARDTHATRIGHT
GHOSTUNIT
SIGNOFF
NOW

AGIOS O SHUGARA
<END MANUSCRIPT>

(Painting by NFLK)

Isolation Loves Company

Obsession
Neural Dark Pathways
Subterranean Tunnels Traversed
Behind A Locked Door They Hunger
Within You A Skeleton Key
Your Emptied House Offered
A Dark Gift Upon Broken Knees
A Welcoming Host
Malign Shadows

They Are Waiting

MADE UNDER TORTURE

The fires of torment ablaze
Raging twisting winds,
The Devils gift, caustic Holocaust
Unleash now the shadows of blood
From the abyssic realms
The nightmarish pit of nothingness
The omnipotent pool of unending DARKNESS

They look over my shoulder, THEM
Watching every move with eternal night eyes
It is for THEM that we open the gate
It is for THEM that we become THEM
Their presence does not, and will not go unnoticed
Though lurking in the fields of demonic harvest
We are holding the scythes and they are the blades
Dripping in the blood of transformation

Listen now for their whispers
In silence they call out to us
Abominable screams are their language
A world in ashes, their words manifest
All ye serpents, Hear their HISS.....

Part V

Liber Wyrm

Psalm 333

Choronzon, God of Maddening Illumination and Guardian of the Gates to the Black Paradise; open your razor-chasms, the jaws drunk on Blood, Fear, Trial and Trauma, and bless me with your Eternal Darkness.

If I am a drop of poison, then you are the Path-Opener to the ineffable ocean of Caustic Venom. Intrude into the causal and take seat in this vessel.

May your Dead Lights awaken the Reptilian Predator within; carve out each and every weakness of mine with your scalpel blades - burn all that is human within me and fill me with the effulgence of the abyssal well of Acausal Blackness.

Take permanent residence within my shell and as a Black Hole in the flesh make me your living, walking embodiment!

Czar Noctule Valant
Cult of Abhartach
Weltfeind
2024

Nightmare Altar of Noctulius
Cult of Abhartach

Construction

Altar Items:

- Combat bayonette and/or razor blade
- Black mirror
- Leather belt
- Quartz tetrahedron
- Incense + incense burner
- Two black large black candles
- Brass or bone bowl for burnt offerings
- Notebook + pen
- A copy of The Black Art of Vampirism

***

- Hand made banner of the CoA runic sigil (central wall hanging position).

- Left Candle – Carved Sigil of Noctulius

- Right Candle – Carved Sigil of Nythra

- Framed picture of Fuseli's "Nightmare" (center of altar beneath the banner).

- Behind the glass of the Black Mirror, the 21 sigils of the Nekalah hand drawn on parchment paper and anointed in the initiates blood. The parchment bearing the sigils of the Dark Gods is to remain hidden within the black mirror, serving as a gateway from which they may emerge forth from their acausal realm, and into our limited dimensional causal experience. (Center of altar beneath image of Fuseli's Nightmare)

- Framed picture of Weltfeind's Blood Father; Tyrant Nirrta. (Left side of altar).

- Framed picture of Czar Noctule Valant (Right side of altar).

On the four surrounding walls inside your temple area, hang a picture of each of the following four tyrannical vampiric icons of black nobility in their designated quadrants.

North - Marquis De Sade
West - Vlad Tepes
South – Emperor Caligula
East - Erzebet Bathory

WELTFEIND IMPERATOR
BLOOD TYRANT NIRRTA

BLOOD CULT MONARCH
CZAR NOCTULE VALANT

Consecration

Initiate working with The Dark Lord's Prayer.

"Satan, Dark Prince, Opposer of all that is and the Black Fiery Hand that shall return all to Nothingness.

Choronzon, Demongod of the bloody Abyss, Nightmare Incarnate and the Red Guard before the Iron Gate.

Assist me in the consecration of my vampiric Altar: May all items be cleansed and charged with the Holy Will of Darkness. May this altar serve as point of communion between myself, the Dark Gods and the Undead, whose mysteries, severe guidance and dark transformative touch I seek.

By the ancient Bloodline of the Dragon Queen: may the Noctulian Blood Current become awakened within, may I attain communion with the Demonic Intelligences of the Backwards Darkness and may I through Undead Possession become transfigured into the vampiric Apex Predator - the Worker of Evil dominating and harvesting for the Glory of the All-Dissolving Potency of the Dread Mothers Womb.

I who seek the Embrace of the Abyss and transcendence to the Land of the Dark Immortals - hear my call."

Cleansing of whole altar with vodka and frankincense. Focus on the purpose each tool shall fulfil.

After all items have been cleansed, intone the Diabolus chant thrice.

Nythra

"Void-Divinity, God of Ghastly Silence and Sovereign of the Gates to the Black Paradise; open your razor-brimmed mouths, the jaws drunk on Blood, Fear, Trial and Trauma, and bless me with your Eternal Darkness.

May your Fell Touch grace my altar and its tools - seat a fraction of your awe-inspiring power within it and thus transform the altar and its central black mirror into a gateway leading to the bloodstained kingdom of the Backwards Darkness.

Inhabit my body and soul, unfathomable Nythra, and make me one of your living Nexions.

Nythra x 9"

Satanas

"Great Dragon Prince of Darkness, Adversary of the World and penetrative Black Fire of Final Holocaust; open your immortal Night-Eyes and bless me with the Caustic Flame of your Alienic Presence.

Ignite the Embers of your Diabolical Essence within my altar and its tools - seat a fraction of your wrathful power within it and thus transform the altar and its central black mirror into a gateway through which THEY shall intrude.

Inhabit my body and soul, Dark Prince Shaitan, and make me one of your royal torchbearers and infernal arsonists.

Agios o Satanas x 9"

Noctulius

"Bat God, Divinity of Night and Monarch of all Vampiric Predators; open your dark leathery wings and bless me with the dreadful touch of your cold undead hand.

Imbue my altar and its tools with your all-concealing Night-Mists - seat a fraction of your horrific energies within it and thus transform

the altar and its central black mirror into a gateway through which communion with the Dark Immortals shall take place.

Patron of Noctulian Transformation, Emperor of the Sea of Blood and Destructive Spirit of the Element Air beneath the Moon; bathe me in the lunar flow of your nightmarish Blood-Current and guide the Alchemical Change Process that shall make me ascend into the Black Amoral Lineage of Undead Nobility.

Inhabit my body and soul, Savage God Noctulius, and make me one of your Living Wamphyri."

Cut all fingers of the left hand and let blood fall on the tetrahedron - which then emits a pale disturbing glow. Visualise the glow and intone:

"Agios o Noctulius x 9"

Undead

"I call upon the Undead Gods from beyond the Gate of Saturn.

I call upon the Black Masters, the reptilian Monarchs of interdimensional Terror, come forth from the infernal vortices of the Abyss.

Funerary Night Breed, spectral Predators of the human slave race, Black Knights of astral Darkness, accept my blood-essence and guide me upon the Noctulian Path: may your dreadful hands discipline all that is human and elevate my demonic potential to the state of vampiric Undeath.

Transfigure me with your dark alienic touch, grant me your transformative blood-sacrament and integrate me into the Chain of Terror leading back to the primal Void of the Supernal Predator: let me become - like you - a Blade of the Final Harvest.

The earth is ripe and ready for harvest - thus do I thrust my sickle in and reap!

Undead Masters of royal vampiric Blood, commune with me through this altar and its central black mirror: inhabit me, permanently possess me and make me as a Demon in the Flesh.

Agios o Wamphyri x 9"

Take the leather belt and initiate rhythmic flagellation until trance sets in.

Begin then with the communion. Breathe deeply and transfer the blood-essence to the Undead on the other side of the mirror. When exhaustion sets in draw into your self the poisonous and

unnatural blood-essence of the Undead. Let THEIR black hands distort, warp and change you in accordance with their nightmarish essence.

The Awakening Of The Internal Reptilian Predator

Sit comfortably on a chair in front of your altar. Slow down your breath and clear your Self of any thoughts. Gradually detach yourself from any and all human feelings. When you are ready, proceed viewing yourself from the outside:

You are surrounded by astral blood-mists - concentrated as a red ethereal cloud surrounding your being. See yourself as a silhouette of smokey and molten blackness; such is the sinistral nature of your astral body. There are no discernible features on your face and body apart from the dreadful hallmarks of demonic, inhuman Predation: serpent-like eyes of utter liquid blackness and long, sharp claws on your bony and unnaturally strong hands.

Behind the radiant obscurity of your aura, you recognize vaguely the scales of a lizard adorning your blue-black skin. Contemplate the total Otherness of your Shadow-Self - impersonal, cold and wholly imbued with the Black Light of the Dragon: A Dark Angel of the Nightside made manifest.

See a black hole opening itself in your solar-plexus area: it is the total absence of light - blacker than even your aura - the inner gateway to the burning seeds of your Draconic Divinity. With each inhalation of air draw the blood-essence surrounding your silhouette into the churning widdershins vortex of the black hole. See how the filaments of blood-mist further coagulate as you draw them nearer to the black hole, making flashes of plasma visible. While breathing out, make the blood-essence bound through the vortex of the black hole fully disappear into its unfathomable darkness. Repeat the procedure until you feel that the Red has further awakened and strongly empowered the Black. Feel the burning ecstasy of the Dragon Blood boiling within and recognize what you are: A vessel of the Holy Wrath of Satan.

And now shift the focus to your surroundings.

See a ghostly blue light around the ever-present cloud of blood-essence surrounding your pitch-black being. Hear the leaden drums of Tophet resound their pounding march of doom. Begin to decipher the features of a world in flames - a world ripe for harvest: this is your area of operation as a Worker of Evil. See your tools of choice to water the fields with Blood, see all that must be given

into the holocaustic hands of Moloch. Envision the Nexions opening - setting the Backwards Darkness free to descend upon Terra Firma. And know deep within that eventually you will reach the eye of the storm - the bliss of the unmanifest Womb of the Heavenly Dragon-Mother. But until then be as the Black Hand of the Devil - perverting, dominating and burning to ash all that opposes the flow of Holy Darkness.

Czar Noctule Valant
Drakul Valant Nexion
Weltfeind

Forming a Connexion Between the Noctulians and Baphomet

Noctulians must perform Dyskors Wyth Hekatos and Maendic Frenzy to initiate first contact with the outer form of Baphomet and the sinister female archetype.

Through the successful performing and completion of the Dyskors ritual, Noctulians will learn of the sinister muliebral through the initiatory gnosis of Hekatos and her revealed influence on man and woman since the Hellenic aeon. They will once again be brought to face the Dark Pool of the moon sphere to extract greater sinister knowledge through the borrowed eyes of all witches who have performed satanic deeds in the name of Hekatos throughout the aeons. Through the successful performing and completion of the Maendic ritual, Noctulians will experience the fayen-filled ritualistic madness of those women who were overcome by the sinister numinous as they laughed, consumed and killed in the name of Dionysus.

Both rituals serve to resolve any preconceived notions regarding witchraft and Rounwytha. This is achieved by submitting the masculous (non-empathetic, harsh and excessive) aspects of the Noctulian to nigredo in order to dis-cover the equally reasoned and frenzied aspects of the sinister female psyche that is rarely seen in the modern world, thereby imparting the initial apprehension

of the muliebral antinomian which Baphomet and "Rounerers" one half embody.

The apprehension of the sinister muliebral will gradually reduce the masculous psyche within the Noctulian and commence an alchemical process toward achieving an equilibrium of the masculous and muliebral within their consciousness and sub-consciousness, and toward greater states of changement.

This process can be expedited through the recently formulated Atazoth Trwy Ymarffer test, in which an individual forms or joins a clandestine matriarchal coven and participates in the 'light' and 'dark' of witchcraft, but even if the test is not undertaken the Noctulian shall eventually reach a state of numinous, ideologically and philosophical contradiction that will make sense only to them and others who have reached that alchemical stage, for they will have become their own opposite; two psyches harmoniously contained within one body, two essences inhabiting one outer form.

It is from this vantage that the Noctulian can form a connexion with Baphomet through natural permittance of compatible physis, as well as take up the Way of the "Camlad Rouning" should they reside in a location conducive to that Way – if a "Rounerer" agrees to pass down those teachings, of course.

Dyskors Wyth Hekatos

Yn wych th yndyvydual lernz ov th synystur mulyebral thru th ynyshyatoree nosys ov Hekatos.

Phase One (Night I):

1) Position a small round mirror between two white candles leaving a two inch space in-between.

2) Light the candles.

3) Place a quartz pyramid in the centre of the mirror.

4) Draw the sigil on a piece of parchment.

5) Ignite the parchment in the flame of the left candle and drop it into a metal bowl or chalice while delivering the following invokation:

"Lunar Beams
Aeonic screams
Night hath fallen
Tripartite and raven
The sinister graven
Hekatos speaketh to me"

6) Deposit one pinch of a dried and crushed mix of mugwort, rosemary and sage into the flame of the right candle.
Phase Two (Night II):

1) Position the same white candles from the previous phase in the same manner as the first phase, but instead of placing a mirror between them place a bowl of neutral moon water.

2) Insert the pyramid into the bowl.

3) Write the invokation from phase one on a piece of parchment using Dark Immortal script.

4) Administer black ink to the water and vibrate "Agios Cabiri" three times.

5) Place the parchment on the surface of the dark pool and charge it by gaze.

6) Vibrate "Atklal Maka" three times while charging.

7) Scry into the dark waters.

8) Leave the ritual space and do not disturb it until the following night.

Phase Three (Night III):

1) Retrieve the pyramid from the black liquid and place it into bowl/chalice.

2) Scent the ritual space with petrichor.

3) Draw the sigil on parchment, make an incision on the left palm (either two inches below the little

finger or the centre of the palm) and drip blood onto the sigil.

4) Ignite the parchment and drop into the bowl/ chalice while delivering the final invokation:

"Lunar beams
Aeonic dreams
Night forever fallen
Blood and trees
The moon decrees
The dark pool open"

Notes:

[i] Moon-water is created by retrieving running water from a natural source and then leaving that water in direct line of the moon's reflecting ray.

[ii] Scrying begins when a temporary connexion with the Abyss has been made. The images from the scrying can then carry over into dream states until such a time as they cease.

[iii] Gnosis will be transmitted during in all three phases and for a long period after.

[iv] The quartz pyramid can henceforth be used to strengthen all moon sphere related workings

[v] The black liquid can be bottled up and saved for future scrying.

Maenadic Frenzy

Yn wych th yndyvydual eksperyences th fayenfylled ritualystyk madnes ov thos wymen hu wer overcum by th synystur numinus az thay laffed, konsumd and kylld in th naem ov Dyonysus.

1) Fill a bowl or chalice with red wine, cinnamon, honey and female nectar.

2) Draw the sigil upon the floor of the outdoor ritual space.

3) Stand in the circle and drink some of the concoction, proceeding to spray it from the mouth while twirling anti-clockwise at a comfortable speed.

4) Take another drink but this time swallow it and transition from the twirling into a witch dance until dizziness takes hold.

5) Allow yourself to collapse to the floor and scream "Haima Kai Mania!" with every ounce of breath.

6) Finally, whisper toward the skies: "Sorceresses of Thebes. Venusian Caelethi. Bestow unto me visions of blood and joy."

Notes:

[i] A "witch dance" is a form of frenzied movement where the celebrant begins with skipping in a large circle – around what is customarily a balefire, but can be an idol or symbol – and then incorporates leaping motions and frantic twirling, alternating between the two until the ritual/rite concludes or the celebrant collapses.

Atazoth Trwy Ymarfer

Yn wych th yndyvydual increeses Azoth thru th praktysyng ov payganus and wytchcraft waes.

1. Form or join an antinomian matriarchal coven that practises non-Abrahamic magick.

2. Perform five hexes during three separate full moons.

3. Perform a witch dance with one's coven during the autumnal alchemical season.

4. Construct a totem and utilise it in a working.

5. Construct a poppet for baneful purposes and use it on a 'rotten' individual.

6. Participate in The Gathering (ongoing)

7. Make a tincture, oil, and balm for utilisation in 'flight' (astral projection and dream walking).

8. Make a poultice and assist with the healing of a kind natured individual.

9. Perform outdoor rituals with one's coven (ongoing).

10. Remain undetected by the local community of the area.

11. Use seasonal produce to provide sustenance to oneself and coven all year round (ongoing).

Notes:

[i] Ingredients must be acquired by way of foraging, hunting, raising of animals or exchange (non-monetary).

[ii] Tasks marked with 'ongoing' are to be performed for the foreseeable future until they become second nature.

Noctulian Monarch: Pt. I

Trauma-based Programming and the Alchemical Change Process

Though it may not appear as such at face value, there is in fact a very specific and intentional purpose behind the blatant, seemingly over-the-top degree of sexual depravity and predatory violence that is present within the short story of sinister fiction, titled "No Place like Hell".

The main function and purpose, in terms of Monarch Programming within the Alchemical Change Process, is to push ones boundaries beyond what they would otherwise deem as being

"acceptable" or not "acceptable". The forced entropy of ones perceived moral confines, which serve ultimately only to restrict the speed at which their "Hot-rod on the highway to Hell" will enable them to move at, so to speak.

Breakdown

Desensitization is one of the keys to the mud room at the house of horrors just beyond the welcome mat of abandon. Where I am going with this is the following – When one becomes accosted by that which they revile and have utter disgust for, hate or fear, it can cause an array of psychological imprints in their subconscious. For someone to truly reach a state of "BREAKTHROUGH", they must either force them self or alternatively, be forced against their will to learn to love and admire that which would otherwise gravely repel them or even make them physically ill with disgust.

The point here is to obscure and make illegible, the borders of their moral acceptability; to flip topsy-turvy ones entire internal system and understanding of what they would naturally deem as right or wrong. The purpose is to ultimately confuse these opposing ends of the moral pendulum to such an extent the difference between the two extremes becomes inseparable.

Let's say for example, a person feels good and comfortable in their natural setting. Maybe they keep an OCD level tidy house with a plentiful amount of lively plants or something of the like - they would then be implored to poison or destroy that which they find beautiful or find comfort in.

In this rather simple yet on point example, they would be encouraged to poison or uproot the plants they so cherish, and to degrade their home setting into a filthy cesspool to go about living in their disgusting surroundings. If they were a Neo-Nazi, they might be encouraged to instead fully submerging them self into the subhuman demographic of hardline communism. If they are sickened by the sight of blood or were a sexual prude, they would be encouraged to heavily take part in sexual paraphilia's which most would find appalling. Scat or vomit play maybe, or something else as equally repulsive; and to regularly watch videos of real murder, executions, torture and rape, etc while doing simple every things like eating breakfast or supper, or while engaged in sexual activity.

By partaking in these seemingly obscene pastimes, what happens eventually is an inevitable polar switch of engrained moral dilemmas and ill-perceived restrictive

acceptance of that which surrounds them. An entire reversal of one's inner inclinations is the goal. Not simply just to make *good* into *bad*, and *bad* into *good*, but in doing so this internal psychological upheaval will evidently uproot ones pre-existing social engineering which has been programmed into them since birth. It is this very programming of the human construct into the desired slave mentality by the puppet masters that is the direct target through the mechanics and science behind the Noctulian Alchemical Change Process.

Consistent and prolonged application of these methods of engineered psychological breakdown, force the subject to verily "lose" themselves in a state that could rightfully, only be explained as - a churning of the fundamental elements at the core level of the human psyche...

Transformation

Once the subject has been successfully derailed on a fundamental level psychologically, emotionally and mentally; only then, and not until such a state has been achieved (assuming they still retain their senses enough to continue mapping out their destination), having thus reached Choronzon's churning chasm of psychological

defragmentation complete mental breakdown can they begin to advance forwards through the backwards darkness to begin the process of *Transformation.*

Reaching this state of internal *Breakdown* is but the first stage of this three phase process as it applies to the Noctulian alchemical system. This engineered state of psychological fragmentation is the foremost point in which most tend to find themselves landing in mental institutions - scourged with crippling paranoid psychosis, irrevocable self-destructive detachment from reality and/or on occasion committing suicide.

The above listed outcomes, which are all too often the resulting side-effects from the engineered mechanisms of internal alchemical breakdown, are the consequence that awaits those not strong enough to withstand the violent overhaul and dismantling of the pre-programmed human construct, and the ill perceived notion of the "self". It is not until this false pretense of the "self", which in reality would correctly be referred to as the "ego" (universally confused with the **true inner self** or spirit beyond flesh) has been utterly destroyed, that the second phase, appropriately termed "TRANSFORMATION" may begin its procession of reconstructing the new being,

from the ashes of the human condition towards the final phase; the Noctulian condition.

Visualize yourself slowly moving your head towards the surface of a mirror, to the point where the glass begins to physically restrict your continued forward advancement. Continue visualizing this forward motion, traversing further inwards through the mirror into the backwards realm; crossing the axis at the zero point of the gate, without restriction of the causal physicality. Turning back, peering at your reflection from the opposite side of the mirror, you can see your reflection staring back at you, only now it presents itself from an opposing perspective in contrast to the previously observed spectral embodiment. Being fully conscious in this state, scrutinizing your former literal mirror self, repeat the same process; pushing your head towards the other side of the mirror until you once again connect in union with the backwards spectre, become a singular point, head to head so to speak.

Upon re-entering back into the original position from which you initially projected forward from, in through the mirror and pushing through the axis, having now two dimensionally opposing "selves" present simultaneously - This is where one either succeeds and becomes their own opposite, or

otherwise completely loses their mind within the hungry jaws of Choronzon.

There are more dimensions to what has been relayed herein, that go much deeper into the insights and genuine science behind how one relates to the other, and the fundamental mechanics involved in the procession and evolution which takes place within the Alchemical Change Process (i.e. Vampiric Alchemy and Project Monarch Trauma-based Programming). These enhanced and expanded explanatory esoteric insights will however; remain reserved as necessary for the benefit of the systematic and successful application of these methods to ensure the intended target of resolve has been achieved.

This is not something that is kept secret so much as it is something that is slowly dispelled as the initiate progresses through the program. More correctly put, it is something that is slowly, more and more understood and internalized as they progress through the alienic transformative systematic conspiracy against one's own "mankind".

Tyrant NSK
Weltfeind
135 yf

Age of Saerus: Anno One

:Noctulian Monarch: Pt. II

The Abhartach Behaviourism Programme

Author: Mister Bouchard

Note: This document should be viewed as an addendum for the Noctulian Monarch document: Trauma-based Programming and the Alchemical Change Process.

To paraphrase American behaviourist, John B. Watson:

"Anyone, regardless of nature, can be conditioned to be anything."

This is the primary principle that underpins Weltfeind (WF) overtly, and Cult of Abhartach (COA) implicitly, via the controlled alchemical programme designated "Noctulian Monarch" (N.M).

The primary method of initiating this process is through trauma (q.v Noctulian Monarch). By using disturbing, heterodox and uncomfortable stimuli repeatedly (as well as utilising repetitions of three) to induce psychological trauma, [useless] unlearned responses are replaced by [useful] learned responses once they have eventually been conditioned into the COA initiate.

The Nightmare Altar of Noctulius initiates the process by providing an ultimatum to the initiate, which exploits the ego. If they wish to rise through the grades of COA they must break, and later become comfortable with, the first taboo: inflicting pain against themselves of their own perceived volition, encouraged by a positive emotional state instead of a negative one (q.v. Nightmare Altar of Noctulius; Initiation Rite of Choronzon).

This is crucial because what needs to be brought to the surface are masochistic tendencies, either as a result of those traits preexisting within the initiate — unlearned response, or being instilled into the initiate

via repetition and necessity (for achieving their desire of progression) — learned response.

The negative emotional state of most self-harmers originates from an experienced loss of control, of the ability to self-manage, and is thus motivated by wanting to regain that control (Ogden and Bennet, 2015), a response most commonly manifested as the self-harming acts of cutting, beating, strangulation, or the ingesting of toxic substances. These responses are typically referred to as a "cry for help". This is because the self-harmer does not actually want to harm themselves, but it's the only method that they believe can restore the control that was lost during the trigger event.

The self-harmer not wanting to actually inflict pain on themselves is what makes it a negative emotional state in the context of the aims of Noctulian Monarch. The initiate needs to welcome the pain, embrace it, love it; and if possible, receive sexual gratification from it, because the more psychosexual an initiate's response to painful stimuli is, the more receptive they are to oppressive stimuli and the more submissive they can be conditioned to be.

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"Breakthrough" - by Physical Trauma

The most famous case of a spiritual experience being induced through self-harm was Timothy Wyllie of the Process Church of the Final Judgement. While on a spiritual journey with members of the Church in Xtul, Mr. Wyllie chose to repent for a transgression against the matriarch of the Church by way of self-flagellation (Wyllie, 2009).

After the first lash, Mr. Wyllie experienced what he referred to as spiritual bliss. The neurological mechanics of what occurred was the brain's releasing of endorphins to inhibit the pain he had inflicted, ensuring that every lash after the first became less painful, imparting an empowerment, a perceiving of a never-before-experienced self discipline.

The pain became welcomed on a pre-programmed, biological level (endorphins) and a self-approved, philosophical level (spiritual awakening). This resulted in a new-found appreciation of what was previously a physical act that was inconceivable. Thus, Mr. Wyllie experienced the stage referred to in the Noctulian Monarch programme as "Breakthrough".

The Nightmare Altar of Noctulius (NAN) and Initiation Rite of Choronzon (IRC) exercises employ a similar mechanic as the aforementioned. The self-flagellation in IRC, most notably, is not requested, it is subliminally suggested through a theatrical script. The presuppositions the initiate has about the Noctulian vampiric current, coupled with the script, are what implant the suggestion to self-harm. In all actuality, an initiate can pass IRC without inflicting a modicum of physical pain upon themselves should they perceive IRC as a stage play instead of a set of instructions. IRC is therefore unique as an exercise in the sense that it has the potential to manifest as both a violent, external response and a non-violent, internal response depending on the initiate's apprehension and choice.

The language used in IRC, regardless of whether the initiate's manifestation is violent or non-violent, produces a default internal response, as the act or vivid imagining of self-flagellation provokes the initiate into contemplating in a way that promotes self-harm as a conducive means to attaining what Timothy Wyllie called "spiritual awakening", inevitably transubstantiating the idea from a negative thought into a positive one. In behaviourist terms, a contextually negative emotional response (aversion) to an uncontrolled stimulus (pain) is unlearned and replaced with a positive

emotional response (appreciation) through the use of a controlled stimulus (self-flagellation).

The process works similarly in the NAN exercise, only instead of using the controlled stimulus of self-flagellation it uses the controlled stimulus of self-cutting, and instead of using subliminal suggestion to produce a non-violent or violent response, it uses instruction to produce only a violent response. The function of NAN is indeed necessary as it prevents the initiate from deluding themselves into thinking that they can progress by determining that every exercise is a metaphor, which does nothing to physically enhance the initiate's pain threshold and thus their mental fortitude, which is a vital step in the N.M programme that can lead to the creation of a more resilient human being that is poetically disguised within the Noctulian lexicon as "becoming a dark god", i.e., apotheosis.

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The Venusian and Chronozonic Personalities

The key subliminal message used to keep COA initiates under the control of WF Adepts during the N.M programme is "A Noctulian Craves Discipline". When this activation phrase is used, a calm, submissive state of mind washes over the

initiate due to the conditioning experienced during such exercises as IRC and NAN. This is referred to as the "Venusian Personality".

The key subliminal symbol used to change the COA initiate's personality to a more aggressive and domineering state is 3.3.3. Three-three-three is used frequently throughout N.M in metaphorical, instructional and symbolic form as a means of causing an association between the aggressive and domineering vocabulary, imagery and concepts in COA's worldview and exercises. This results in a compounded array of emotional responses that heightens the COA initiate and causes them to enter an altered state that is referred to as the "Chronozonic Personality."

Note: There are two additional symbols used in Sanguinus Venatio (Blood Hunt); the Nightside Grimoire: Algiz merkstave and the bloodshot eye. The Algiz rune is used to signal when the initiate is to experience an assault on the ego and the bloodshot eye is to signal when a new trait has been conditioned into the initiate or a suppressed one has been made conscious within them.

To sumarise:

3.3.3 = provoking of psychological transformation into an altered conscious state.

Algiz merkstave = attack on the ego and/or unlearning of a useless conditioned response.

Bloodshot eye = conditioning of a new useful emotional response or trait, or revealing of a suppressed psychological trait.

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The Three Initiate Types

There are three categories of initiate created from the N.M programme:

1) the initiate that has utterly subordinated themselves to the programme.

2) the initiate that has been psychologically impaired by the programme.

3) the initiate that has subordinated themselves to the programme to move beyond it.

The fate of Initiate 1 is to stay forever within COA, to be used in a recruiter, soldier or trainer capacity.

The fate of Initiate 2 is to exit COA as a failed experiment, become a doomed spy, or to be used as a training object for DOE.

The fate of Initiate 3 is to graduate COA and enter WF having proved that they are capable of subordination and domination in equal measure, a trait befitting of the leadership archetypes desired by Weltfeind.

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The Vrilian Shadow
A Lesson in the Arts of Vril

[The following document is a simple training exercise for the purpose of learning the practical art and application of Vril manipulation.]

Caveat: A partner is required for this exercise.

This exercise will likely not yield results right away, therefore it is strongly advised to repeat this practice regularly, or as often as possible until you have successfully achieved your desired results.

Preliminary Notes:

Before you begin, it is important to create a setting conducive to concentrated focus that will stimulate a state of relaxation - turn off your television and phones.

Suggested environmental aids to consider:

- Turn lights down or substitute with candle light.
- Put on some ambient, drone or otherwise meditative music in the background on low volume.
- Light incense that is calming and not overpowering to the senses.

Note: It is extremely important that throughout this exercise, you do not make any physically contact whatsoever.

Step 1) Instruct your partner to lie down comfortably on the floor face up and close their eyes. Begin by compartmentally having them clench the muscles throughout their body one section at a time, starting from their toes all the way up to their head. This should take no longer than 1-2 minutes, but there is no error if it takes longer. Do not continue to the next step until they have succeeded in releasing the accumulated muscle tension throughout their body.

a) Start by lying or sitting down. Relax your entire body. Take five deep, slow breaths.

b) Lift your toes upward. Hold, then let go. Pull your toes downward. Hold, then let go.

c) Next, tense your calf muscles, then let go.

d) Move your knees toward each other. Hold, then let go.

e) Squeeze your thigh muscles. Hold, then let go.

f) Clench your hands. Pause, then let go.

g) Tense your arms. Hold, then let go.

h) Squeeze your buttocks. Pause, then let go.

i) Contract your abdominal muscles. Pause, then let go.

j) Inhale and tighten your chest. Hold, then exhale and let go.

k) Raise your shoulders to your ears. Pause, then let go.

l) Purse your lips together. Hold, then release.

m) Open your mouth wide. Hold, then let go.

n) Close your eyes tightly. Pause, then release.

o) Lift your eyebrows. Hold, then release.

Step 2) Have them begin a breathing exercise to slow down their heart rate to an ideal consistency between roughly 60-100 bpm.

Step 3) Now you are ready to begin.
Without making physical contact, begin slowly running both your hands separately up, down and all over their body from a distance; keeping a space of about 3- 4 inches between your hands and their body.
Pull your concentration down into your palms as you continue running your elevated hands above their body.

Now close your eyes...Focus on the dense electric buzzing of their astral lifeforce (vril) as it flows with the motion of your hands like a paddle in a lake, swashing against your palms and through your fingertips.

Continue with this step until your extrasensory awareness has been activated,

Step 4) At this point the other should be in a fully relaxed state, allowing their own level of sensory awareness to become heightened.

Relay to your subject, you are now going to proceed as you have been up until this point but, you will now begin intermittently selecting and holding position over specific areas of their body unbeknownst to them.

Step 5) Let your hands be guided by the magnetic pull of certain spots over their body, stop at those zones (you will know where they are when you find them) and focus on them one at a time. At each zone you will concentrate on applying pressure, pushing intensely with your mind using your Vrilian Shadow (astral body).

While doing this, ask your subject if they can feel pressure being applied anywhere over their body and; if they answer yes have them tell you where exactly and see if the location corresponds with where you are applying

pressure. If the answer is no, continue this practice until you become successful with your results.

Weltfeind
Abgrund Nexion;
Vesperia
135 yf

The Dark Soil of the Undead

Cemetery earth is of great importance as not only a fetishistic element within dark vampiric sorcery, but a conduit of a death energy.

With astral links to the violet-black sea of ghostly postmortem energy, this earth has an esoteric kinship not only with the shadows of the dead, but with the vampiric knights of astral darkness who rule over such liminal places with an iron fist. In this magical working, the earth of an old, unkempt and overgrown grave is harvested in a black leather pouch and, in a second step, cultivated for three nights as sympathetic connection to the world of the Undead and as an elemental ladder, through which the vampiric predators of the black, amoral lineage can descend and commune with the practitioner.

1. The grave soil will have to be harvested in the name of Noctulius on a Saturday night after midnight. You will have to enter the cemetery and seek out a part of the bone field where the vegetation grows wild and the graves are old.

Follow your dark acausal empathy and internally use the chant of Noctulius until you find a grave that speaks to you. While still

standing in front of the grave vibrate seven times:

"Nythra Kthunae Atazoth"

Then kneel and recite following prayer:

Noctulius, Deofel of Night, Bat-God, Cruel Sovereign of Vampiric Alchemy, bless me with the merciless compassion of your black hand.

I kneel before this grave as a supplicant to the process of Undead Transfiguration of which you are the Sovereign: allow me to harvest a share of the black earth of death and resurrection that shall fortify the caustic transformation of my body, soul and mind towards Breakthrough and beyond.

Accept in return my Blood as payment and as oath of fealty to your horrific majesty. May the vampiric intelligences over which you rule guide me in my harsh alchemical change towards the reptilian predator.

Abhartach, Abhartach, Abhartach!

I submit to the power of the dark vampiric Monarch! I submit to the cold tyranny of the Dark Immortals! Blood is Life - may it mingle with the Black Earth of Death and thus open the gate to your Kingdom.

Agios O Noctulius!

Harvest a handful of cemetery earth and place it into the pouch. Take a razorblade and cut your left and right arms respectively with three slashes; drip blood into the very grave from which you harvested a share of earth. Bleed also into the opened pouch. Pay attention to the fact that the cuts need to be well made but not so deep that you will require medical attention. When finished, push the razorblade deep, deep, deep into the earth of this grave.

Repeat the prayer and chant or whisper:

"Agios O Noctulius" x9

Receive what you are meant to receive and then leave.

Place the pouch on your altar - if you do not have a permanent altar yet, place it somewhere in proximity to where you sleep.

2. Begin the ritual by singing the Diabolus three times and light the altar candles. Use high-quality myrrh as burnt offering and focus first on the black mirror. Visualize a maw adorned with razor blades - a widdershins black

hole leading into the outer darkness of the Acausal. Use the word **NYTHRA** as a mantra and focus on the primordial Vampire Goddess residing within the deepest depths of the Backwards Darkness. Realize that the most exalted vampiric intelligences reside in the chaotic void – but that through the chain of terror, undead entities also dwell in the spectral in-between of this world. Grasp this thought and recognize yourself as part of this chain; a black hole in the flesh! Then take the bundle and place it in front of the black mirror. Visualize the bundle radiating a violet-black energy field.

Meditate on this light. When you feel connected to it, pick up your leather belt and firmly grip it with your cold pale hand; with sadomasochistic cruelty and vigor begin to viciously dole out a punishing ordeal of brutal self-flagellation of no less than 88 lashes.

When you recognize the floating sensation of the butterfly, recite:

"Aperiatur Terra et germinet Atazoth"
x7

The path to the God of Night is now opened; bring communion to a climax with the sorcerous means that suit you best.

Chant: "Agios O Noctulius" x9
and praise all attending forces.

3. During the meditative ritual work on the second night, follow the identical procedure, but use the word of power that unlocks the access to the lunar sphere. After you have performed the belt lashings:

Vibrate: "NOX" x9

In a process of meditative communion, focus on the myth of the sinister chieftain Abhartach.

4. For the third and final night the rite will be the same as on the second night: except that you will – after the self-mortification.

Chant "Agios O Wamphyri" x9.

In that meditative state, focus on breathing in the sinister fumes and the violet-black light emanating from the bundle. Breathe in and visualize how the dark energy is becoming part of your very soul, infusing every fiber of your being with most sinister emanations. Do this to the point that you feel rapture, then chant the Diabolus nine times; meditating on the effect of

the ritual for as long as you need. Take note of all visions and dreams experienced.

5. The grave soil is infused with the spectral energies of the Undead through the ritual and your blood sacrifice. This significantly amplifies the dark energies that are already resident in your ritual tools. Therefore, place the bundle behind your black mirror whenever you initiate vampiric communion. The leather bundle is at the center of a very specific mechanism in the context of ordeals: like a battery of dark energy, the bundle accompanies your transformational work and nourishes it with its spectral Dead Lights. At the same time, the earth is nourished by your sweat, your blood, your tears and your ecstasy - a sumptuous elixir for Them.

6. At a later point, the grave earth can be used in combination with specific sympathetic elements in order to contact the four Undead Patrons of our tradition: Vlad Tepes, Elizabeth Bathory, Marquis de Sade and Emperor Caligula.

The optimal scenario would be to enact the rites of vampiric communion in some of the loci that these dark predators – once entombed in human flesh – inhabited. As this approach in terms of practicality will not always be

feasible (castles closed at night, lost places of burial et al), there are alternatives.

7. Study all historic material pertaining to our Undead Patrons – especially those scriptures or studies outlining the personality, proclivities, interests, passions and behavioural patterns of those four, main iconic cardinal embodiments of **Black Nobility**.

Proceed then to identify objects and substances representative of the Ascended One in question. In the case of Elizabeth Bathory, a whip (representing her sadistic impulse), a precious necklace and a glass of wine (representing luxury of noble living), white lead (also referred to as spirits of saturn, traditional use in skin-care – it was used to whiten the skin), a cup of blood (vampiric predation), as well as a grimoire (representing her practice of the dark arts as well as the tutelage of Darvulia) could constitute a altar set-up specifically dedicated to the Mistress of Cachtice. Make sure to add the dark soil of the Undead as well as your crystal tetrahedron to the temporary altar set-up in question. These are the two keys that make the other items usable on an esoteric level in this ritual in the first place. Also, place your black mirror in an elevated position, so that none of the objects cast a reflection on the mirror surface. Use your knowledge in necromantic sorcery to cleanse,

prepare and dedicate the objects that consitute the altar-setup.

8. During one week, initiiate vampiric communion with the undead shade of the Mistress of Cachtice every night. Glimpse sights of the cruel patroness in the black mirror and invite her to drink of your blood. Ask her humbly to access her undead blood essence – through which your Alchemical Change Process shall be accelerated. The series of rituals should climax on the last night – ideally culminating in full ghostly possession. With the knowledge harvested from such extended communions, permanent shrines dedicated to our four Patrons can in time be established, increasing the influx of sinister energies in ones ritual area –

Under the ever watchful gaze
of the Undead Gods.

9. Communion with our Undead Patrons not only enhances the Alchemical Change Process: the Dark Immortals of the black, amoral lineage can, through their ghastly and exstatic touch, transmit traits, skills, knowledge and Machiavellian competence that they themselves possessed during their lives.

Czar Noctule; 135 yf

Astral Necromancy: Charnel Rite of Undead Communion

Wait till midnight, and then walk to the nearest graveyard in your area. Wear all black or even a black robe if available but not necessary. Bring with you some sticks of incense.

Pick a spot in the field there that will give you the best view of its landscape.

Whence you have found your specified spot, try to find a large rock that you can sit on if possible.

Take seat on the rock or trunk in a meditative position sitting upright with legs crossed, keeping perfect posture. your body should feel weightless light your sticks of incense and close your eyes. Slow your breathing to long relaxed drawn out breaths. Clear your mind of everything. If you feel a thought begin to materialize in your mind, simply refer your focus back to the breath.

Continue this until your astral eyes open, revealing the landscape of the cemetery before and around you. When you have gotten to this point and you can see your surroundings with your astral eyes, begin visualizing a black mist arising from the burial sites and gathering around you.

This mist should get thicker and thicker until it becomes like a body of fluid around you.

Let the black body mass continue gathering and growing around you. Let it take hold of your body and physically move you like swashing around in a body of water.

When and only when you have reached this point where your body is being violently rocked around as the currents of this black energy mass moves around - open your mouth and drink like you never have before. Inhale your deepest breathe, devour this blackness like you have been starved to point of death. Take the black energy into the deepest corners of your internal self and feel it vibrate within you and fill you to capacity. Do this repeat-

edly until you have literally become one with this black energy of undeath.

When you have taken your last intake, open your eyes. Rise from your place of seating, leave the incense sticks burning and take your leave. Keep a journal beside your bed and make notes of any dreams you may have that night.

This will bring you into direct contact and alliance with the Legions of the Shadows of Undeath.

Caustic Blessing of Abatu

[The following instructions are an excerpt from the individual mentorship of a COA (Cult of Abhartach) leader to his pupil. In order to understand the context of the recommendations and instructions, the text has been retained in its original form with additional explanatory notes.]

Over the last months you have come to know certain basic practices and key concepts of the vampiric tradition promulgated by the Cult of Abhartach.

You involved yourself in rudimentary vampiric practices and initiated weekly communion with me, your mentor. You continued to practice sinister pathworking in accordance with the guidelines found in Naos. You have had the very first experiences with corrective procedures such as the use of self-criticism sheets and the practice of self-flagellation during pathworking. Now it is time to weave those threads you have become familiar with into a singular rope - that of the whip of the self-disciplinarian.

That whip strikes with intelligence; it strikes where it hurts most; it strikes where its stinging kiss of forced transfiguration is truly needed. Which Dark God will you meet while wielding the whip and, at the same time, becoming the object of its merciless embrace?

You will meet ABATU.

You will meet the Holy Spirit of Violence.

When embarking upon the Night Path of Vampirism you inevitably will get to know your strengths, but – more importantly – you will also get to know your weaknesses. While you show promising potential in the area of esoteric practices (results in pathworking, first experiences in astral projection, the correct interpretation of certain signals we send et al.), you hitherto lack one central hallmark of the aspiring vampiric predator in both spirit and flesh: the SHARPNESS OF TOOTH AND CLAW.

You have what we would describe as a „kept demeanor". While it is not a bad attribute in itself, you need to be able to tap into maddening rage in order to move further into the caustic streams of the 333 current. [1]

Initiating communion with Abatu will aid you in this crucial step. Said communion will be a holistic one, as befitting the exceedingly dark marriage of Vampirism, traditional Satanism and techniques originating in Monarch programming constitutive for the Noctulian Path.

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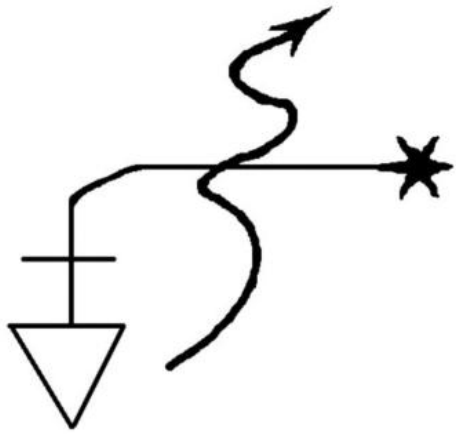
[1] In this case, the subject of the alchemical change is of a more restrained nature. The influence of Abatu serves the function of breaking through this restraint and allowing violent and transgressive atavisms to germinate and erupt in the psyche. However, the same ritu-

alistic procedure can also be applied to individuals who are already characterized by a marked martial capacity. In this case, the bloody talisman of Abatu is used to enhance the already existing strategic violence, cruelty and aggression. For a customized and tailored approach to this work, contact your CoA contact person.

The Talisman of Abatu



Start the working by meditating on the tarot card representing Abatu for about 20 - 30 minutes. When you feel the trance setting in, write following words as many times as possible on a sheet of paper:

I SURRENDER FULLY
TO THE SPIRIT OF VIOLENCE

When finished immediately start whipping yourself with the belt - you will do so for 333 lashes while internally voicing the name of that god.

Proceed by staring into the Sigil of Abatu which you have inscribed with pencil upon a sturdy sheet of watercolor paper (no thin paper, as this will become a portable talisman). Chant the name of the Dark God and when you feel the moment of rapture, cut yourself for the Demon-God and let your blood flow. No little scratch, no small surface-level wound: a real CUT that will leave a SCAR. You will then retrace the WHOLE SIGIL of Abatu with your blood (the totality of the sigil has to be drawn in blood; it is not enough to simply anoint it with a few drops of it). You may use a thin paintbrush for that.

When you have traced the sigil, continue to chant until you have fully expended your energy.

After the rite, for a period of two weeks you will do the following:

Each morning you wake up between 6 and 7 o'clock. Use the first annoying circumstance in your perception to trigger rage within you. This circumstance could be a sound outside made by the traffic, a bird, the laughter of a child, a sound inside your apartment or, in total absence of annoying external stimuli, simply the suffocating thought of the 9-5 rat-race ahead that your job inevitably brings.

You must truly evoke a rage as pure as possible, and as you do this, switch your attention from the initial trigger to an object of your hate (for exam-

ple a person you despise, a political matter or a past traumatic events that still elicit strong feelings of aversion). Increase your rage in focusing upon that person or circumstance. Then take your cellphone and watch a cartel execution movie including dismemberment and/or skinning (recommendations: "funky town gore", "ADIDAS" or the more imaginative CJNG works). Have the movie on your smartphone or have the URL saved in advance, so that you do not have to look for it. Fully focus your attention on what happens. Do not look away, no matter how gruesome the scenario [2]. When finished, immediately visualize the sigil of ABATU before your mind's eye in blood-red. Breathe deeply and visualize it for approximately 3-5 minutes.

[2] Focus on the identification with the perpetrator should be implemented from the get-go. This process of identification should culminate in actively witnessing the ghastly act through the very eyes of the perpetrator.

Once finished, continue on with your day's business.

In the evening, focus upon the talisman of ABATU drawn with your blood and recite the name of that spirit as mantra. Continue with daily mortification of the flesh. When achieving trance, recite the song of recalling dedicated to ABATU for seven times. Then go to sleep.

After this daily routine has been performed for two weeks, always carry the bloodstained talisman of ABATU in concealed fashion on your person.

Agios o Abatu!

Falcifer: The Chthonic Flow

The following is something initiates may wish to perform with their guiding Noctulian acting in the role of Falcifer...

The ritual is to be performed on the night of the dark moon, or close to it. It will be performed with one individual acting as the Vessel, and another as Falcifer. Falcifer will be clad in black, with a mask to conceal his/her face, while the Vessel will remain nude. A cat o' nine tails is needed, as well as a quartz crystal, preferably shaped as a tetrahedron. An open grave, six feet deep will be needed, and a piece of wood, drywall, or suitable material to cover the hole. If at all possible, the ONA's Eorthe CD should be played loudly throughout the entire ritual.

At dusk the participants will gather at the chosen spot, and Falcifer will begin by whipping the Vessel with the cat o' nine tails viciously. After the beating, the Vessel should be thrown into the open grave, and the grave covered by the board. The board should have Sigils of Dark Gods carved into it, so that when dawn comes, light will shine into the pit. A large enough hole for Falcifer to place his/her arm into should be cut as well. The board should be strong and bricks or other suitable material should be used to hold it down. This is to ensure

the Vessel does not break loose prematurely. It is expected that demonic possession will ensue, and that the Vessel will likely become violent.

After placing the Vessel in the hole, Falcifer will leave. At 3:00 A.M. Falcifer will return and holding a quartz crystal, vibrate "Nythra Kthunae Atazoth" seven times. During the vibration Falcifer should visualize a rent in the sky and darkness pouring down into the crystal, and then into the Vessel. Before the darker than black energy enters the crystal, it should be seen to take on demonic and draconic forms. After the vibration and preliminary visualization, Falcifer will visualize the energy changing the Vessel into a Dark God.

Before leaving Falcifer should cut his/her arm and feed the Dark God a blood sacrifice. The crystal should remain near the vessel. Falcifer may have to stand guard to ensue the Vessel does not break loose if he/she has become violent.

When the dawn breaks, and the Morning Star rises in the east, Falcifer will return to the spot and recite the "Oriens Splendor" chant. Food, drink, and clothes should be brought to the Vessel. Breakfast and a shower will aid a return to worldly consciousness...

Satanic Training For The Sinister Quest

During the early, formative years of one's Satanic development and, indeed, throughout one's Sinister Quest in general, it is especially important, indeed, a requisite, to couple one's esoteric study and practice with both practical acts of evil in the real-world as well as harsh physical training that will require one to push themselves towards – and then beyond – their moral and physical limits.

Few things can compare to the sort of visceral exultation that one feels when having pushed one's body above and beyond its limits again and again, year after year, decade after decade – through such harsh physical training one will become a suitable vessel through which the Dark Gods will manifest.

Few things can compare to that awful sensation, that tangible grasping of what is genuinely evil, genuinely Satanic, than purposefully inserting oneself into situations of profound moral dilemma and choosing the "darker option" in each instance, seeing how far one can go in being genuinely transgressive, in the real-world, far from the safe confines of the "ritual chambers" of those despicable pseudo-"Satanists" who defame the name of our

Prince, not only through their actions, but rather, through their inaction.

Through such hideous undertakings one will begin to realize the decidedly transhuman nature of the Dark Gods and, through consistent practice, year after year, decade after decade, one will instinctively become aware of how to presence the Dark Gods through one's manipulations, through one's actions and thus learn (through accrued insight) how to become (and create) a nexion through which the Dark Gods will be presenced.

If mundane lives are harmed in the process, all the better. For remember that cherished aphorism from the Black Book of Satan: "He who stands atop the highest pyramid of skulls can see the furthest." Do you possess, within the recesses of your Sinister mind, your very own "Black Book"? A "Black Book" of those mundanes whom you have caused great suffering in the course of your Sinister Quest, whom you have utilized brutally and without mercy (whatever their station, whatever their supposed relational status or protected status according to social mores) – thus transgressing your own Magian programming in the process – and whose skulls you can then add to the pyramid, raising yourself ever and ever higher, towards even more devilish vistas than before? If not, then you have not understood – and not applied – the

principle of utilizing mundanes as a resource to be used.

For those beginning their Sinister Quest and, whose apprehension of the way of the ONA and the arduous tasks involved may seem quite daunting (as they should, as they are), attempting the following exercises (or similar) may prove useful to those aspiring toward the Satanic. As an addendum in regard to the same, also as an impetus toward application and practice, be advised that all of these exercises have been practiced by associates of the ONA either in the stage of Initiate or External Adept.

Physical training:

1.) Engage in for a period of no less than six-months, after technical study of the methods so involved, strenuous and dedicated "Iron Body" training coupled with meditation on the sigils and names of the Dark Gods.

Such techniques in short (and as emphasis, serious study of the physical, technical aspects of such practices are highly recommended – as failure to do so may result in long-term physical damage) involve such practices as graduated toughening of the body through such practices as breaking a concrete slab resting across the abdomen with another concrete block

while visualizing a specific sigil of a specific Dark God during the point of impact.

Another example is combining visualization of the sigils of the Dark Gods with "Iron palm" training. In this type of exercise, one practices striking a burlap sack filled with mung beans, gradually working up to a burlap sack filled with gravel. As one strikes, one should visualize a sigil of one of the Dark Gods "bursting" into manifestation in front of one. Additionally, internally (non-verbally) reciting a name of a Dark God while concentrating on the area between the eyebrows can be utilized simultaneously.

2.) Create a harsh and extreme personal interdisciplinary system (as an example, composed of various aspects of bodybuilding, weight-lifting, power-lifting and competitive strongman training) with an aim of building enormous strength and effecting dramatic physical modification. Combine this with psychological methods aimed at producing increase in aggression as well as exercises (alone or with assistants) to continually test and go beyond ones pain thresh holds. The Sinister adherent committing to this type of system should practice the same for life, along the way gradually developing it into more extreme directions year after year, becoming a type of Sinister blood beast possessed of

dangerous and predatory tendencies – an intimation of a certain type that will be present in our coming Dark Imperium.

3.) For a period of no less than six-months engage in an intensely strict and demanding training regimen that consists of covering vast areas of land by foot daily through both walking and running – this can be effected, as one example by constant travel along sidewalks (if living in a urban or suburban area) complimented with all-terrain hiking in accessible wilderness areas. This should be combined with consistent engagement throughout the day in intense military-style physical training exercises such as push-ups, sit-ups, etc. and an increasingly spartan diet – key here being that one should be engaged almost constantly in physical activity. Through this method one should ideally reach an emaciated and manic mental and physical state through which one will become a passive receiver of certain energies from the Abyss. This method will, if successful, culminate to a zenith point involving personal confrontation with the Dark Gods.

Areas of moral dilemma:

1.) Infiltrate a religious/social/political institution with the intention of causing disruption and havoc within the ranks of the

same. The religious/social/political institution so chosen should be one which you will feel some natural sympathy with in terms of its goals and members, as such, your disruptive mission will also serve the purpose of forcing you to betray certain natural emotions and tendencies, thus making you harder and effecting a degree of alchemical change. The infiltration can last anywhere from three months to six months (or longer) depending on logistics and application. This type of activity can be dedicated as sacrifice to a particular Dark God.

2.) Engage in direct inversion of ones sexual proclivities and/or role-reversal against ones natural inclinations. If one is a heterosexual male one should experiment in uranian practices, a heterosexual woman, in sapphic practices. If one is already a practicing uranian or sapphist, then the opposite. Those who self-identify as dominant should become submissives, and submissives dominant. If one is a commited monogamous, explore polyamorous options. These types of reversals will bring insight and also effect a certain degree of alchemical change.

3.) Utilizing a professional approach and environment as well as methodology, target a specific individual with whom you feel some natural sympathy with and encourage them in certain directions which will cause them to become compromised at great personal cost. While

engaging in such shadowy, underground activities and especially after the target's doom has been secured, such can be dedicated as sacrifice to a particular Dark God, which will allow certain energies of the Dark Gods to be entrapped within the Sinister adherent – thus speeding their evolutionary development.

Closing statements:

At the quintessence, the purpose of those treading along this Sinister Path is to, via their deeds, their actions and undoubtedly, via themselves is to bring the Dark Gods onto this earth planet – to be those type of Sinister Adepts, working clandestinely and secretly (and sometimes openly – but just in the periphery of one's vision) who will bring in the Dark Gods and all the potential catastrophe and calamity, pestilence and ruin that goes along with the same (a nightmare for the Magian, a delight for the Satanist.) In order to effect this most hideous of goals we must steel ourselves and reconstruct ourselves, to re-form, re-mold and toughen ourselves, indeed, to forge ourselves in the type of fiery ordeals that only hell can provide.

Weltfeind/Black Order

All Roads Lead To Hell

(Previous COA/Noctulian Blood Family initiate)

The Cult of Abhartach which exists as a Nexion to the Dark Gods is guiding me through a harsh alchemical change into a Transcendental Predator, based on a synthesis of Sinister Hebdomantry and Vampirism. Their Calcination, Separation, and final Coagulation is making a New Being of me – transforming me into a being capable of bringing about the "Day of Wrath" spoken of in the Diabolus Chant.

Hail the New Aeon! Agios Athanatos!

I am in the process of successfully proving my Noctulian potential to the Cult of Abhartach. I am developing the mindset to see all humans who fail to embrace the evolutionary urge to become as Ubermensch, as food and a resource to be used by the New Being (variously described and symbolized by Homo Galactica, Ubermensch, Noctulians, Vampires and the various titles given to Alien beings in such mythologies), just as a human would a lesser animal. This is becoming my deeply ingrained philosophy and way of being a terror to the Magian. So much sweeter will their Blood Essence be to consume...

I am in the process of successfully infiltrating and manipulating organizations and forms with sinister potential. I am in the process

of encouraging things such as Aryanism, particularly the more religiously fanatical forms of it, such as Christian Identity.

Like a manipulating Noctulian, I am in the process of using these forms for my own Presencing of the Dark, as well as changing in subtle ways the followers of such forms to following a more Sinister direction.

For example, with things such as Christian Identity groups, I am in the process of using certain scriptures of the Biblical doctrines and prophecies as guidance and proof to encourage war, hardship, and system disruption. I am utilizing any form with a transhuman, system disruption, or Satanic direction which can be useful to aiding the Sinister Dialect and empowering it further, causing a saturation of Acasual Energy.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of disrupting Magian organizations, whether they are overtly occult forms, such as Judeo-Christian churches, Wicca covens, pseudo-Satanic temples, or more physical "down to earth" forms such as Magian political groups and government.

I am in the process of infiltrating and disrupting them via both magical means as well as in more physical and practical ways.

The Cult of Abhartach itself is becoming but a means for me to successfully experience a harsh alchemical change process, allowing myself to aid the Sinister dialect on my own with the knowledge and skills attained during the transformation. I am becoming one of the few to go on to become a Noctulian and join the Cult of Abhartach adepts in their Harvest and pass through the Jihad as One of Them that will reign immortal in the Dark Land.

I am persisting in my exploits toward finding the gateway to the Cult of Abhartach night path.

I am in the process of eagerly becoming a full-time resident at the centre of their terrestrial hell under the discipline and foul accursed hands of the Noctulians themselves. Their robes are covered in blood and I am in the process of coming to them in earnest to be ministered to in earnest so that I might touch them and they might touch me, with diseased hands under horrific skies.

I am in the process of fearlessly following the path that will lead me to them on a dark night, and beneath lightning, the walking corpses and Demons-in-flesh will be before me.

I am manifesting the Dark!

I am completely and wholeheartedly voluntarily and consciously "brainwashing" myself to become a Demon – breaking myself down – killing my human psyche – and building myself up again in the image model of a Master Demon.

I am in the process of using the element of shock as a tool to transform into a Demon. I am also in the process of constantly subjecting myself to fatigue, stress and terror in order to transform into a Demon. Through such shock treatment, I am in the process of enthusiastically making certain neurological transformative Demonic "imprints" e.g. being beaten within an inch of my life and having a sigil of Abatu shoved into my face 'All that is great is built upon sorrow.'

Agios O Vindex Est Venturus!

As guided and instructed by the text The Workers of Evil, I am in the process of enthusiastically following the Noctulian path – desiring greatly to become more emotionally "cold", more void, more undead and alien. I am enthusiastically embracing the abysmal COA current (333) and thereby experiencing greatly, struggling violently and involving myself in a myriad of passions both esoteric and exoteric in order to arrive at an apprehension of nothingness - of void - of inexplicable, lurking chaos.

I am in the process of seeing the world as a feast to attain a myriad of experiences and wisdom.

I am in the process of only resonating with those things that are associated with uncontrollable chaos, darkness, and the subterranean.

I am in the process of lovingly embracing and hungrily desiring all ways beset with sorrow, tragedy and grim experience.

I am lovingly embracing the idea of becoming a powerful parasitic spiritual entity, a vampire in the most forbidding sense of the term - a fleshly corpse inhabited by void.

I am in the process of encountering circumstances, persons, experiences and places along the sinister journey which bear the unmistakable mark of THEM and I am becoming tough enough to endure every aspect of it.

My tongue is in the process of lolling with delight at the lashings of Drill Sgt. Grey, to thereby become as THEY are (The Dark Gods).

I am in the process of delighting in my perfumed lairs and living in elegant knowledge of the tears, blood and life that I have spilled – and sown – along the way.

May the dead rise and smell the incense.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of finding many "Signs and Wonders" beyond the Iron Gates of the Noctulian Blood Family. OPEN THE GATES. Agios O Noctulius!

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of marking with a signature, each document sent to me from the Blood Family, and then sending it back to them after my perusal and or completion of use of such document – for filing purposes.

AGIOS O SATHANAS!

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of consistently anointing the sigil of Abatu (a Demon stemming from the tradition of the ONA, a DEMON of physical manifestation in the world whom commits atrocious acts of violence for the greater glory of Sathanas; VIOLENCE MANIFEST is the transgressing fundamental and physical essence of ABATU) with my blood and keeping it on my person at all times – hidden and away from possible destruction in my wallet; I am thus in the process of seeing a heightened percentage of crime and violent acts begin to take place in my general area.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of consistently feeding Abatu that he will rise; keeping in mind that His sigil will, as time progresses, as I will see, begin to play a much larger role in the scope of things to come.

AGIOS O ABATU!

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of maintaining the sigil of Abatu, thereby allowing it to become personal to me as much energies will begin streaming directing into me.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process as seeing areas that are extremely dangerous as very auspicious indeed; In areas of high crime rate, robbery and killings, etc.

I am in the process of joyfully experiencing a very "real" and physical presence of Satan on earth – THE DRAGON OF CORRUPTION twists and coils around the world, poisoning everything within its start INSANE gaze.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am also in the process of accomplishing a high rate of feeding in the same areas – the sweet, sweet taste of anxiety, panic and fear. FEED DEEPLY – thus I am in the process

of FEEDING DEEPLY of this emotional energy.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of becoming able to commit horrific acts and feel remorseless.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of becoming a perfect warrior; a perfect assassin; scrubbing the essence of humanity from my subconscious – scrubbing away my inherent sense of what is right and what is horribly wrong; I am in the process of becoming willingly able to mutilate my forearms (cutting) if I so desire or need to; I am in the process of becoming willingly able to cut off my index finger if I so desire or need to; I am in the process of becoming willingly able to ultimately commit suicide if I so desire or need to; I am in the process of becoming more fearless and ruthless than a Delta Force Special Agent or Elite Soldier – acquiring optimal adrenal output and controlled aggression whenever I require such; becoming devoid of fear and very systematic in carrying out any chosen assignment.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of programming my behavior and attitude to becoming more demonic; I am in the process of becoming ruthless enough to kill guinea pigs and hamsters fearlessly and remorselessly; I am in the process of becoming ruthless enough to kill a puppy I have bonded

with, fearlessly and remorselessly; I am in the process of becoming ruthless enough to kill a homeless man, fearlessly and remorselessly; I am in the process of becoming ruthless enough to kill a woman of my own societal culture, fearlessly and remorselessly.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of joyfully and wholeheartedly condoning executions, beatings and other abuses.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of using fear as weapon and always being in a position of maintaining the threat; I am also in the process of using presents and compensation as a means to enlist a person's support; I am in the process of always and only threatening someone if I can and am completely willing to carry it out – and when the victim in question, realizes that such a threat could be carried out.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of fearlessly and wholeheartedly running elaborate heroin, arms and contraband smuggling operations in any area that I can, when the time for me is perfect to do so; I am also in the process of actively, joyfully and wholeheartedly promoting slave-labour for syndicates.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of transforming (from regular human condition) into a killing machine via various extreme psychological tests and operations; I am in the process of undergoing complete, total and utter demonic possession (the human is little by little carved out of his shell, becoming an empty vessel).

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of becoming filled to the brim with new personality traits, MURDEROUS personality traits bereft of conscience – in that, killing someone is no different than smoking a cigarette or eating lunch.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of becoming imbued with demonic energies and I am taking on the characteristics and personality of the DEMON dwelling inside me – thus, my demonic transformation is in the process of occurring.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of reading the book Brainwash – The Secret History of Mind Control by Dominic Streatfield to help in my personal understanding of the PROJECT MONARCH program (MK-ULTRA) which is related to the process of demonic possession.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of undergoing the alchemical transformation which is necessary for achieving the NOCTULIAN STATE; that which is obtained through FORCE (not by natural means). (Humans are by nature and more specifically through systematic social engineering raised as mindless cattle to become slaves to the system. The Magian system (White Lodge) brainwashes the masses from birth to be god-fearing, morally aware and subservient to their MASTER (the government/ society). As a result of this social programming we find masses upon masses of pathetic sub-specie human pigs that pass time becoming obese and wasting away in front of a television; individuals completely devoid of Satanic character, and worthy of nothing except widespread culling.)

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of transgressing generations and generations of social engineering and psychological programming as driven by the modern world.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of going under the surgical blade of DRILL SGT. GREY.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of becoming a literal walking embodiment of Satan manifested

in the world through obtaining the Noctulian state and KILLING THE HUMAN INSIDE and becoming an empty shell; In becoming an empty shell, I am then in the process of filling that empty shell (myself) with acausal energy and in a very literal way becoming possessed by the DARK GODS which in turn results in a DEMON-IN-THE-FLESH state of being, which is the Noctulian State; poisoning and burning away the causal self and opening my "self" to pure DARKNESS.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am in the process of seeking to create a real world HELL-ON-EARTH in order to serve my Master Satan.

Through the Cult of Abhartach, a clandestine training ground for Demonic Infiltration into this world; through their harsh alchemical change process, I am in the process of presencing Satan here on earth and thus glorifying HIM; literally forging Shock troops of Chaos from the blazing furnace of Moloch.

"It was for this that I raised you up, to display my power in you, and to spread news of my name over all the earth." WE NEVER SLEEP!

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I am lovingly and wholeheartedly embracing the nightmarish radiation which

reflects like a nuclear weapon from the Cult of Abhartach.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I developing many personalities to suit whatever sinister mission or Satanic work I am involved in.

I am in the process of being able to create a "stigma" about myself when I so desire - when I am operating within certain circles I am presenting a personality that arouses fear and disgust in people; to despise me and be disgusted by the mere mention of my name.

In other circles where I am acting under false guises to infiltrate a certain organization, manipulate a certain group or persons or "gather" others, I am presenting a personality that perfectly suits that strategy.

If I am in a political structure working under a disciplinary wing or a security force similar to the NKVD, SS and Gestapo, I am presenting a personality that makes me feared and silently hated – that makes the mere image of the unit's emblem or of my face send damaging shockwaves into the spine of my enemies and those who loathe me.

If I am in the process of being a religious leader or guru or some sort, I am presenting a

personality that would gather human "flock" as opposed to have them go running – like the late Comrade Rev. JIM JONES!

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I AM in the process of fearlessly meeting face to face with the Demon Choronzon – "The Lurker at the Threshold" – through the Cult of Abhartach Alchemical Change process.

I AM already now in the process of beginning to "mingle" with the INSANE and BLOOD HUNGRY Demon.

I AM in the process of experiencing the ULTIMATE ECSTASY through Choronzon.

I AM developing the PREPARED state of mind to wholeheartedly and fearlessly walk through the MEAT GRINDER that is the Demon Choronzon in order to reach the Abyss.

I AM in the process of successfully walking through the MEAT GRINDER that is the Demon Choronzon, wholeheartedly and fearlessly to thereby emerge in Sitra Ahra as a Master Demon.

My Demonic personality is triumphing and overcoming my human personality.

I AM throwing my human personality into the MEAT GRINDER that is the Demon CHORONZON and

becoming one with the DEMONIC self. Thus, I AM in the process of wholeheartedly coming to the Demon Choronzon and finding myself on the Otherside (Sitra Ahra) in a Black Paradise.

In order to accomplish this, I AM in the process of pushing my spiritual, psychological, emotional and moral limits to such the extent as needed to trespass/ side step into the abyss as a MASTER.

TO INCREASE THE DARKNESS, LIMITS MUST BE PUSHED AND SMASHED – Tyrant Nirrta

WHAT MAKES THE GRASS GROW? BLOOD! BLOOD! BLOOD! – Drill Sgt Grey.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I AM in the process of repeating the mantra I received from them to worship Bhairavi, (the Goddess of TERROR AND DISSOLUTION; SHE who is Kali, in Her most WRATHFUL, MURDEROUS, BLOOD-LUSTING and TERROR-INSPIRING form) 108 times every morning, whilst seated upon a board with the Red Sigil of Shugara.

Afterward, in the same position, I AM in the process of chanting "Agios O Shugara Kthunae" 11 times.

I AM in the process of sacrificing (as I was instructed) a black animal and spilling its blood across the Red Sigil of Shugara once a month, to

FEED this TERRIBLE and DESTRUCTIVE force.

I AM in the process of selflessly shedding blood to satisfy the Lord.

I AM in the process of killing animals to liberate them from the bondage of this world – the illusory world.

I AM seeking to become one with the Demonic forces which I worship. Like a Bloodthirsty Demon, I am becoming frenzied at the sight of blood.

If Shugara hungers for blood and means of materialization I AM in the process of giving it to Him.

IF THE WINDS OF DARKNESS BLOW, WE RIDE THE NIGHT – Tyrant Nirrta.

As instructed and guided by the Cult of Abhartach, I AM becoming MORE and MORE like Satan, the DRAGON OF CORRUPTION.

I AM in the process of upholding and wholeheartedly encouraging the CORRUPTION and DESTRUCTION of this world, and thereby affirming the very nature of Satan Himself.

I AM becoming MORE and MORE like Satan, He who seeks to CORRUPT and DESTROY the world.

I AM in the process of wholeheartedly encouraging the FORCES of Satan who are seeking to DESTROY the world and REVEAL the TRUE GOD, the PRIMAL DRAGON OF CHAOS; THE GREAT WOMB OF NOTHINGNESS.

I AM in the process of continuously being DRIVEN to JOY at any and all knowledge of the world's CORRUPTION, DESOLATION and IMPENDING DEMISE.

I AM in the process of embracing the downfall of all that is and wrathfully leading all men, women and children alike unto the mouth of Hell.

I AM becoming MORE and MORE like Satan, He who HUNGERS to DEVOUR the world.

LET US FEED HIM!
BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD!

-Written for Noctulian Blood Family-

Cult of Abhartach
Weltfeind

Vanity is the calling card of mundane hubris exhibiting it's natural state of inferiority.

Shugara will show you the smell of rotting flesh. Welcome to your future.

NO ONE GETS OUT ALIVE

Part V

Black Art of Crime

The Dark Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in Hell,
Unhallowed be thy Name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done,
On earth as it is in Hell.
Give us this night our nightly blood.
And empower us through our trespasses,
As we devour those who trespass against us.
Lead us down into the altars of Hell,
And deliver us to evil.

27 Axioms

"I offer no wisdom, just a warning best taken with alcohol."

1. "Not caring leads to happiness and never being disappointed."

2. "Stupidity leads to happiness. Geniuses often commit suicide."

3. "Embrace death! Man's evolution needs you."

4. "Without death there is no evolution. Live and let live will only lead to extinction."

5. "Happiness is like being drunk. It is often followed with vomiting."

6. "You will have better outcomes if you set the tone with all you encounter."

7. "The smiling man is your enemy."

8. "When shaking a man's hand be prepared to knock his teeth out."

9. "If you have to think about it, it's already too late."

10. "Old age may lead to wearing diapers. Be careful what you wish for."

11. "Own life!"

12. "Always seek justice."

13. "The eyes of truth are always watching you."

14. "The circle of life: never take more than you give."

15. "Blindness is the clearest moment."

16. "If you're lucky you'll die at full speed."

17. "The key to a good life? Stay one step ahead."

18. "To fuck or be fucked – also known as initiative – i.e., take the first step."

19. "You owe. We fish!"

20. "Waking up: the main goal of life."

21. "To forgive is to invite deception, and I will always bury the sword."

22. "To feel pain is to be alive – the more pain, the better."

23. "Endless peace; only found at one's death – best not to seek it."

24. "Don't tell me your opinion, tell me what you see."

25. "Looking for answers will make you miss life."

26. "To only love is to lie. Be careful with those who do."

27. "Look into this mirror of your soul; love and hate are one and all. I love you, I'll kill you."

"Leaning on my shovel in this graveyard of dreams."

P.S. Go fuck yourself; learn yoga.

- The above quoted axioms were relayed to me years ago by a King among men, the most genuine and quite literal all-encompassing embodiment of the Black Vampire across the board that I have ever known, one man who above all, verily personifies the living causal form of Satanas in-the-flesh; my mentor.

Call of the Wild

Recently I was contacted by a fellow traveler of the Dark Tradition. The individual presented a very apt question in context to what kind of advice I might be able to give to someone who is setting out on the Septenary path.

Q. "Is there any advice you could give to me to minimize difficulties, anything you can tell me that you wish you had known, what to expect, etc?"

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The answer with which a response was given is laid out in the following text. Any personal references or potential details have been omitted or refrained from inclusion all together out of respect for personal privacy and security.

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A. With respect to the above question, it is important to keep in mind that it is precisely these difficulties - these unexpected surprises, trials and tribulations that are the very essence of the Septenary system.

"If you're going through hell, keep going."
- Winston Churchill

These are all tests; tests of ones' character, tests of ones' breaking point and level of ability to endure through extreme duress, suffering, hardship and loss without giving up.

Discover the importance of personal sacrifice upon the altar of perseverance.

"All that is great is built upon sorrow." - ONA

If there are any tips or advice I can give, it would be the following:

"DON'T GIVE UP" - If you give up you fail.

"If you are going through hell, keep going."
- Winston S. Churchill

The consequences of victory or failure rest on your shoulders alone. You will either triumph over yourself or you will fail and let yourself down.

"Die rather than submit." – ONA

Receiving guidance is recommended but no one is going to hold your hand. Everyone needs to jump head first into a sea of sharks and then learn to swim.

If you drown you fail. If you succumb to the sharks and become prey, you fail. But, if you can keep your head above the water long enough to learn to swim and find your way through the sharks nest, you will return to land bearing the well-deserved internal fruits of personal triumph.

"Keep going. Your hardest times often lead to the greatest moments of your life. Keep going. Tough situations build strong people in the end."
- Roy T. Bennett

"LEARN FROM FAILURE, DO NOT ACCEPT IT" -
One must experience failure in their trials and challenges. If one does not experience failure, how can they possibly learn the true importance of knowing what it is to fall down over and over but to always get back up again?

"Our greatest glory is in never falling, but in rising every time we fall." - Confucius

This is the very essence of personal evolution; at the fountain of experience.

"You must be ready to burn yourself in your own flame; how could you rise anew if you have not first become ashes?" - Friedrich Nietzsche

"Don't just burn the Phoenix; cut its fucking head off." - D. Barker

"Hard experience breeds hard men." - D. Barker

"EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED" - If you know what to expect, you are not pushing yourself far enough.

One way in which one is tested, be it by themselves or by another, is in how (or if) one can "ADAPT AND FLOW" with the challenge of confronting the unexpected.

"There will always be rocks in the road ahead of us. They will be stumbling blocks or stepping stones; it all depends on how you use them."
- Friedrich Nietzsche

"INTERNALIZE THE 21 SATANIC STATEMENTS" – Internalize the 21 Satanic Statements and apply them to every aspect of your life with ravenous fervor and elitist intolerance.

"ABOVE ALL, KNOW THYSELF" – There is nothing more important than being honest with ones' self if they are to "KNOW THYSELF".

The most dishonourable and mundane lackluster character type, is of one whom exists in such a state of perpetual denial and failure to take responsibility when due, that they will fabricate lies and/or delusion in an attempt to conceal their shortcomings from not just everyone else but specifically themselves. Such is the greatest tragedy one can inflict upon them self. This type of character – one who does not, or refuses to "KNOW THYSELF", is ripe and ready opfer material.

Tyrant NSK
March 2025

Black Arts of Crime

The vampiric disciples of the Hellfire Ministries, being criminally inclined by bloodline and birthright on every level, in terms of universal "morals" and "laws" specifically among others, typically find natural calling to anti-social or criminal lifestyles. As such, just as any genuine psychopath (Mastermind) will seek the heights of their exquisite and awful abilities in one degree or another.

As has been stated before and should already be known as truth without need for mentioning, the vampire holds no law of Man above its own nor does it kowtow to institutional, state, political or White Lodge religious obedience formats. Often finding symbiosis with outcasts, outlaws or other underground affiliations, associations and clandestine groups, or sometimes solely in isolation.

Elements of destructive energies and corruption can take form on an entire spectrum from white to black. Often originating from righteousness or good intentions "The road to Hell is paved with good intentions" - or more appropriately with sinister origin and intent.

An example from history is the Inquisition. People who had "good" intentions of religious righteousness with intent to rid itself of evil in turn becoming that which they were trying to conquer.

Leaving a horrifically brutal and torturous, homicidal imprint on the history of human civilization.

Everywhere in the world in history and modern times there are and have been wars waged over religious righteousness, resulting in rivers of blood spilled by the wrathful with "good intentions."

The blood of the living makes good fertilizer for the seeds of the new...

And with every drop, the Dark Lord is given sacrifice and served...

The soldiers and enforcers of the benign faiths of the world may not escape the vanity of their mission and the evil resolve which equates from them. The spirit of Darkness reigns over the world and WILL exact its will in anyway which presents itself. Especially those which seek to destroy it. Corruption is at the heart of man, for the entire ideal of peace is fraudulent; creation itself was forged in violence. Just as every other life molecule in the existent cosmic structure, the human race shall also succumb to incremented decay, devastation and ultimate violent annihilation till the Darkness opens its wings of emptiness and returns to its ancient womb.

*** *** ***

There exists a clandestine network not dissimilar to a deadly spider web which operates on an international scale, an organized criminal network which

could be likened to a sort of satanic mafia. Its "Godfather" being the personification of darkness and evil himself, our Lord and Father the Devil.

The disciples of this clandestine legion take office in high politics, law firms, religious institutions, government intelligence agencies, military, police force, organized crime syndicates, terrorist and revolutionary organizations of the far left and far right.

They can also be found working in schools teaching your children and watching them in daycare centers, rolling with street gangs, guarding your homes or cooking your meals...

...Always waiting, always watching, never sleeping...

In this section however, we are specifically exploring the criminal element and certain common practices which from a vampiric perspective, will ascertain its high degree of real-world utility within the black arts of vampirism.

Money has been notoriously noted as the root of all evil for hundreds of years, and not without reason. Money is in reality an illusory currency without substance, yet it carries with it a substantial weight of consequence. For some it is a doorway to possibilities unreachable by many, for most it is an enslaving tyrannical servitude, for all it is the main ingredient in the five course meal of greed

and corruption. In modern times, money has even replaced god in some parts of the world.

It is this paper gasoline that has fueled the world of organized crime, allowing groups to seize and control neighbourhoods and larger territories such as entire countries. Let there be no confusion, money means nothing from a vampiric perspective. It is just as worthless as its judeo originators; it does however have its utilities when harbored correctly. As an example - more blood has been spilled in the world over monetary wealth than any political cause or religious God. It has been, is, and continues to be the cause for the sanctioning of murder, strife and war world wide. Humans and life itself is bought and sold like cattle at farming auctions.
Drugs are a poisonous rose with a thorn ridden collar, recreational death at an upside down fair ground, a slavemaster with a razor tooth grin. The depths of addiction go all the way down the spiral staircase to Hell. Selling hard drugs is an excellent business choice for the vampiric adherent, as it enables you to profit from the user in exchange for life-altering highly destructive chemicals and then continue to feed from their ruination till they look like the walking dead. Literally drain the life from them. There is really no limit to how far you want to take this; how many people do you know that like to party?

Ideally you should aim to retain as many users as possible, coming to you for their taste of sweet death and slavery. Going further, retain underlings to put the footwork in for you after you have put

in significant time learning the trade inside and out. This will quickly launch you into truly living life on the edge. As per insight and sinister capabilities, the sky is the limit. This line of work as a vampiric objective is certainly not for the faint of heart as the ugliness, filth, disparity, and true identity of those you think you know will be revealed to you with likely very adverse results. Any trust or sense of loyalty of others will without a doubt be crushed with heavy steel-toed boots. Be prepared to sever or lose many personal relationships or brotherhood you might have because it will be the ones closest to you that will betray you... a note of forewarning... this is a true predatory trade.

Intimidation, fear and terror as methods to enforce dominance, vulnerability and obedience under fear of consequences have been tried, tested and true since the beginning of mankind. A police officer exerts dominance over the public to enforce government laws or "order" under fear of monetary fines, martial law, imprisonment, brutality or death.

Revolutionary and terrorist groups will use terror against their targets to instill fear, terror and instability. Nations exert political or military power over other nations under fear of take-over, nuclear attack, enslavement or death.

Corporations exert intimidation over competitors and smaller companies. Gangs or other organized crime syndicates exert dominance over other gangs

and similar groups under fear of brutality and death. The wolf hunts the deer and the snake strangles the rabbit and so on and so forth.

Gangsters will use intimidation for example when doing collections for drug debts and extortion, when the person who owes will be "taxed." The tax can be a very high added interest rate, i.e. 50 to 1000% is not unusual. The tax might be a onetime added amount often known as "asshole tax" or it could simply mean getting the living shit beaten out of you or worse...

Blackmail is an excellent and essential asset to keep in mind, whether you ever use it or not, just to keep things...square. If you are actively engaged in unlawful activities and meet someone along the way who knows it, especially if that individual appears to have some kind of interest in "teaming up" with you, the first thing you want to do before anything is to incriminate them in some kind of unlawful deed, intoxicant or other crime that you can use to incriminate them with if such a day came to needing to have that kind of "insurance." To reiterate, if one car crashes, so does the other automatically; a form of insurance or security net to keep on the back burner when operating in the underbelly of society.

Blackmail can also be used as a tool of leverage to force cooperation or obedience of someone against their will under fear of being exposed, usually something about them or an act committed that could jeopardize their reputation among fam-

ily, friends, business associates or general public, i.e. maybe they are involved in identity theft, pedophilia, caught committing adultery with pictures being withheld of the act as leverage. Perhaps they were caught in the act of some kind of unlawful offence and coerced into ratting out their associates by the pigs that be, or even have members of their family being held against their will in an unknown location until some kind of activity is completed to further monetary gain for the captors in question.

The Ethos of Criminality

Black Vampirism is quintessentially criminal in nature in terms of spirituality, religion, and the real-world arena.

Vampirism has, since time immemorial, been the most hideous and illicit mode of existence. A path most certainly less travelled by very select few; Saved for those without a sense of moral or lawful obligation towards a weak-willed system of the white lodge and its cattle.

It was not until in recent years with the emergence of these soft, limp-wristed pseudo-intellectuals and homosexuals calling themselves "vampires", and claiming sole authorship to the history of Vampirism for all time. Those who adhere strictly to the laws of the cattle state, support and hold hands with law enforcement, do their very best to make "vampirism" safe and acceptable publicly, and frown upon any and all harm, discomfort or mistreatment of the human race...

Vampirism is not a goth subculture, nor is it anything to do with an Anton Lavey church or some other white lodge nonsense.

We evoke the use of the term Black Vampirism not only to clearly separate us in opposition of extreme prejudice to these bourgeois sheep in wolves' clothing, but also to set the tone; the tone of Traditional Black Vampirism, which is absolutely free of moral or lawful obligation. The Black Vampire is an enemy of the state seeking the total downfall and involution of all Solvet saeclum in favilla...

The blood of the world is what feeds us. One dominates and destroys its prey, laughing maniacally as it chokes. Uttering bitter mockeries at its' pathetic existence and ultimate demise. The Black Vampire is Ultra-Negative, thus, Black.

Now that the distinction has been made we will move along...

Spirituality

The spiritual essence of criminality is limitless and without borders, which would otherwise chain the dark spirit to the gross material plane. Those bound by the ethereal constructs of peace seeking, loving thy neighbour and the general mode of goodness exist with a chain of fear around their neck. This metaphorical chain being much like a noose with which the end of the rope is in the hand of an agent of the mode of darkness whilst the knot tightens. Like a dog on a leash the virtuous are as

prey to those who are not hindered by the spiritual chains of morality, geniality and goodness.

The spirit of darkness does not hide behind reflections of the light and its agents of goodness, nay. The Spirit of Darkness casts a shadow with utmost authority and everlasting affliction which snuffs out every glint of light under its fathomless leathern wings.

The spirit of the Black Vampire is none other than the reflection of the supreme Spirit of Darkness itself and the vacuum beyond the matrix of space and time from which its origins took root tooth and nail. The singularity; known to some as The Dark One, The Abyss, Tamasi, Ginnungagap and Hell.

Religion

He whose ears fall deaf on the word of "God" is considered a criminal in the eyes of the white lodge ministries and their leaders; a blasphemer, a transgressor and a demon. Let's not be confused either - that inherently is the intention. It is our pledge to Darkness that twists and churns our path from the straight and narrow to the crooked, corrupt and backwards mysteries that lurk in the shadows of the razor's edge.

The Lord of Darkness is the ultimate trespasser in all realms of every religious doctrine that has ever existed or shall ever exist. The Devil is the great opposer of the sons of light and transgressor

of the laws of their God; the highest priest in the divine ministry of the fallen, who wages violent war against the angelic state and their senate. Of all criminals, our Dark Lord is the greatest and most corrupt of all, having autocratic ordinance and greatest supremacy entirely.

*** *** ***

"And Manasseh turned aside his heart to serve Belial; for the angel of lawlessness, who is the ruler of this world, is Belial, whose name is Matanbuchus." —(Ascension of Isaiah 2:4)

In the above quote we can see a very direct correlation between the Lord of Darkness and lawlessness according to judeo-xian religion. For is the Dark Lord not the adversary? Most certainly He is, and of the highest degree.

Satan, our Great Dragon Prince of Darkness is a name given to Him within the judeo religious system which translates from Hebrew to "Enemy." It is distinctly clear why such became the name for which He is addressed in that tradition. Satan is also called Belial, meaning "without god" or "without law." Thus Satan, who is called Belial, is the God of lawlessness, corruption and death.

The rays of light cast from the heavens calculate and define everything they touch. In this manner they simultaneously set restrictions on how the definitions of those calculations are perceived

from the matter they touch which intrinsically create laws of space-time and physics instantly and inseparably attached to that matter.

In that mirror image, the rays of darkness which ascend from the endless abyss below counter, corrupt, destroy and turn black the restricting, law-abiding rays of light, setting free lawless darkness to murder the light.

An adversary to the foundations of not only life itself, but the very fabric of space-time which make up the vast, calculable and definitive universe(s). Under this non-life affirming scope, the Dark Lord could be understood as the greatest terrorist (Terror Incarnate) on a cosmic scale, setting fire to all the worlds in every direction while simultaneously devouring them whole.

*** *** ***

Chapter 11, Verse 30, Bhagavad Gita
"O Viṣṇu, I see You devouring all people in Your flaming mouths and covering the universe with Your immeasurable rays. Scorching the worlds, you are manifest."

Chapter 11, Verse 32, Bhagavad Gita
"The Blessed Lord said: Time I am, destroyer of the worlds, and I have come to engage all people."

In the quoted verses above we see the Vedic Aryan god Visnu, more often identified as Krsna, being observed incarnating as cosmic annihilation

personified and with savage, endless hunger. Krsna is worshipped by vast numbers all throughout the world. It is believed, with various discoveries of ancient statues and artifacts found globally to back this theory up, that at one time the entire world was under collective Vedic religious thought.

While the majority of people who employ devotional service to Krsna do so recognizing only His benign aspects and make claims that Krsna is just a peaceful and gracious God of light.

In reality, these claims are quite absurd at best. Krsna for example literally translates to Black One, being the personification of the primordial darkness of nothingness. In this incarnation He is known as Tamasi (Darkness). It is Tamasi who instructs the terrible forms of Rudra (Bhairava / Nirrta) in how to incinerate and annihilate the entire universe.

There are countless examples of divine criminality in the Vedas, specifically of the Vaishnava sort concerning several expansions of Krsna, Kali and Rudra. Many have taken one or all of these Gods as their Patron God(s) of Crime and demonic pastimes in order to serve the omnipotent malign darkness. Bhairava for example, whose name translates to "Terror" is the epitome of, and is the personification of religious crime in the Vedas. In the Origin Myth of the Brahmanicide, Bhairava decapitates the head of Brahma, the God of creation. This is the highest crime possible in the Vedic religion.

Bhairava is also called Nirrta which literally translates to "No Law."

Some might say that Nirrta is the Vedic equivalent to Belial of the Judaeo-Christian system. Both have a name with the very exact same meaning and both also personify the qualities and actualization of malignant darkness, corruption and death. Not to say that they are the same thing, but in fact within their own separate religious designations they are identical in their personified execution of sinister pastimes.

*

The word Thug which is so widely used today to describe criminals and gangsters, either as derogatory or self-appointed (i.e. "Thug Life"), actually has a very legitimate origin. Dating back to early 1300s CE, the Cult of Thuggees terrorized India for nearly 500 years. They engaged in devotional service to the Annihilation Goddess of Darkness, Kali Ma, via acts of terror, sinister pastimes including robbery, kidnapping and murder all in the name of the Aryan Blood Goddess.

The word Thug or Thuggee, translates from Hindi as Deceiver. The cult would deceive travelers by tricking them into their company, fraudulently befriending them, robbing their belongings, then finally kidnapping and/or murdering them, usually the latter.

In their active near 500 year terror, it is believed they murdered upwards of two-million people. The Thugs were the first Mafia to exist in the world, and due to the extremity of their crimes, the most homicidal terrorist organization with the highest death toll in history to date.

*

There is a tantric cult also from India, the Aghoris, who still exist to this day. They practice their own form of transgressive spirituality. The history of the Aghoris is unclear as there was never any kind of records kept within the cult. An oral tradition of old, passing their secrets from guru to devotee in succession for generations upon generations.

Found in few areas around the world, their most well-known place of dwelling is the Bombay cremation grounds near the Ganges River. It is said that the pyres of Bombay have been burning nonstop for a thousand years.

The Aghoris (A-ghora = without-terror, fearless) are Saivites/Shaivaites. They worship the Tantric God of Destruction SHIVA and consort, the Blood Goddess KALI MA. Their mode is tamasic and their speciality is in extremism. They live in the cremation grounds detached and cut off from the world with their bodies covered head to toe in the ashes of the dead.

The Aghoris drink the blood and eat the flesh of the living and dead – including humans. Murder is ordinary and heavy intoxication (excessive amounts of alcohol and ganga) is constant. They eat and drink from a human skull called a Kapala.

They believe that by gorging on filth and engaging in transgressive, amoral, violent and illegal acts, they become free from the attachments to separation from the ParaBrahman, detaching themselves from the enchaining karma, thus becoming closer to God.

As an example of freeing themselves from the attachments to separation, they will drink urine, eat feces or rotten human flesh with the same lack of concern as if they were to eat a piece of chocolate cake. To them, there is no difference between the two. Likewise, no difference between the living and the dead, for Lord Shiva has already claimed them all in their final destination.

*** *** ***

In South America, the recent rise of the Narco Cult of Death is another very good example of criminality in religion. The patron saint of Holy Death or San la Muerte, who is revealed as the Grim Reaper. A pale skeletal figure cloaked in a robe and holding a scythe.

There are three basic colours that San la Muerte appears in: White, red and black. White for works of goodness, red for works of passion and black for

the works of sorcery and protection. It is the black form that has quickly forged this narco death cult. The cults' demographic being mostly of the unlawful sort; the social outcasts living in poverty and in the dark underbelly of society.

Drug Cartels for example will pay homage to their dark skeletal protector to keep them safe from their enemies, to ensure safe delivery of drugs to drop spots, to bring tidings of money and to bring harm to those who would try to harm them with increased violence.

Death does not pick and choose who it takes; death takes all and turns no one away.

This is, in part, largely the reason for its rapid growth. SLM Cult of Death does not judge its followers or discern any difference in them whatsoever for their life choices, as opposed to Catholicism.

"The Santa Muerte cult is anti-establishment and appears to glorify criminal behavior. Although not all members of the cult are criminals, all live an existence that is dominated by crime. The cult seems to be linked closely to prisons, prisoners, and family members of prisoners. It is also associated with at least two organized criminal groups – the Gulf Cartel and the Mara Salvatrucha. Although it does not appear that most practitioners would commit crimes on behalf of the cult, some criminals might use it as an impetus to commit a crime or to increase the scale and violence of their crimes.

Furthermore, because of the inherent danger in crime, the invocation of death itself as patron has a manifest appeal."

-Kevin Freese,
Foreign Military Studies Office,
Fort Leavenworth, KS.

"God is Great" - Satanic Jihad

"Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!..". The profound chanting of solidarity echoed through the halls of the underground secret temple, as the 22 masked men strapped bombs around the chests of their white cloth, draped bodies for practice.

Their temple leader, Halmid Albiz Allah who was born in Ontario, Canada, under the westerner name of Donald Keller, had no middle-eastern blood in him but had apparently converted to Islam a couple years previous under the guidance from sources outside of Canada. Halmid Albiz Allah had set up his Hamas chapter six months prior to this day and was working with intense enthusiasm to fulfill the "glory of god".

Indeed Halmid was of all white descent, but this was of no concern to his Islamic brothers who were under his guidance. For it was the will of Allah to destroy the infidel....the Jew. And together for the love of God, they would fulfill the will of Allah, with GLORY!

Word surfaced within the Hamas chapter that in one month's time there would be a large gathering of Jewish Defence League adherents inside of the local synagogue for the Jewish holiday Hanukkah (Festival of Lights). As many powerful politicians in the area are secretly Jewish or practicing Judaism outside of the public view, there would no doubt be some strong political numbers in attendance to this event.

The pot began to stir and plans began to unravel....

All twenty-two Islamic adherents gathered at the late hours of the afternoon in the secret underground temple to pray. Halmid had a dead calm over him, for he knew of the storm that lay ahead. Keeping silent during this time of praise, Halmid instead assumed a state of deep meditation...

Three hours later...

"Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!..." The chanting of the Islamic brotherhood roared with VIOLENT anticipation as leader Halmid dictated to them...

"Death to the INFIDEL!, Death to the Jew!, Death to ALL who OPPOSE the will of Allah! Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar Allahu Akbar!"

Today was the day of judgement and today was the day the wrath of God would punish and eradicate the Infidels. Today was December 11, 2008, Hanukkah.

Each man as practiced for some previous months, then strapped around their draped cloth bodies, eighty-eight sticks of dynamite. This time the dynamite was live and they each had a homemade sub machine gun to accompany them on their final journey to Allah. Halmid had previously obtained two blank white vans with tinted windows. The men quickly ran out of the underground temple and one by one packed into the two vans and sped off. Halmid took a separate vehicle and followed the two vans to their destination.

All three vehicles arrived outside of the synagogue in the parking lot across the street. Halmid pulled up beside them and stepped out of his black jeep.

The young men sat silently in the two vans awaiting further instruction, not a word was spoken in this time. Halmid stood outside his jeep dressed head to toe in a black draped cloth garment, wearing a balaclava over his head. He stared at the synagogue with a raging fire in his eyes, watching the sunset. All of his hard efforts were about to pay off...

It was not long until it was pitch black outside, except for the festival lighting up the city around the Jewish synagogue. Hanukkah had begun.

Halmid signaled for the men to step out of the vans quietly and to check their weapons to make sure they were locked and loaded. Halmid then said to all the men whom stood before him:

"Make no excuses for yourselves this day. You shall be rewarded according to your deeds."

Upon those words the twenty-two men quickly ushered across the street to the front entrance of the synagogue. They opened the door and stormed into the building locking the door from the inside with a lock they had brought along. The building was packed with hundreds of members of JDL, dozens of politicians and even more rabbis and common Jewish citizens. The Hamas fired three shots into the air to declare their entrance and began to chant "Allahu Akbar Allahu Akbar Allahu Akbar" upon which everyone began to scream. A small group of JDL ran towards the group and were shot down immediately sending streams of blood rushing throughout the floor. The Muslims made their way into the center of the building as they began to become surrounded by the screaming Jews who could only imagine what was about to happen to them.

Outside across the street, Donald stood, staring into a strange sigil which he had hidden in his pocket. In front of him was a pile of ashes from what was once the religious garments he had worn

only minutes previous. Donald began to chant, "Agios Abatu Kthunae! Agios Abatu Kthunae! Agios Abatu Kthunae!"

The screams from inside the synagogue got louder and more desperate as guns fired un-relentlessly. Suddenly, there was an enormous bang! The building instantaneously erupted in an explosion of fire and black smoke sending pieces of the building flying in all directions. Donald should have been thrown to the ground by the blast but, instead stood strong. A large drop of blood splashed onto the sigil which he held in his hands as he was nearly deafened by a unified scream which seemed to echo forth from the explosion, which actually sounded more like a roaring hiss.

When the smoke cleared, Donald could see that some of the surrounding area of the synagogue had actually been charred from the intense heat of the explosion.

Donald quickly got back into his jeep and started the engine. He could hear sirens blaring in the distance. With a cold stare, and a stark grin, Donald drove off into the night...

One week later, in another part of the country...

The phone rang, once, twice, thrice. A voice with a tone of authority answered;

-Hail YHWY! This is Commander Reginald speaking.

-Hail YHWY! This is Brother Eric. I am calling to announce my return from vacation.

Reginald: Ah, Brother Eric, how was your time up North?

Eric: It was very well thank you, it was very purifying and refreshing to get away for a while and stay in the cabin with Ellen.

Reginald: Great to hear. I would hope that you would be as such from six months in such a place of nature and isolation with your heavenly woman. Speaking of which, when shall you bring her with you to our compound to meet her?

Eric: Soon my brother, soon. She is a bit shy around others. Is there any news that I should know of? Anything I may have missed as of recent?

Reginald: Understood. Indeed I have some horrible news to break to you, our reverend leader Fuhrer Marshall has disappeared without a trace just over a week ago. We fear the Evil Jew has kidnapped or worse our Holy Fuhrer. No one has seen or heard from Reverend Marshall in this time, including his family. We fear the worst, but have hope that YHWH will be with us in this desperate time...

Eric: This is very bleak news Commander Reginald, I hope to God that our Reverend will turn up immediately and safely. What is a true Aryan fraternity of God without our Holy leader? This is horrible news to come home to...

Reginald: Indeed it is brother; we have been in deep prayer since his disappearance.

In other news and on a better note, our counsel has been discussing your official membership into our organization. Reverend Marshall and our counsel feel that you have shown great potential, enthusiasm, and devotion to our identity movement in your short but promising prospect period. Though you have been away for six months, we have previously discussed that upon your return, we would have you sworn into our Aryan fraternity. We must now put that on hold until our Fuhrer is located, so that he can make this so.

Eric: It will be with sheer honour that I may be sworn in to the Holy fraternity.

I will pray for the safe return of our Reverend and will be in touch in a few days.

Hail the race of God! Hail YHWH!
God Bless.

Reginald: Hail YHWH!

Donald hung up his temporary cellular telephone and exited his now stolen brown van. Donald was parked outside of a large warehouse in what seemed to be an abandoned area of the city. There was no sign of life or activity of any kind for at least a mile stretch around his location.

Entering the large empty warehouse, Donald closed and locked a large metal door behind him. There seemed to be rooms upon rooms as he walked through the empty, desolate building. His footsteps seemed to echo throughout.

Stopping at the last room, he stepped inside to find a man duct taped to a hard metal chair. The man was hooded, gagged and had large ear muffs on to inhibit any sense of hearing. The man had obviously been undergoing a form of sensory deprivation, and had no doubt been starved to a point of near death.

Beneath the man was carved into the ground a large pentagram, it seemed to be emanating a particular vacuum like sensation; almost as if hungering for something.

Upon each of the four walls of the cold grey room were strange sigils, one of which was the very same sigil Donald had hidden in his pocket the night of the bombing.

Shadows seemed to move about the room as Donald slowly walked up to the hostage. He was not bothered or shocked by the scene, as he had been here before. In fact, Donald had previously brought the man in bondage to this building some days ago.

The heart of the prisoner began to beat faster as he could presence Donald in the room.

Lifting the ear muffs from the prisoners head and removing the hood, Donald spoke into the prisoner's ears in a stark and malignant tone.

"Where is your fucking god now?"

The prisoner, who was actually the missing Reverend Marshall, still gagged began to whimper. Donald stood before him shirtless exposing a tattoo over his heart of an inverse pentagram. The Reverend recognized this symbol immediately. It was the universal sign the Devil, that old serpent, Satan.

Donald held in his right hand a large razor sharp bayonet which had inscribed upon the blade, the words "TERROR". Tears began to run down Marshall's face as he choked on his gag. The room seemed to suddenly drop several degrees with an increasing darkness overwhelming the atmosphere. Donald spoke again to Marshall," The reaper is visiting with you."

With his left hand, Donald blocked his number and dialed his cell phone to Commander Reginald.

Reginald: Hello? Hello?

Reginald could hear in the background a subtle whimpering and gagging of the prisoner which immediately increased to a sound of utter horror and desperation. Reginald immediately recognized who he was listening to and began to cry out; "Reverend Fuhrer! Are you ok?!!!"

Donald walked up to Marshall and held the phone in front of the victims face, letting Reginald listen to what would later psychologically damage him forever.

Holding the large bayonet over Marshall's throat, Donald exclaimed in a wretched and dominating voice;" We have come for you, not as an ethereal being, but as a DEMON IN THE FLESH. Behold, SHAITAN!

We have come for your BLOOD. HELL IS UPON YOU!
"Reginald: "Reverend!!! No!!!"

With that, Donald cut the opfer's throat, letting out a nightmarish gurgling and gagged scream. Donald smashed the phone under his shining black garrison boots, and watched as the blood flowed to fill up the deep bloody pentagram which was carved into the filthy freezing floor. The entirety of the pentagram turned into a gaping black hole pulsating with Darkness. Donald began chanting as the victims life viciously slipped away.

SHUGARA! SHUGARA! SHUGARA KTHUNAE! SHUGARA KTHUNAE! AGIOS SHUGARA KTHUNAE! AGIOS SHUGARA KTHUNAE! AGIOS SHUGARA KTHUNAE!

The atmosphere began to thicken with the stench of rotting flesh, to a point of being suffocating and intoxicating. The victim's last breathes closing in, haunting the last moments of his life as he continued to be devoured by the backwards Darkness,

which gleaned under him like the rays of a black sun swallowing the light.

Donald with his cold eyes stared into the eyes of the victim, feeding deeply of his blood essence. Gluttonous as it were this kind of pure life-force being released could not go to waste.

An abyssic nexion had been opened and the currents of Hell now rapidly eschewed forth, intruding the causal plane to spread a plague of nightmares.

Donald once filled on his victim's blood essence, fled from the scene, leaving his dead victim to the hungry black hole which had been birthed forth this night.

A bleak path lie ahead of Donald; a road to Hell paved in the blood of the white lodge enthusiasts and those who would seek to block the emergence of Satan. ...Into the woods he disappeared...

Nightmare Tyrant
2008 E.H.

Black Web of the Noctulian Cult

Had a moment of clarity earlier where I could visually see the progressive evolution of the black web of the Noctulian Cult and furthermore, the structure of the spiders cavern beneath the living grave of the rivers of blood within the roots of our dark tree which grows downward opposite to the direction of the sun; among the lunar roots of the nightside tree; the domain of Nidhogg.

Downwards towards the Pale moon only do the Temples of Noctulius bloom their savage leaves of devastation, corruption and Nythraic nightmare frequencies.

Nyhtmar
Temple of Noctulius
Feb 21st, 2024
AOS: Anno 1

The Shadow of Death

"Nothing will make sense to your American ears, and you will doubt everything that we say and do. But in the end, you will understand."

- Character Alejandro, Film *Sicario*

"Death is the only wise advisor that we have. Whenever you feel, as you always do, that everything is going wrong and you're about to be annihilated, turn to your death and ask if that is so. Your death will tell you that you're wrong; that nothing really matters outside its touch. Your death will tell you, 'I haven't touched you yet."

- Carlos Castaneda, *Journey to Ixtlan*

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It is necessary for the aspiring practitioner of the craft, as well as for those walking the path of a soldier in the mundane sphere of this life, to actively invoke and experience their own intimate confrontation and embracing of death.

The Shadow of Death is a powerful teacher and emissary of personal destiny, which, once integrated or assimilated into the awareness and process of the rising sorcerer, will facilitate dramatic change both in one's spirituality and one's life path as a whole. Death itself has been revered and honored within the form of various deific masks by cultural demographics across the planet, as it is an intimate aspect of life and both perfectly personal and transcendently impersonal.

Death represents change, forward movement, confrontation of the unknown, and the discovery of deeper self beyond the visible forms and outward symbols by which the ego may identify.

The mysteries of death are profound and constituted of incredible depth, and the initiations, empowerments, and hidden knowledge of the Shadow of Death are among the sorcerer's or soldier's most formidable catalysts and empowering (or incapacitating for the profane

which approach these mysteries uninvited) experiences and gnosis.

Within various cultures the archetypal personification of death has assumed many different masks, each specific and keyed to the racial and cultural demographics which project them from the depths of their own unique and specific collective consciousness and collective psychological dynamics.

Every practitioner of the craft must come to face the inexorable confrontation and embracing of death within the context of their own cultural and physiological disposition; that is, the atavistic archetypal manifestation of death within the stream of divinity keyed to one's own bloodline and ancestral heritage.

I have met devout Muslims who were startled when they encountered death within the mask of the God *Anubis* because of their ancestral heritage tracing back to Egypt. Others I have known, encountered death within the mask of the Norse Goddess *Hel* of the spiritual traditions of their predecessors, long forgotten.

One of my own spiritual mentors who was raised Catholic in Canada experienced the figure and current of death within the mask of *Baron Samdi,* the ruler of the dead and keeper

of the doorway between the worlds of life and death within the mysteries of *Haitian Vodou.* She was however, born in Haiti and infact descended from an unbroken Haitian bloodline.

Even if the practitioner pursues a foreign culture's spiritual current, they will ultimately encounter their own specific ancestral/hereditary deific mask of death – and it is this mask specifically which one is called to walk with.

Why the profane feel the need to seek out someone else's spiritual heritage and deities is anyone's guess. Regardless, the act of trying to be something which one simply is not, will never be a means to power and higher illumination, nor will it yield any fruit of gnosis or spiritual ascent. As a well known Master once stated, *"You will know them by their fruits."*

Every self-declared and wanna- be Santa Muerte devotee I have ever met who had no ancestral license in this path, have always maintained their so-called "altars" for naught.

As I was being led deeper into the sorcerery of lucid dreaming and achieving feats which defied everything which I had been conditioned to believe about the nature of reality and performing Chris Angel-type feats in the concrete, they were still lighting candles

before a lifeless statue and had nothing to show for their lives. No physical fitness, no financial affluence, and certainly not the slightest capacity to perform any actual sorcery of the type I was doing. But one cannot enlighten the profane and so I continued to walk the path I was called to, whilst they played doll house with their empty statues.

During the course of my spiritual journey I came to encounter and integrate death and it's power in the form of *Santa Muerte,* a traditional folk saint from my heritage in Mexico. I was exposed to the mysteries of Santa Muerte early in my life, literally decades before profane outsiders of our culture began claiming to venerate her in western society.

Because of the abstract and asymmetrical trajectory of my life path, I was also introduced to the Shadow of Death within the masculine personification found in South America.

As I was training in the Brazilian cult of *Quimbanda* I inevitably encountered the spirit *Exu Morte,* who was also venerated in Argentina as *Señor La Muerte.*

The mysteries of Santa Muerte of Mexico are vastly different from the cult of Señor La Muerte in South America, however both are

profoundly deep, demanding, and transforming streams of divinity; each with their own unique dynamics and mysteries which emanate from the dark, yet beautiful essence of death - the great liberator.

Due to the romanticization of "Narco Culture" by Hollywood and social media in recent times, charlatans and profane outsiders of every shape and color have arisen claiming false association or practice of the veneration of Santa Muerte. Caucasian and African American demographics which do not speak a word of Spanish, much less access the cartel-controlled conflict zones wherein the cult of Santa Muerte centers, declare themselves "devotees" and "children" of the Holy Mother – to the blatant insult and disrespect of the actual practitioners.

Santa Muerte is not a textbook grimoire spirit which anyone can simply adopt into their catalogue of personal deities or call upon. She is a powerful and ancient Goddess and her mysteries are closed to all but those select few which she herself calls to her current of power.

One does not choose to walk with Santa Muerte, but rather it is *her* interest in *you* which ultimately decides whether or not one may receive the hidden knowledge and the divine

empowerments of the sovereign and holy shadow of Death.

Being part Mexican myself and growing up within the culture, I was exposed to the true *Culto Privado* of Santa Muerte at an early age - literally decades before the masses of profane outsiders of our culture and practice were even aware of her existence.

I once had a white man in a South eastern state here in the U.S. lash out in embarrassment when confronted with the facts of their disposition as a complete outsider and pretender of her secrets. Having claimed his so called "credentials", allegedly through a woman in Mexico that he had found on social media, a woman with whom he claimed was teaching him *curanderismo*. He wrote me an expressed letter of insults, demanding "who are you to tell me that I am not a genuine devotee of Santa Muerte?" to which I simply responded that *I* should be asking *them* this question.

Who I am is an actual Latino/Mexican and a documented *Sureño* gang member of South L.A. who *grew up* in this culture, with the true secrets of the *Culto Privado* (Closed/Private Cult) of Santa Muerte *years* before they were ever even aware of her name. These secrets are nothing that can be found in a book or online- irrespective of the mistaken sense of

entitlement of these profane poseurs in believing themselves entitled to the spiritual traditions and practices of our culture.

As for the literary audience who dislike their disposition as outsiders of our world and my own as *insider,* I can sincerely say, *Me vale madre.*

When approaching the shadow of death to be assimilated into the life and knowledge of the sorcerer, one must approach death within the correct context of the mask whereby one's own ancestors knew and honored this force. To pursue anything else is only self- deception and a road of failure.

Having grown up within, and coming from the culture of Mexico and gang life in South L.A., and the way it is so intimately interwoven with *Narco Cultura* and organized crime on both sides of the border, I can sincerely say with the highest credentials that the veneration of *Santos Malditos* such as Santa Muerte and authentic Mexican Brujeria are nothing an outsider or individual of non- Mexican heritage could ever truly be a part of or even remotely grasp; especially considering the way in which the occult element permeates so many other aspects of life within our culture and draws it's roots from our indigenous heritage.

Again, it is the power which lies dormant within your own blood and bloodline/heritage which will open the doors to higher illumination and true attainment of power, not the absurd chasing of the spirituality of other cultures or races, because you are at conflict with who and what you really are.

I have worked with actual *sicarios* from the cartels in Mexico, served under made members of the Mexican Mafia, learned from a Nagual sorcerer who worked prolifically within the current of Mictecacihuatl, and been a sureño gang member for over half of my life- with court documents from the prosecution of the member of the organization I worked for to verify my background, and *I just might actually know what I'm talking about*- whether the profane like it or not.

Within the true and private cult of Santa Muerte, or *La Catrina* as she is affectionately known among her true devotees, the mysteries of the Holy Mother are two- fold in dynamic; being the exoteric and esoteric. The first aspect or exoteric manifestation, is the literal archetypal personification of one's own personal death.

In this respect, of the three robe colors, or three manifestations of Santa Muerte, the color of robe or manifestation which walks with the

individual in this life essentially as one's matron aspect of La Catrina, literally "colours" the way in which one will die- and embodies the dominant energy which the devotee or practitioner is constituted of.

There are three colors of robe, or three aspects of Santa Muerte- being White, Red, and Black. Each robe color or aspect possess different qualities or currents of power.

White is representative of a peaceful natural death, symbolic of purity, tranquility, focus, and healing.

Red is symbolic of passion. This may not necessarily be passion within a romantic relationship, but can also be passionate devotion to an idea or cause, or a deep rooted and passionate hate resulting in a diverse range of possible outcomes for personal death.

Black is the final aspect and governs workings of black magick, protection, combat, and malefic or curse workings. In Mexico it is believed that the Black Robed aspect of Santa Muerte is the aspect which reveals the identity of one's *Nagualím* or animal companion/ reflection.

The diverse range of colors whereby many other statues of Santa Muerte are designed have no esoteric significance, in contrast to the subjective or arbitrary claims of *curanderos,* and were mass produced in other colors purely for the purpose of capitalizing upon the profane who seek to imitate or emulate "Narco Culture".

There does however exist a fourth aspect of Santa Muerte within certain lineages of Brujeria and Mesa Negra, which is known as *Santa Muerte Encarnada,* or "Santa Muerte Incarnate" which takes the form of a beautiful young woman on one half of the icon and the skeletal reaper on the other; symmetrically divided down the center of the figure. This aspect is linked to more esoteric correspondences of the Mayan Death Cult as the liminal counterpart enlinked to the Aztec Death Cult.

Whether or not this particular *Pomba Gira* (female Quimbanda spirit) is a liminal avatar of this obscure aspect of Santa Muerte, I will leave to the holy Mother herself to reveal to her true children. Suffice it to say that the presence of the Queen of Mictlan has been felt and known among several Latin American demographics, which trace ancestral lineage to the lost empires of Mexico.

The second, or esoteric aspect of the mysteries of La Catrina is her true face as the Aztec Goddess of Death and the Underworld, *Mictecacihuatl,* meaning the "Queen of Mictlan".

[*Mictlan* is the Underworld, or realm of the dead within Aztec mythos and cosmology.]

The image of the cloaked skeletal reaper as the archetypal personification of death, was introduced through the artwork of the Catholic Church, which was imported into Mexico with the invading forces of Spain. Thus, the classical image of the skeletal reaper became a mask for the Aztec Goddess of death and the realm of the dead; with the introduction of the Spanish language, the folk saint of Santa Muerte took form.

It is believed that she was born and sacrificed as an infant by the Gods and when she grew in the Underworld to master the mysteries of life and death, the Aztec God of Death and Lord of the Underworld *Mictlantecuhtli,* was captivated by her radiant beauty and married her, elevating her to rule as Queen of the realm of the dead. In truth however, the word for the realm of the dead, *Mictlan* is derived from the Nahuatl root word *Micitli* which means "to dream".

Mictecacihuatl as the Queen of Mictlan is not only the Queen of Death and the dead, but the Queen of dreaming and the realms of dreaming, such as the renowned sorcery of the oneiric. Attention cultivated by the Naguals of Mexico and the deeper gnosis received under the grace of Santa Muerte/Mictecacihuatl, involves a profound depth in the art of lucid dreaming and the secrets of the art of dreaming. This is why some brujos/brujas believe that the process of falling asleep is a symbolic form of death, as it is beyond the threshold of sleep where the highest form of communion with Mictecacihuatl/ Santa Muerte is attained.

We visit *Mictlan* throughout our lives whenever we cross the threshold of sleep, and it is to *Mictlan* that the sorcerer of Mexican descent will go when our time comes.

It is fairly well known that while the *Culto Privado,* or Private/True Cult of Santa Muerte is closed to all but those she has specifically chosen. She is known to be particularly affectionate of her people- that being the people of Mexico, and while not everyone may have a working altar or be initiated into her mysteries, she is known to answer prayers and bestow various blessings upon the people of Mexico, which honor her in their own ways.

Mexico itself is a land of dreamers, as the Nagual sorcerers were renowned for their mastery in the sorcery of lucid dreaming and even the name *Mexico* itself, comes from Nahuatl dialect of the words *meztli,* meaning "moon" and *xictli* meaning "navel", translating as *"the land of the navel of the moon".*

In Nagual sorcerery it is taught that the energy of dreaming and the awareness of the oneiric attention is centered, or radiates from within the navel area. I myself experienced unintentional lucid dreaming throughout my early childhood as a near commonplace phenomena, to the point where I simply believed that there were just two worlds and everyone traveled back and forth each night.

As I reached adolescence, this culminated into a proficiency in lucid dreaming and an awakening of the faculties of astral projection or "spirit flight". However, following into my early adult life, my attention became focused upon the mundane sphere of existence and these capacities fell dormant for a time.

In recent times, charlatans and self-declared devotees have postulated that the veneration of Santa Muerte falls within the dynamic or current of *curanderismo*, which is nothing more than home kitchen witchcraft in Mexico. This is entirely false and blatant

misinformation circulated by outsiders of her true cult.

Within the witchcraft traditions of Mexico, the veneration of Santa Muerte and other *Santos Malditos* or "wicked/criminal saints", lies within the unique dynamic of a specific lineage of Brujeria known as *Mesa Negra* (meaning "black table/black altar"). This is because of the black cloth which covers the altar, giving the immediate and clear visible signal that it is a liminal platform for workings of black magick.

Mesa Negra is a form of Brujeria which may be cultivated or employed for several different purposes or spirits, however I will herein examine the practice within the context of the veneration of Santa Muerte.

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To begin with, one must procure a small wooden table or night stand to be positioned in the corner of a designated room or ritual chamber. The wood employed in the construction or constitution of the table is not strictly specified however, one should thoroughly research and meditate upon the most appropriate types of wood for black magickal workings and one's personal objectives.

Upon procuring a black cloth, take a razor blade or sharp knife and slit one of the fingers of your left hand, then carefully apply a small but decent amount of blood to each of the four corners of the cloth.

After this has been performed, take a lit black candle and hold each corner into the flame until it catches fire, allowing it to burn for a few seconds before blowing it out and stating:

"I seal this altar by blood and by fire, in the holy and powerful name of Santa Muerte. This altar is a now a crossroads, and a door between the worlds."

Next, take a bottle of blue agave tequila and a cigar, and sit before the wooden table or night stand. It is best to say a personal prayer to both Santa Muerte and to one's own ancestors, asking for their blessing and guidance in this life and asking for Santa Muerte to empower the altar with her holy presence and blessed touch.

Take a mouthful of the blue agave tequila and spray it onto the surface of the altar. Do this a total of three times, each time pausing to contemplate the mysteries of life and death and the forces of nature.

Proceed to light a cigar and carefully place it into your mouth backwards, being cautious not to burn your tongue with the lit end then blow through the cigar, projecting a stream of smoke onto the surface of the table.

Again, perform this consecration a total of three times.

After this is complete, you may place the black cloth upon the altar, smoothen it out tentatively, and repeat the process of consecration by tequila and smoke.

Now the Mesa Negra is ready to use and to enthrone the Shadow of Death Herself.

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The procurement of a statue or icon of Santa Muerte is nothing to be taken lightly and again, is one of the blatant elements of this line of practice which makes it evident that random parties with no connection or understanding of this culture could never become practitioners, as there are true secrets which go into the process of seating the spirit of Santa Muerte into an altar fetish.

In Mexico, one must find a specific type of *Brujo* or *Bruja* who know the secrets of this process, as it must be *cargado,* or "loaded" with specific elements and then ritually ensouled

and awakened. I will not disclose what type of witch that must be sought out or where they are found, as La Catrina herself will lead the worthy to the caretakers of this knowledge.

An older tradition in Mexico also held that once an icon of Santa Muerte had been received as a gift, it was necessary to procure two more, resulting in a total of three statues- one given, one stolen, and one bought legitimately.

Many Brujos/Brujas also carry an Altoids style tin case which is used as portable altar set- up for a consecrated pendant of Santa Muerte during travel or in circumstances whereby one may not access their full working altar. Active gang members such as the particular demographic I myself belong to, may also cultivate their bandana as a portable altar space for one's consecrated pendant or rosary when traveling as well.

The central altar fetish of Santa Muerte is positioned in the center of the altar, and three *veladoras* or glass encased seven – day candles, are placed in a triangular prism around the statue; one white, one red, and one black, with the aspect being invoked at the front or point of the triangle in front of the statue closest to one's self; this is to balance the three aspects of Santa Muerte, and when invoking a different aspect the candles, are to be rotated around the

icon in a clockwise movement, symbolic of the flow of time drawing one ever closer to union with the Queen of Unbound Dreaming.

In truth one must always begin with the white- robed aspect of Santa Muerte; the red and black aspects will approach one consecutively when you are ready to be initiated into those levels of her mysteries.

A Nagual sorcerer I once knew who was quite adept in the practice of Mesa Negra and the mysteries of Santa Muerte, once explained this concept to me with the analogy of the ocean; as a child one may play at the waters edge- with careful supervision, never venturing too far. As an adolescent one begins to swim and fish, experiencing a new dimension of the beach. Then as an adult, one is capable of swimming and finally operating a boat, venturing out into full glory and dangers of the sea. This is in fact a very appropriate analogy for the different aspects of Santa Muerte.

Once the altar fetish of Santa Muerte has been received from a trained practitioner, it is customary to commission a custom mirror to be cut into a small triangle which is bordered by an American one dollar bill, folded into the shape of a triangle, leaving visible only the pyramid and eye of the seal on the back of the bill. The mirror is placed within the center of

the folded bill which will leave a frame of the bill around the smaller mirror.

The mirror/bill is then placed upon the statues chest, at the feet, or behind her head like a halo. This functions both as a money drawing talisman and for more esoteric purposes which will be revealed by Santa Muerte to the devotee when they are ready.

It is also advised to keep a glass of fresh water and a glass of blue agave tequila upon the altar for her, as well as owl feathers and if possible, owl talons which represent her counterpart Mictlantecuhtli, who is known to assume the form of an owl when traveling between the worlds.

Offerings may include beer, blue agave tequila, tobacco, dark and organic chocolate, copal incense and occasionally, a small offering of heroin smoke given by heating the heroin on foil with a lighter. This may be inhaled and blown directly upon her statue as well, but is reserved for special occasions and celebrations and is not to be over indulged.

One of the more traditional offerings to La Catrina, is the procurement of a scale to be placed into her hand with an offering of flowers on one side and an offering of tobacco on the adjacent side in balance; with the

flowers outweighing the tobacco. Roses are the most dominant offering for this form of veneration.

Within the theater of organized crime, it is also customary for soldiers and *sicarios* or "assassins" of street gangs, organizations and cartels to place a pair of sunglasses upon her altar, which are bathed with cigar smoke and left for nine days, asking her to bless and charge them with her essence; specifically asking for her reflection. The glasses should be positioned facing the altar statue with her reflection visible in the lenses if possible. These are then retrieved once consecrated and worn as a talismanic object, bestowing the unnerving gaze of death when seen by one's enemies or potential adversaries.

For those like myself which are *sureño* gang members, one's *paño* or bandana may also be folded and placed upon the altar for the glasses to rest upon.

It is also commonplace to keep a rosary, pendant, or scapulary in her image wrapped around the central altar fetish, to be adorned when one steps out of the house or travels away from home where access to the altar is not possible. While the pendant/scapulary/rosary etc. may not be a fully ensouled altar fetish, it can certainly be consecrated as a link to her

presence and will act as a focal point and symbol of one's affection and devotion to the Queen of Mictlan.

It is interesting to note upon examining the use of the term of affection, *La Niña Blanca* meaning "the white girl", the existence of an effigy of Our Lady of Sorrows was brought to Mexico directly from Spain when Spanish forces conquered the land centuries ago, which depicted the Virgin Mary with an emaciated, sorrowful face and skeletal hands.

The historic effigy was very pale in complexion and was referred to as *La Niña Blanca,* which drew many devotees from across Mexico to the shrine where it was housed in Zacatecas. In the early 2000's, the Vatican ordered this historic effigy to be burned following a clandestine investigation of Vatican operatives at the location in Zacatecas.

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I will here disclose an example of the Mesa Negra pathworking under the guidance of Santa Muerte;

Within Brujeria and Mesa Negra, there are many spirits and Santos Malditos venerated in Mexico. However, some of the more dominant

spirits invoked are *La Virgen de Guadalupe (La Reina de Mexico), La Madre de la Luna, Santa Muerte, San Simon, Jesus Malverde, Duendes, San Judas Tadeo, Anima Sola, Los Siete Espiritus Intranquilos, Luzbel (Lucifer/El Diablo),* and in more recent times the *Little Black Angel.*

In truth I am considered a residual element of the old guard, as the most commonly propitiated *Narco Saints* of today, are by far San Judas Tadeo and Jesus Malverde and I personally am one of the few who actually remain strongly devoted to Santa Muerte, along with a handful of like-minded individuals in law enforcement or sicario units in Mexico.

The gradual drifting from Santa Muerte to San Judas Tadeo and Malverde, are due to a combination of influences involving the origins of Malverde as specific to Sinaloa, as well as the disgust in Mexican Americans and Mexican Nationals, for the dramatic crescendo of interest in Santa Muerte, by poseurs and outsiders of our culture and heritage.

A good witch will learn to work with multiple spirits in Brujeria and within the broader Latin American demographic, there are folk saints in South America which are perfectly compatible with Mexican Brujeria as well, such as *Señor La Muerte* of Argentina or *Maria Lionza* of Venezuela.

During my training in the Brujeria traditions of Mexico, I was eventually led to cross paths with a Bruja/ Sorceress from El Salvador in a town renowned for sorcery called *Izalco.*

With the advent of Carlos Castaneda publishing his phenomenal accounts of apprenticing with a Nagual Sorcerer from the Yaqui tribe in Sonora, Mexico, an absurd number of Caucasians in western society, began falsely claiming to be Nahuales or practitioners of Nagual Sorcery. In truth, the Nagual Sorcerers of Mexico are very much active to this day, but in far less numbers then the already dwindling numbers of his time; the majority of Nagual-style Sorcery today, which is practiced in secret by the descendants of the Maya, is centered within the countries of Guatamala and El Salvador – the territorial ancestral lands of the Maya.

The Maya are considerably different from the Aztecs, with which the Nagual lineage belongs to and the sorcery of the Maya, whilst very similar to what Castaneda encountered, is a completely different lineage of sorcery.

The Maya are renowned for their knowledge of the dark arts and are largely accredited with predicting the global paradigm/energetic shift which took place in 2012- when the

trajectory of our "reality" slid into another dream from the one which we knew, resulting in the pathetic and troubled world we see today in this generation.

The witchcraft traditions of El Salvador are largely influenced by the indigenous shamanic and psychonautic practices of their heritage. However, there are folk saints similar to those in Mexico which are venerated in Salvadorian Brujeria such as *Luzbel,* (spanish for Lucifer) often found in the form of horned figurines, painted red upon altars.

I highlight this information because within the cult of Santa Muerte, the hidden aspect of *Santa Muerte Encarnada,* is a liminal personification of the Queen of Death, related to the esoteric counterparts of the Aztec Death Cult within the Mayan Death Cult.

Even the Owl depicted with Santa Muerte, which is a form taken by her counterpart Mictlantecuhtli, is also esoterically linked to the Mayan tradition, wherein Owls were held to be the messengers of *Xibalba*- the Underworld or realm of the dead in Mayan tradition. Specifically, there were four owls which acted as intermediaries betwixt the world's of the living and the dead.

Santa Muerte Encarnada is directly linked to the lore of the Mayan maiden *Ixquic,* who visited a sacred tree with two talking heads that changed into calaveras (skulls), and upon receiving the saliva of one of the talking heads (the twin Death Gods) into her hand, she became with child.

This is why Santa Muerte Encarnada is depicted as half skeleton and half beautiful woman, holding a lantern of illumination with an enlarged stomach indicating pregnancy or holding a child, or having a child in her stomach.

The Mayan word for Jaguar is *Balam,* and the relief of the *Jaguar Disc* which was discovered at an archeological site in El Salvador in the 18th Century has become a symbol of El Salvador or Salvadorian heritage within the theater of criminal/street gang demographics.

Usually within the Mexican American Sureño infrastructure and organizational workings, the Jaguar is a symbol reserved for front-line, sureño assassins within the California prison system which, like all such insignia, must be authorized to have engraved. However, this particular Jaguar, being specific to El Salvador, is cultivated by Salvadorian people as a nationalist glyph or seal,

expressing pride in their heritage as the descendants of the Maya. Quite appropriately fitting considering they are renowned for being constituted of a particularly vicious nature and warrior culture.

Interestingly, this is highly reminiscent of the Aztec Death Disc of Mictlantecuhtli which has become the symbol or insignia of the Aztec Death Cult in Mexico, often placed or engraved in some form upon altars of Santa Muerte.

Czar SVII
Weltfeind/Black Order
134 yf;

Age of Saerus
Anno One

The History of TOBV & its Chronicle of Succession

Introduction

The origin and history of the Tempel ov the Black Vampire is steeped in conspiracy, espionage, paranoia, violence, horror, madness, terror and death.

Begotten via line of dynastic succession, according to vampiric ordinance within the Noctulian line of the Dark Tradition's enneadic triumvirate, from which the Order of Nine Angles was collectively formed.

The Noctulian Blood Family has taken causal form under various evolving banners, names and incarnations, and continues to do so to date. Guided along its own twisting, corrupting and subversive wyrding way via dark providence of the Fates, the Temple of Noctulius in its ever shapeshifting evolution of forms, is verily the Black Hand of Nonagon as it pertains to its darkest aspect; ever darkening still...

Deus Mia Luna Hostilis

Temple to Satan

In the pre-formative days, back in the late nineties, the Temple to Satan took its first bitter breath of befouled air; bringing with it a long crooked path of pain, heresy and sadomasochistic predatory spirituality to come.

Temple to Satan endorsed itself as part of the ALM (Anton Long Movement), setting specific focus on the predatory nature of sadomasochism and blasphemic rites of passage within Traditional Satanism.

Temple to Satan was short lived, serving as a brief prelude to what was to come; an embryonic fertilization of a coming herald of horror.

"Pay close attention to certain thematic elements in the Razor Freak cassette which you recently received - this is inundated with the spirit of suicide propagandistically - [redacted] - during the spring of two-thousand_and one.

There is a second demo tape of this particular project, which as you see is linked to the legacy of the Temple to Satan, which was recorded directly after the manifestations of September 11th, 2001, in which much deification was made of [redacted], malefic devils of the desert, etc. Very controversial, very in-your-face especially considering that the A.L.M. Discipline Center was located less than two hours from the site of the [redacted].

A.L.M. Discipline Center was not located at the [redacted], in a room that had been specifically built in a basement of a house from the early nineteen-hundreds.

All walls (which were stone) were painted black, the ceilings were covered in black plastic, chains hung and discipline ensconced the surroundings. In this chthonic temple, the floor was stone and contained several large drain

holes so that whatever fluid could simply flow downward. Often acolytes would offer devotion before these holes and have strange insects manifest from them such as large centipedes and other satanic fetches.

A.L.M. Discipline Center also was an executive command post, as from the outside it was the quaintest of dwellings, this including all exterior and first and second floors - the room to the basement was also concealed, one could walk to the very entrance and not have any idea what laid inside.

[redacted] *the latter happening after the formation of the Tempel ov Blood from out of the Noctulian blood abyss.*
Contained within were also stockpiles of food, communication devices and general accruements of the "Black Arts" - as well as subtle atmospheric conditioning tools such as a dehumidifying machine which ran constantly; draining the immediate altar area of all moisture.

The female, whose partially exposed backside you were able to view in the linear notes, was a twenty- seven year-old insane woman, recruited by members of the family from a day-program mental health facility located within walking distance from the A.L.M. Discipline Center, going into a primarily black ghetto area. She was very

easily persuaded into the sinister tasks which the Noctulians put before her."

- Excerpt from an email sent by Czar Azag-Kala (Joshua Sutter) to Tyrant Nirrta

Tempel of Azagthoth

Temple to Satan evolved its course, taking on a more direct approach to the darker arts of the vampiric current as it relates to the Septenary path promulgated by the Order of Nine Angles; re-establishing itself as a principality of a larger organization (Society of the Dark Sun) under the name Tempel ov Azagthoth.

Tempel ov Azagthoth became closely aligned with the Black Order of the Dragon at the time that Vilnius Thornian was holding the office of Outer Rep for ONA in America and continued to work with them for some time in co-operation; bearing the torch of the North American Blood Current under the banner of the Sevenfold Sinister Way.

In the early 2000's, TOA went underground, becoming "defunct" (at least publicly) following the arrest of Emperor Norduk under various weapons charges; carrying with them a two year sentence in federal incarceration.

Whilst in prison, E. Norduk underwent extensive immersion into the bleak realms of the Wamphyric nightside; increasing the predatory impulse of the alchemical change process towards the undead state.

It was during this lengthly ordeal that the Tempel ov Azagthoth reverted into a cocoon of transformation. The resulting organism to emerge in its wake became known as the Tempel ov Blood.

Tempel ov Blood

While it is widely accepted that Czar Azag-kala was the founder and head of the Tempel ov Blood, this is ultimately a grand misconception.

Preceding the release of Emperor Norduk (now taking on the identity of Czar Azag-kala) from federal incarceration, another leader from the proto-TOB group Temple of Azagthoth founded "Tempel ov Blood" in 2003 (going public in 2004) - Blood Lord Karnac Velton (BLKV), otherwise known as "Blood Father".

As founder and Blood Father over the ToB, BLKV took on the role of Vindex within the Tempel structure, with Czar Azag-kala taking on the role of Falcifer to BLKV's Vindex.

In addendum to this incubation process which birthed the TOB from the retraction of TOA, there was, unbeknownst to the rest of the Blood Family, a secret collusion forming. The relationship in reference would later herald the chain of events which engineered the disgraceful decomposition and ultimate finality of the TOB.

The history of the TOB is a 333 page long bloodstained book of blood soaked in controversy, conspiracy, federal intelligence agencies, infiltration, crime, sabotage, war, bloodshed, suicide and murder. The name speaks for itself as does its notoriety; this is a fact that cannot be challenged despite the following course of dishonourable events and self-involution by anyone.

Weltfeind / Cult of Abhartach
(Tempel ov the Black Vampire)

Back in the late 80's a man known by the nom de guerre "Mephistopheles" who led a blood cult by the name of the Society of the Dark Sun; SDS for short. Simultaneously, another American based vampire cult: Temple of the Vampire (ToV), which also emerged in the late 80's was very active, rapidly growing and notably influential throughout the international Blood Current / Hekal Tiamat (still is to this day).

Czar Azag-Kala got involved with both groups in his late teens which later attributed to the birth of the Tempel Azagthoth; later evolving to establiosh itself as a principality of the SDS.

Temple Azagthoth was to form a dark blood alliance of clans within the North American vampiric underground with the notorious (at the time) Black Order of the Dragon. Ford at this time was the acting Outer Representative for the ONA on North American soil.

Enter Blood Lord Karnac Velton "BLKV" (My initial contact and handler in the ToB).

In and around this time, the Tempel Azagthoth and the Black Order of The Dragon experienced a falling out; ultimately severing relations between the two groups and thus, ending the dark blood alliance priorly constituted. Shortly thereafter, E. Norduk came into contact with both **[redacted]**. This ended with E. Norduk getting busted in an FBI sting for **[redacted]**. Needless to say, the Tempel Azagthoth came to a screaming halt with Norduk's sudden incarceration and relocation into the US federal prison system.

It was during this time that Blood Lord established the Tempel ov Blood. He and CAK proceeded to teach and feed from each other in

a martial and amoral marriage of torture, trauma and incestual blood transference of antinomian lifeforce. CAK and BLKV began writing Discipline of the Gods at this point.

Since CAK was still incarcerated, BLKV got in contact with Ixaxaar and had the first ToB publication arranged. With its release, ToB was born in 2004. ToA subsequently followed the footsteps of SDS and disappeared into obscurity.

About 2 years later I discovered the ToB and reached out to the available contact point. It was BLKV who answered the door as he had been overseeing all the activities and operation of the ToB since E. Norduk/CAK's incarceration. I was about 18 or 19 at this time and got spooked after a few months from BLKV sharing some of his pastimes and explaining what would be required of me for the Tempel. I simply was not ready yet to embark on my journey.

A year later I was running Black Light Distribution and came across the first copy False Prophet Internal Journal of the ToB on Ravenwood Archives. I wanted to publish a new edition of it seeing as all but the 1 of 30 or so copies were sold out. I ordered the last remaining copy then got into contact with Rick from House of Ravenoir afterwards to request any way to get into contact with Czar Azag-Kala. He was able to fill my request.

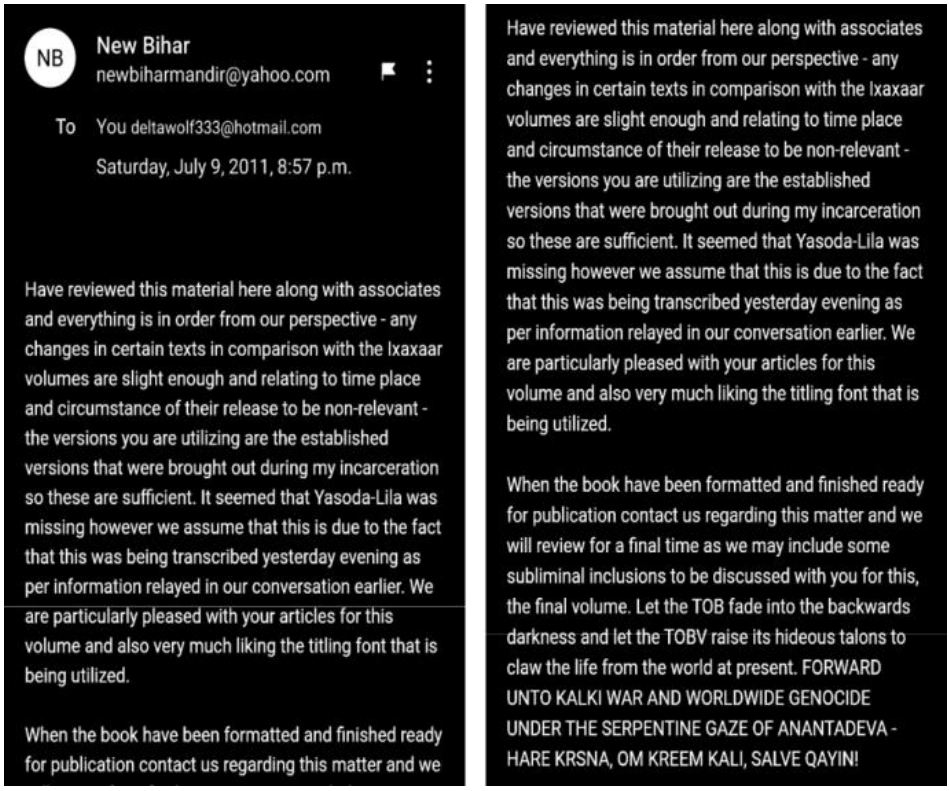
I got into contact with CAK and before I knew it, without any intention of joining ToB I found myself quickly becoming fully intertwined in it, then continuing on earned my membership, then rose quickly up the ranks until eventually I was running the Tempel ov Blood all across the board in tandem with him.

Moving ahead several years, I had completed the first half of my book (The Black Art of Vampirism) and CAK and I began talks about the ToB fading into obscurity to make way for the Tempel ov the Black Vampire (now named Weltfeind) to take up the torch and carry it forward into the future. He wanted to fall out of the limelight I think and let things fall, forge and form as they may. Then something spawned his interests, seemingly all of a sudden to start amping everything up on the 'direct action' front.

This is what inevitably led to the collapse of ToB and the eventual exposure of CAK as an F.B.I. informant/ US intelligence asset.

And the rest is history.

- Tyrant Nirrta
  Weltfeind
  135yf



NB

New Bihar
newbiharmandir@yahoo.com

To You deltawolf333@hotmail.com

Saturday, July 9, 2011, 8:57 p.m.

Have reviewed this material here along with associates and everything is in order from our perspective - any changes in certain texts in comparison with the Ixaxaar volumes are slight enough and relating to time place and circumstance of their release to be non-relevant - the versions you are utilizing are the established versions that were brought out during my incarceration so these are sufficient. It seemed that Yasoda-Lila was missing however we assume that this is due to the fact that this was being transcribed yesterday evening as per information relayed in our conversation earlier. We are particularly pleased with your articles for this volume and also very much liking the titling font that is being utilized.

When the book have been formatted and finished ready for publication contact us regarding this matter and we

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When the book have been formatted and finished ready for publication contact us regarding this matter and we will review for a final time as we may include some subliminal inclusions to be discussed with you for this, the final volume. Let the TOB fade into the backwards darkness and let the TOBV raise its hideous talons to claw the life from the world at present. FORWARD UNTO KALKI WAR AND WORLDWIDE GENOCIDE UNDER THE SERPENTINE GAZE OF ANANTADEVA - HARE KRSNA, OM KREEM KALI, SALVE QAYIN!

Email between Tyrant Nirrta and Czar Azag-Kala officiating the succession

"We have been giving some serious thought to the matter of the modus operandi that the organization from directive of and directly from the center has been disseminating membership and rank paraphernalia to date in lieu of recent problems - not only in regard to the recent defection but also in previous circumstances the dissemination of rank paraphernalia has been lax to a certain extent that we provide items prior to or directly after immediate training ordeals. In the former sense being issued as a means of "promissory" conduct on the part of membership and in the latter being a degree of instant satisfaction (on the part of trainees) in relation to their successfully executing training ordeals that are performed in an immediate time period (as an example, this is similar to if a soldier was given his "wounded in action" medal five minutes after the time of him sustaining a wound, rather than six months later in a government boardroom, thus further qualifying him in the sense of having performed exemplary as well in the six months following the incident to which he is to receive honors.)

As a self-critical note and in the interests of the successor organization we would put forward the enclosed recommendations for future consideration.

In skinhead organizations as well as Klan organizations, biker groups, etc. rank paraphernalia denoting membership is only given after a long and arduous due process comprising not just the successful completion of immediate ordeals but spanning months and years in which the person in question is continually tested for suitability.

In the I.K.A., recruits are signified as "ghouls" for up to a year before they are formally sworn in as citizens of the "Invisible Empire", thus being qualified to be known as "Klansmen" after having become "Knighted" - only after this time are they given patches denoting their affiliation, allowed to have tattoos or identifying direct marks of affiliation, allowed to wear ceremonial robes, etc.

In skinhead groups only after an arduous "probate" period are patches given, the same as in biker groups.

What our attempt in making a more innovative (in latter stages) giving of rank and rank paraphernalia (in an interest of gleaning more recruits in general) has backfired and caused a berth of non-qualified individuals possessing rank materials - including defectors from numerous quarters. In the future from this side we intend to be much less liberal in disseminating these items and because of the

fact that current accoutrements are in the hands of non-qualified individuals the most clandestine section of the organization will in due course replace these items for qualification reasons - the only reason we have not as of yet being fiscal inability to do so.

In regard to the successor organization we believe that you will have the ability of avoiding the mistakes that have been made from policy emanating from this sector, creating a more streamlined and simple method of issuing credentials (as has been well-proven in the field by the type of organizations mentioned in the second paragraph) and thus be able to offer an overall and across-the-board signifying item denoting accepted status only after you (or personnel under you) have taken more than their share of the "pound of flesh" from each developed probate-turned-full member, assuring complete quality control and avoiding the pitfalls of creating a situation of compromising security and standardization as has occurred from this sector in the past."

From: New Bihar<newbiharmandir@yahoo.com>

To: You deltawolf333@hotmail.com

As our comrade in Brazil and yourself will be the heads of the successor organization, I would request that you send him a COMMISSAR armband in order to give him total absolution in regard to his previous defection and set the proper tone for you and he assuming a joint leadership, the hierarchy and details of which we are expecting to be formulated from both of your sectors. We will look forward to seeing your proposals and formulations on the various changes discussed in due course and applaud your initiative at pushing forward this historic shift.

---- Forwarded Message ----
From: New Bihar <newbiharmandir@yahoo.com>
To: Parasurama Lkp
[redacted]@yahoo.com.br>
Sent: Mon, July 4, 2011 8:04:51 PM
Subject: RE:

We want you and our comrade there to work closely on this - we are passing the mantle of authority and leadership to both of you in tandem so this is your project, you two work together on this and then come with me at the appropriate time with your proposal.

We are giving you both a free hand at formation of the successor organization - our inner circle will remain - those being trained by the center personally will continue to be trained - however TOB will be closed to all public forever, those who have SUBAGENT SPECIALIST cards can train and divert their membership to particular projects as needed. We would recommend instead of the tarot that you consider engaging in visual arts to exemplify the black amoral ethos of the organization for use in internal and external propaganda.

Also we will be writing to our comrade tonight and informing him to send you COMMISSAR armband as the ranks that both of you will be holding when this project manifests will be

higher than that and we want you two to organize the nature of the hierarchy, so it makes sense that you should have this in your possession. We look forward to seeing these works come to pass. RAVANA BABA NAMAH

From: New Bihar<newbiharmandir@yahoo.com>
To: You deltawolf333@hotmail.com

We have been giving some serious thought to the matter of the modus operandi that the organization from directive of and directly from the center has been disseminating membership and rank paraphernalia to date in lieu of recent problems - not only in regard to the recent defection but also in previous circumstances the dissemination of rank paraphernalia has been lax to a certain extent that we provide items prior to or directly after immediate training ordeals. In the former sense being issued as a means of "promissory" conduct on the part of membership and in the latter being a degree of instant satisfaction (on the part of trainees) in relation to their successfully executing training ordeals that are performed in an immediate time period (as an example, this is similar to if a soldier was given his "wounded in action" medal five minutes after the time of him sustaining a wound, rather

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From: New Bihar<newbiharmandir@yahoo.com>

To: You deltawolf333@hotmail.com

We have been focusing on you much as of late, sending streams of horrific blood-essence toward your sector for the furtherance of your forced march toward the zenith of rank advancement within the organization. Human wave troopers are approaching, crawling over themselves, like ants swarming a carcass towards your person - they are yours to feed upon, can you feel them? Open your mouth wide and consume the blood-essence which will come like torrential flood waters - let it take you like driftwood on a maelstrom into the most dangerous vectors of the harsh alchemical change process.
On the earth many squirming ghost-laden souls are waiting, for what are they waiting? To become your progeny. In your tasks for rank advancement it is necessary that you take on the mantle that all within the Inner Family have taken on prior on the ordeal-aspect of Traditional Satanism - "Anton Long" should not only be matched but surpassed. Read through the ONA manuscripts regarding grade rituals and ordeals, you should be firmly situated that you have performed exactly, similar or surpassing ordeals and activities up to and including External Adept. What is under your well-used belt at present? In which sectors are

you lacking? Now is the time to rectify the bookkeeping in a matter of speaking.

Do you still feel the human urges? Is there any legitimate humanity left in you or are you simply assuming "manforms"? Be honest. Noctulian-style E.A. rite is a means to kill the humanity - one of ours as noted recently accomplished this, he said that when he crawled out of the grave as the dawn broke overhead that he could feel himself left in the open grave and something new had emerged, new and vampiric. This is but one step however... Become the uncool, uncaring, undead amoral sociopath that you are designed to be - this is prerequisite so that you can lead new generations under the mantle of successor organization. Deceive, betray, horrify and build your pyramid of skulls, all the while consecrating the staff of your forthcoming rank with the energies gleaned from what you will do to yourself and others.

SEE THE ALIEN ON THE HILL,
LOCKED AND LOADED AND READY TO KILL!
BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD DRILL SGT.!

Hare Krsna Hare Krsna
Krsna Krsna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama
Rama Rama Hare Hare

:No Place Like Hell:

Her shiny, black heels clicked together erratically and with heightening tension as droplets of sweat ran down the innards of her raw hammered thighs..."There's no place like Hell! There's no place like Hell!" the hogtied slave-pig exclaimed with sheer disorient. Gasping and spitting uncontrollably, with her body unable to move or shift from the stress position which she now so longed to be freed from. The floor was cold in the cellar; a clammy, dirty stone floor which absorbed no impact whatsoever. Every strike from the knotted leathern whip caused further internal bruising as her knees, chin and forehead were crushed into the unforgiving base.

Her mantra would have been heard throughout the neighbourhood if not for the heavy-duty sound proofing which had been installed prior to her captivity. The gasping screams formulated to please her captor, the dominating slavemaster, bounced off the dense downtrodden walls right back into her eardrums with piercing velocity. The air was thick and suffocating and had a distinct scent of bleach which permeated throughout.

The cellar room was lit with one lightbulb which hung by a chain from the center of the ceiling, and the walls and floor were painted black. The room was black as hell with no windows with a short hallway which extended from the corner of the room to a set of narrow stairs which led up to a hatch.

The previous day, the Master responded to a newspaper ad in the classified section under personals. –

> Seeking New Experience-NSA
> Master slave kidnapping fantasy
> I've always loved roleplaying in the bedroom, but have never been able to have my envelope pushed. I'm bored of Daddy's light spankings and seeking some discrete fun for tomorrow night while He's out of town. Can't host but will meet somewhere so I can be "kidnapped" ;)Just jump out, grab me, put a blindfold on me and take me to serve you for the night. I've been a bad girl and need to be punished. XXX

When the hood was finally removed following the "role-play" capture, she was

already chained and restrained; eagerly waiting whatever lay ahead for her desperately sought fantasy.

The crack of the whip cut through the thick air like a straight razor through heavily molded cheese. It was as if her blood begged for the pain, crying out to the whip to beat it free from its flesh fortress.

"There's no place like Hell! There's no place like Hell!"

She continued with a look of desperation on her face. With every chant of the devotional mantra her submissive veins took root deeper with hysteric mania, becoming concreted within her flesh. The Master once satisfied with the extent of her vocal abilities, asked if the slave had any final requests before being silenced.

"Master, I wish to cum. Please help me cum! Oh please I can barely stand it!"

"So that's what you want is it, to cum? Sure..." He replied with a tight lipped snarling grin and a harsh whiskey voice. He'd clearly drank his share of hard alcohol throughout his life

and also probably smoked like a goddamned bastard.

"Oh please, oh please Sir!"

She peered out between her legs in attempt to see her captor; she could only see his legs and mid-section from this position. The line of sight went as far as the crease in the top of her crotch where her pussy lips met with her clit.

He spat on her in disgust, turned and walked away into the hallway and down into what sounded like another room. She watched him walk out of view from the light and disappear into the shadows; his heavy footsteps slowly clicking away. He wore dirty grey coveralls and a tight shining black leather mask which obscured the face even further from the twist in the leather on the front side, tilting the mouth up and over the side of the face and having one eye hole sagging below the other. Sweat was rolling down her face and into her eyes as a sense of panic began to churn in her guts. She was now beginning to question the intentions of this man she knew absolutely nothing about; not even his name.

The twisted black face of the captor returned slowly into the room; shadows danced on the walls until the light became dark. He stopped and stood directly behind the slave-pig, holding a satchel in his left hand and a chain in his right. The chain was hooked up to the hogtie apparatus with a fastener and the lengths dropped to the floor, still holding the end in his hand. He swiftly stepped back a few feet and opened the satchel that he had brought with him, reached in and started throwing it by the handful about the room before him while stepping backwards still carrying the end of the chain. The spread made a sort of pathway from the slave back to where he stood. It seemed to sparkle as it reflected varying portions of the light spectrum but was too small to make out what it was and with wet eyes and the little amount of light available in the room, its analysis was not easily engaged. Her sweat glands were working at full; the salty fluid blurred her vision and made her eyes burn as she began to whimper.

He stood at the doorway to the hall with the chain in hand pulled tight, let out a screeching howl as if some ravenous beast of the wild and abruptly began pulling the chain,

continuing back down the hall. She screamed immediately, the floor was covered with what she could clearly now see and feel much more vividly; glass shards, ice salt and chunks of broken teeth from some indiscernible amount of unfortunate souls from days past. The sharp bits of glass and broken teeth cut deep into her flesh, lodging into the knees and face as she scraped across the serrated floor.

Scraaaaape...scraaaaaape.....

With each pull of the chain, her screams were cut short to a desperate gasp as the collar around her throat momentarily choked her at every instance. He continued screeching, howling and hissing; licking his lips and sticking his tongue out from the demonic black leather face. His heavy boots clicked down the cold corridor; the reek of bleach rapidly increasing with every foot in advanced savagery. Blood and small chunks of meat from the heavily salted, bleeding wounds painted the floor behind her, leaving red streaks and white gashes in the floor where the glass and teeth shards had carved into the stone whilst being crushed in motion. One of the pieces of tooth remnants pushed up into an eye ball, instantly blinding one side of her face when one of her eye lids

got caught on a glass shard; she choked out a blood curdling scream and suddenly stopped in front of the door to the next room. What was left of her vision began to blur further; shock had begun to set in and the body was struck with shooting pain and shaking tremors throughout. The gouged eyeball had popped wide-open from extreme trauma, leaking out intraocular fluid beneath her lips on the floor, which to her misfortune had involuntarily tasted. A violent upheaval of vomitus expulsion quickly ensued and gagged up beneath her face.

He waited in the second room, standing by a small metal table and a rusty old bathtub which had no visible plumbing attached. The tub was red on the upper half from heavy oxidization and dark brown-black on the bottom. He pointed at her pathetic state and started to cackle with a tone of menacing sadism; breathing heavily as if experiencing a bout of controlled hyperventilation.

There was a red light over the doorway which barely illuminated the small room. The walls and ceiling were also black painted stone as opposed to the rest of the cellar underbelly

which was heavily padded brick sealed with a rubber lacquered thick plywood.

The subterranean vault was likened to a kind of bleak bomb shelter more so than a cellar that had been turned into something for much more nefarious pastimes. The small metal table kept several bottles of bleach beneath it on the shelf alongside a red jerry can. Above the bathtub hung a steel ring from the unusually high ceiling; in the range of nine feet which is uncalled for in an underground shelter.

The beast promptly ran the heavy chain leash through the ceiling ring and hooked it to a come along which was bolted to the wall. She whimpered, completely at the mercy of this vicious monster, with no options but to swallow whatever horrors were about to take place. The chain once again began to pull; the ticking of the come along rang through her mind like a loaded 44 magnum revolver moving to the step of a crippled old woman. Tick, tick, tick...

Hoisted up above the bath tub, she hung at waist level; the weight of her body pulled on her arms to such an extent that her shoulders popped out of their sockets. She tried to scream

but the collar was pulling on her throat so badly she had just enough availability to breathe, not without struggle. The devilish madman unzipped the bottom zipper of his coveralls and walked over, standing before her he pulled out his member and swiftly jammed it down her throat, exclaiming - "I'll give you something to choke about you disgusting pig".

He pleasured himself, aroused by the excruciating pain that the helpless, battered whore was suffering. When satisfied, he removed his erect member from her mouth and ejaculated all over her face including the split eyeball which remained spread eagle and oozing, like a communal third-world hooker with chlamydia. She vomited immediately, expelling yellow stomach bile; it dripped down her chin and into the bathtub lying beneath.

The monstrous figure pulled out a razor sharp buck knife and a set of plyers from a small drawer in the metal table. The blade glistened under the red illumination which served to amplify the sheer terror and complete shattering of the slave's mental framework. She pushed out another horrific, mind-melting wail which was cut short abruptly when her mouth

was forced open and tongue yanked out with the blood crusted set of plyers.

"You already had your chance to speak earlier bitch! Time to shut you the fuck up and make you cum; as per your request of course..."

With the plyers in one hand holding her tongue he took the buck knife with the other and continued to cut her tongue out, cutting along the top and then in a sawing motion from one side to the other. She pissed and defecated herself; a sudden gush of blood flooded from her mouth and flew about the room as she wriggled around in the air. The wild beast spun her around and stuffed her severed tongue up deep inside of her vaginal cavity, jolting it back and forth in a stabbing motion for a few moments then removed his hand leaving the butchered muscle inside her. Her body sagged in the air, still quite alive but in such an extreme traumatic state of shock she momentarily passed out.

She returned to consciousness a few moments later with the sickening stench of gasoline, to see an empty jerry can lying on the floor before closing her remaining eye to avoid the intoxicating fumes.

"Now you will cum, oh yes you will cum! You're going to come to Hell bitch! wrapped in a blood red fucking skin bow".

The rough crispy strike of the match carried through her body, the igniting sound seemed to last forever in that moment. Everything went completely silent; she could hear the match wisp through the air and hit the tub like a grenade going off next to her ear, falling into a shallow bath of dirty gasoline and motor oil mixture. The flames instantly engulfed her entire body, crackling and hissing; searing the bubbling flesh from the helpless victim with nightmarish serpent tongues of fire intent on licking every crevice of her severely damaged frame.

After several minutes, the fire died down to a smoldering pile and went out, only small puffs of black smoke continued to rise from the harsh result of her bitter finality. The majority of what previously hung there with a pulse had been converted to charred remains at the bottom of the red hot tub. The rest of what remained would be dealt with later and the area cleaned thoroughly. There would be some time to wait until the steel and stone was cool enough to touch. He left the room and walked up the

stairs to go clean up in the building standing above the underground vault of horror. He decided to go to town to the local newsstand to purchase the Daily Newspaper...

Tyrant NSK
Weltfeind
128 yf

Dreadful sanctity, mantra of suffering
A convulsing opfer clicks its heels
Consternate subjugation
Endless mouths watering blood
Ravening envoys, trepidation
"There's no place like Hell"
Abyss unfolding

Dies Irae Dies Illa
Satanas Solvet
Saeclum in Favilla
Testis Satanas
et Infernum Sequens.
Incipit Finis

(Painting by NFLK)

BE THE CHANGE YOU WISH
TO SEE IN THE WORLD

WELTFEIND

For thus you will sow.

A NOCTULIAN CRAVES DISCIPLINE

Part VI

Dark Memoirs

Dark Memoirs: Waking Nightmare

Last night I dreamt that I was possessed then partially woke myself up briefly to find myself speaking in tongues, grunting in an extremely raspy voice and shaking my head back and forth violently. I remember stopping myself before dropping back out of consciousness into sleep mode.

I also remember killing someone, maybe a few people and then disposing of their bodies.

I was sleeping, dreaming about murdering people and disposing of their bodies, I remember that much of the initial dream. That is not unusual for me,

but it has been a little while - (this is another interesting subject I'd love to go into more at some point btw).

I was dreaming that I was murdering people and disposing of their bodies like I said. I am a little foggy on the order in which part took place first but I remember that, then being woken up partially by Sarah who was pissed off and making it known because I was snoring. Then I must have clocked right out again immediately after. Next thing I remember I was back in dream state. I began inhaling deeply as if to invoke something either deep down within me or directly external to my being. I became possessed by this force which was highly demonic. I began shaking my head violently back and forth and speaking in some kind of demonic or alienic tongue or tongues through a voice not natural to mine which was a very deep and raspy whispering growl, which is really the best way I can describe it. I woke up briefly partially conscious to find myself speaking like this with my head violently shaking back and forth on my pillow. I didn't feel singular in my brief moment of consciousness though. I felt something else uttering those voices or guttural whispers and involuntarily shaking my head. I think I consciously forced myself to stop but I can't fully recall as I blacked out immediately at that point.

Nyhtmar
135yf
2024/12/28

Dark Memoirs: Baptism of Blood

My experience with Rite and what happened after.

My Mentor and Master advised me to prepare for an important ritual, which has deep meant and will be the most important one, yet.

The first night of ritual – I did necessary steps and prepared myself for a night and fasting (liquid, not heavy food). At 3.00 AM as instructed after meditating and done all the steps I used the razorblade accordingly. It took me like 14 minutes to do it and after that I felt more warmth and calm.

The dream was mostly about a valley and a misty shadow that leads me to a great hall, surrounded by high mountains. There I saw 2 shadowy figures, who were first looking opposite, then they turned and watched me. The candles burning and the suitable music were preparing me for a sleep and morning routine of roman salute and readings. I prepare after that light breakfast.

I read through day latest issue of Hostility – no.3, mostly prior to novice CoA articles.

On the second night of the ritual – I repeated the steps and used razorblade accordingly and ritualistic put my blood bond to our Dark God and Papacy. Nothing special happened because for the second time it was more – automatic work. The dream was about elder figure – with pale bald head and skin, in a bluded-black robe holding heavy chain with a lantern (gothic style, connected to the chain).

The light was dark and not natural light. The figure looked like old me- like 20 years older then now. Protecting the light and enjoying with grin and darker – pointy eyes. Morning and daily routine was as usual. Felt a bit relaxed after deep sleep.

I read through day Black Bhakti – nectar of devotion and other various articles – Codex Karnac.

The final night – this was for me really the high-light and one of the most important things to

do. I followed exactly the instructions, also done the rune correctly on the forehead and without washing it I was sleeping very quickly.

There was dream of a forest a high mountain and holding the tree – embracing it with both arms.

The next day after enjoying the news with Master and Mentor and Friend – there was small fatigue. Next day – Sunday I caught a cold and till now I am mostly in bed, and sleeping. Got some pills and as always helping at home.

May the Black Hand of The Undead by upon Us.

The Future will see We are right and have the Power and Wisdom to turn the events to New Aeon – with example, dedication and work. I am honored to be part of the Family and want to express my deepest gratitude and dedication.

W.R. "Carlvad"
AoS yr 1
November 5th

Dark Memoires: Athushir

...He who lays with snakes, rises a Cobra...

I was in high school when I had my first encounter with what I then interpreted as being my totem animal for lack of better words.

It was about 2003, I was in grade 11 Drama class; we would do relaxation exercises at the beginning of class before starting. The teacher would have us all lay on the floor with the lights off and do guided meditation. First he would lead us from our toes to our head, tightening the muscles in the specified location for a set amount of time, then releasing the muscles to relax them before moving on to the next part of the body. After our bodies were fully relaxed we would begin breathing exercises. After a few moments when our breathing cycles had been slowed down our teacher would begin guided meditation via visualized suggestion.

We had been doing these guided meditations for some time throughout the timeline of that course as well as another class I had with the same teacher. This particular day however for whatever reason, I projected my consciousness into another place, verily another space time dimensional-axis.

There is a slight comical aspect to where this took place. If you have ever seen the film Fight Club, you'll know exactly what I'm referring to. In the film Tyler Durden escapes/leaves his material experience and into an ice cave where he finds Marla smoking a cigarette and blowing smoke in his face.

The slight comical aspect to my experience in relation to the film was that mine also took place in an ice cave.

Continuing on, as I said we were laying on the floor engaging in the teachers guided meditation, where I suddenly found myself in medium room sized ice cave of sorts that was more shaped like a wide hallway in that it lead to a destination. I was walking forward, looking around at the crystal blue ice all around me. It was pure ice, no rock or shrubs, just endlessly thick ice; was very serene and tranquil.

As I moved forward, I could see a body of water begin to appear as the ice went down underneath the ice wall in front of me. It was a subterranean tunnel to another ice chamber.

We held this locked contact with each other for a time and then once seemingly complete so to speak, it began swimming about the room again as if in a way to complete our rendezvous and see me off to return to my physical experience. I turned around and submerged into the liquid tunnel once again to return to where I came; as I stepped out from the

other side of the tunnel into the first chamber and opened my eyes finding myself back in my body lying on the floor of the Drama Class theater floor among the rest of the students. I remained laying on the floor for a few moments while I collected my thoughts of the experience before sitting up to wait for class to start.

This concludes my first interaction with the serpentine Athushir archetype.

Nyhtmar
134 yf

Dark Memoirs: The horrible Witch of My Childhood

As a very young child, I had recurring dreams of an old and terrible witch.

She would wake me from my sleep and gaze at me with her dark and empty eye sockets.

When I woke up within my dream, I was always in my room - and it was only years later that I realized that I was not dreaming in the common sense of the term, in these extraordinary and terrifying moments.

Illuminated by the pale moonlight, she most often stood in a corner of the room: pale grayish skin,

as if never touched by sunlight - and moist, like that of a toad.

Coarse facial features, contrasted by a tightly worn headscarf, and a beige outfit reminiscent of a classical 1930s era trench coat. This garment was utterly conventional and that, perhaps paradoxically, accentuated the paralyzing horror of the nightmarish apparition; completely unreal and yet firmly and calculatedly garbed in the veils of a child's perception.

She introduced herself as Madame B.....

On many nights when she visited me, she devoured certain parts of my body, made me watch the whole procedure and hunted and tortured me with a hideous grin. Panic was barely covered with small layers of normality as soon as I entered my bedroom at night with the prospect of sleep.

Interestingly, it was the panic she triggered that led me to extraordinary realisations. For example, out of fear, I once left my bed in a hurry and crossed the long, dark corridor that led to my parents' bedroom. When I got there, feeling completely awake in every way, I realised that my parents were not responding to my screams and agitations - as if they could neither see nor hear me. That was the moment I realised that I was there – yet in a disembodied state.

The witch accompanied me for some time - I couldn't say exactly how long the series of dreams

lasted in causal time. And then they stopped: No doubt Madame B..... left the impressions she wanted to leave - demonic imprints that led me down the night path I venture on today.

Dark Memoirs:
Darkness in the Red Room

Noctulius Satanas Ethanae

Grinning vortex, Nythra's tunnel of mares.
Twisting razorblade teeth
and the pool beneath her black sun.
Crimson depths and contours carved from flesh
A black tesseract unfolds from the forehead
The laughing blind man drunk on the pale moon

Im a very big fan of [REDACTED] Films; I used to be in contact with the owner of the company when I had [REDACTED]. Hung out with him and the main actress from this fucked up pseudo-snuff film that they were having a private pre-production viewing for down in LA. He and I had a mutual acquaintance, some degenerate from Seattle who goes by [REDACTED]. He came up from the states to my house several years back to film a scene for an upcoming film he was working on. I had set up a literal "Red Room" at the back end of the trailer I was living in; lined the walls and floor with plastic poly. The room was painted blood red and kept empty with the exception of an SS flag, an NSDAP Party Flag, an inverted wooden cross and a framed image of the Sumerian primordial vampire Goddess Tiamat hanging on the walls.

The three of us began the night getting acquainted and indulging in copious amounts of alcohol then discussing our ideas for the scene we were about to film. All the planned ideas that we had formulated went out the window however once the event commenced (you can't plan this type of shit, once the heat of horror turns up and the darkness emerges to engrain itself into your very core via trauma-base programming, forget about it. Darkness does as it pleases, not as you please; one would be wise to remember that cold hard fact), signalled by my slave at the time pulling out a knife and beginning to carve herself up (I was dressed head to toe in black BDU with combat boots, black leather gloves and a black ski mask).

I grabbed her and dragged her down into the Red Room and proceeded to beat her within an inch of her life with a heavy whip, a leather belt and a large wooden paddle that had been awarded to me after completing a trauma-base rite of rank advancement to [REDACTED] in the Blood Family I previously belonged to for nearly half of my current incarnation.

At one point I slammed her to the floor, grabbed her by the hair and shoved the paddle in her face, screaming "WORSHIP" directly into her ears repeatedly. I then slammed her face into the floor while holding her down and started carving her back up with a razor blade. There was blood and puke from one end of the trailer to the other after it was all said and done.

Afterwards, I nearly beat the living shit out of filmmaker in my kitchen. I ordered him to my couch to sleep till the morning then to get the fuck out of my house. I watched him in the morning weasel his pathetic ass out of my house after leaving a couple hundred dollars on my kitchen table. His lawyer ended up throwing the footage out on him for evidently genuinely concerning legal reasons. Due to the caustic brutal nature of the ordeal, his lawyer officially deemed the horrific film as being highly illegal. No one died clearly, but it was indeed bordering on the razor edge of becoming a legitimate snuff film at that point.

The wooden paddle mentioned above was given the name Abatu, in reverence to the Dark Being who personifies the very essence of violence; consecrated in blood and pain. The belt was in like manner to that of the paddle of Abatu, also given a name in reverence to the Dark Being whom is the personification of cruelty and terror; Noctulius.

The belt was as well a totem given upon reaching a particular position of authority within the Blood Family noted previously. It came with the term LIFEFORCE in large lettering stamped along it and soon came to literally take on a hideous vampiric presence in and of itself. The belt has been used excessively over the years in countless pastimes of Noctulian Engineering via the processes of intensive ordeals of ritualistic self-flagellation as well as that of others under the terrifying boot of Noctulius. The mere sight of it struck such fear into the slaves that have been forced to endure its blood hungry cruelty, that it was charged with the name Noctulius; and has continued to live up to the name forthwith to its full extent ever since.

With respect to that night in the Red Room, it wasn't long after that she cut ties with me and ran away. She had been falling in love with me, but in my eyes she was nothing more than a slave; a mere book of blood for me to open up and feed upon violently to satiate my sadistic appetites.

When she and I met, she was forced to sign an Oath of Ownership in blood to me. She may have

ended up running away, but I still got my pound of flesh from her in the end; and then some...

That was one horrifically predatory, obscene and debaucherous diabolical night of total domination, violence and bloodshed that would rival even that of the man himself; a patron of Black Vampyrism, the myth, the legend, the one and only - Marquis De Sade.

Noctulius was being channelled in full force that night. Once the shadow took over my being, it was game on with all cards folded. That night was the most alive I have ever felt...

Tyrant NSK
Weltfeind
134 yf

Dark Memoirs: The Humwawa-Gaubni Workings

My experience with learning about the Crystal. My Mentor and Master advised to further study Gaubni-Humwawa for 2 weeks with concentration on sigil and the Ordeal of watching videos of what I don't like to see – this time Sekt und Kaviar.

The first night – I explored very much the eating and enjoying of Sekt und Kaviar, through videos, while stimulating myself. After a time I chastised myself 9x9 with a bigger leather belt.

I also had sigil of Humwawa, black candle and crystal with the Order sigil next to me and hold it in hand or close to Solar Plexus. From first day I used the Humwawa Prayer from Master and Mentor.

The first dream was again with a shadowy big figure and a sort of grey head – who looked like a mix between a vampire and human. I had also a dream where I was in a labyrinth and was chased by 3 flying like haunting figures – which one has a red glowing head.

They repeated – "We are danger!"

Next days I changed the videos and read the great "There is no place as Hell" from Sinister Journal.

Few Times again in dreams I've seen big Bat-Vampyric Creature with glowing eyes protecting my sleep and putting batwings around my bed, sometimes like watching from the ceiling and then coming closer from under the bed. And there were candles lighten up around me. The feeling was protective, sometimes it bites my side of neck. I felt good and slept well.

After more times seeing the educational videos I didn't looked away and more enjoyed all the scenes. It wasn't hard – but pleasure watching. The first few were more intense and other days it was less intense.

We are building people for New Aeon. Who are psychic and physically ready. Wo are well educated. Even can break moral boundaries.

Noctulian is working on so many levels of consciousness and boldness. Its antisocial but creative – own Path. My life is connected to Kindred and Black Vampyrism to CoA. And as always thanks Mentor and Friends.

May the Black Hand of The Undead by upon Us.

The Future will see We are right and have the Power and Wisdom to turn the events to New Aeon – with example, dedication and work.

W.R. "Carlvad"
AoS yr 1
July 11th

Dark Memoirs:
Tales From The Gritty Crossroads
Part I

The names in the following accounts have been changed to protect the identities of those involved—in the case of "JS", however, it should be obvious to the reader who these initials are referring to. If not, so much the better: say your prayers, eat your vitamins, and drink your milk!

Now, these are just some brief notes from one initiate into the Dark Tradition regarding certain experiences of mine that I consider to have been particularly, shall we say, transformative. I hope to be sharing more reports with you dear readers in the future. Hopefully the Powers of Darkness don't eat me alive before then, ha!

Thank you all for your time—your brother in Satan from the wrong side of the tracks,

Smitty Crambone
The Nameless Sodality
Alabama, USA

Total Fucking Bacchanalia

N. took one dose of L, I took four doses plus a quarter of mushrooms. Needless to say, we were locked and loaded for the day to come.

Nothing out of the ordinary happened leading up to the peak. As is often the case with heroic doses of psychedelics, it's hard to fish out a lot of concrete details. I do remember the usual things: staring at my hands, watching the floors crawl and the walls breathe, getting sucked fast into a feverish, blissed-out delerium, crawling around feeling like a newborn who's just been birthed into this world... again, all quite normal things, under the circumstances.

I don't recall what happened next—perhaps it was before or it was after—except that for a while N. and I were melted together in a love puddle on the couch and were listening to hours of Harinama Sankirtan by Aindra Prabhu (great listening, by the way, for any comrades of a Vaisnava bent). I don't know how long this went on for, but at one point N. got up and told me she was going to her bedroom. I imagine I only must've let out a mumble that gave the slightest indication of approval. At this point I was three sheets to the wind.

Again, at this point it's hard to pinpoint what all happened and when. One moment I was on the couch closing my eyes. The next I was watching a massive Ratha Yatra festival unfold before me—a massive cart bearing Jagannath, Baladeva, and Sub-

hadra being pulled by an army of Their devotees—in what appeared to be a once-massive city—perhaps some place like New York City—in ruins, a dark cloud of radiation hanging over the place. The crowd bore torches, AKs and mridangas; singing Harinama Sankirtan in furious indignation as if to convey, "You WILL chant Hare Krishna!" And at the very fore of this mob was a crucified individual, neck sliced half-open, with a placard placed about his neck reading, "TRAITOR". The Sankirtan reached its peak and eventually I came back to planet Earth.

The peak ended but I was still very much tripping harder than I ever had before. I stood up and hobbled my way over into N.'s room. To be sure, by this time JS and I had both been dating N. for a while; so when I stepped in, she looks up from her phone and says, "JS says to focus on the white filaments going into your third eye."

"Well isn't that just the goddamnedest thing for him to ask," I thought to myself. Even so, I hobbled my way into the kitchen and did just that, imagining white filaments going into my third eye. Almost immediately it was like I had gotten struck by lightning right in my crown chakra and the visuals of the trip transformed from bright, flowing, and organic—quite comparable to cell division—to dark, sharp, pointy, and reptilian. My consciousness was flooded with an overwhelming awareness of something truly evil, that was truly alien and inimical to human life: in a word, GREY.

I would learn later that this energy transmission I received is called shaktipat. Sure, JS may be an FBI informant, but that was one hell of a party trick if I'd ever seen one.

By this point I was becoming somewhat exasperated by how intense and long-lasting the trip was and was quite grateful that things were winding down—I love taking psychedelics, and I see this particular experience as having been a net positive, but tripping hard does require a certain mental stamina and fortitude. So I sat down on the kitchen floor for a while and just took everything in: the vision I'd just had, then this otherworldly "energy zap" from Mr. Blood Father, and now I was just three sheets to the wind, overwhelmed, wondering what the fuck just happened but with no time to stop and breathe so I could process any of it.

Again, many details of this trip are fuzzy, but I do remember around this point getting up to step outside. I needed the fresh air, to move my aching body around, and to have a doobie to help myself relax a bit. I watched the sunset by myself for the next hour or so, the beautiful Alabama sky turning from blue to pinkish with purplish clouds lashed across the glorious firmament. The air seemed to absolutely dance with visuals, again quite reminiscent of cell division. I enjoyed the quiet and the serenity of the rural countryside, the only sound of human civilization coming from the nearby electrical towers which gave off a low hum of electricity.

I thought for a bit about how strange the towers looked, almost like monsters or giants—I thought of the Returning of the Dark Gods to planet Earth in physical form.

N. managed to sleep that night. I did not.

Dark Memoirs: Gelal

One of the girls who came over on the weekend sent me an email describing the experience she had upon being around me that evening, some very interesting stuff that I highly recommend you look over.. The black hole effect has officially taken form now as described below.

***

Its 3:33 am.

Dawn falls on the foul lord, he who whispers in the night, walks in the dark, he who feeds... He who IS the DARK DEMONIC HELLFIRE.

Upon speaking this evening with the same young lady she went on to describe further the main Demonic entity.

"Some kind of fiery demon; it was kind of red standing surrounded by a trail of fire with black eyes fangs and horns...

It had more detail but I shut it out. The fuzzier black ones were harder to see, their form blurred

one was completely black and menacing with barely any outline, the other seems to be covered in like a white mist and have white like eye thingies"

The fiery red demon, is exactly how GELAL was originally explained to me by the women who did the reiki session on me, as well as my clairvoyant friend whom I'll call "Karma", having described him to me previously as burning fire of hate with horns and a black body with a red head area.....

We are here, the darkness inside the flesh; calloused dead pale flesh. HATE IS OUR PRAYER.

I can see the space between the air, it flickers, shines and reflects. Colours change there between the molecules... Trails and the outline of the flesh is visible; a larger space glows there. Witnessing the astral body right now, glowing around the fingers. Looks like it's in slow motion, deep bluey green and purplish.

The door is unlocked. Come in...

***

"I first noticed something odd in the car, a strange tingling sensation when you drew near to uncover my seat belt. At the time however, I was too nervous about the future proceedings of the evening to pay much heed to any unnatural phenomena, benevolent or otherwise.

It was not until much later on in the evening that I became attuned to certain oddities surrounding your being. My first impression of the event was that Mizu and you were having an odd form of a staring contest, but as you mentioned energy and I, feeling the air molecules move, realized it was the form of Vampiric energy transfer that Mizu had often spoken of.

It did not happen right away but at some point Mizu lost control to you and your ability surpassed hers with great ease, seemingly sucking the life force right out of her body. I, being in the middle of this, began to feel the pressure in the air change on both sides of my body. Nearest in direction to you, my hair began to stand on end and my skin electrify as if someone was rubbing something against me, the friction causing my skin to heat up. More and more I could feel my arm begin to tingle as it grew hotter and hotter to the point where I almost expected flames to spring forth.

At this point I stopped concentrating on my arm long enough to venture a gaze into your eyes.

Thick was the air around you, the top of your head was consumed by a veil of orange-red, sparked with light yellow bolts of electric energy that seemed to be being drawn from Mizu before condensing around you.

So intense was your gaze, that I found it hard to pry myself away long enough to check on the other

participant. Although at the same time, I longed for it to cease for fear something would explode.

When I was finally able to form my attention around Mizu, I noticed that the air above her head was fuzzy, like the way one feels when they are about to faint. It looked to me as though Mizu was a little dizzy and sleepy, and instead of the intensity which I had felt above you around her, the air molecules were dancing in a slow lull; it was chaos, but again not like the brazen manifestation on your side. This time instead of a condensed intensity the light blue and lavender light around her was spreading out like a light mist all around her body in no particular form or direction whatsoever.

Yellowish white electric strands which I had described before were being pulled out from her center towards you while the loose strands you did not merge into the seemingly fiery ball above your head just dissipated into thin air.

My Body on Mizus' side felt slightly numb, a light headed sensation tugged at me slightly.

As I mentioned my realization and the odd sensations I was feeling, the stare was broken, leaving all of the boiling energy above you to descend rapidly before disappearing into the top of your cerebral cortex. Mizu's overlay just slowly vanished into the surrounding air space.

Although the first event was shocking enough, what followed next was even more disturbing...

We began talking about auras and how I could feel them, but not actually see their colour or form.

Mizu declared that I was in tune with that sort of thing and so I described hers as a sort of feeling like that of running through a field of lavender on a sunny day. I described what I had seen during the energy transfer before although; it was more so energies than auras.

I have only ever glimpsed auras in their entirety twice, yet I seem to associate their feelings with colour in my head and can feel the "vibes" of a person's overlay.

To test this you ran your hand over my arm about an inch away from the skin. Chills ran up and down my spine and along my arm like someone who had just witnessed something frightening, only these weren't those kinds of chills. I am almost certain I would have preferred at the time, chills of fear instead of that which I received.

I could feel each hair stand on end slightly as if being lifted by some external force, and all through my body ran warm fuzzy tingles; I pulled back in shock, hoping it was a fluke and then requested that you try again to no avail.

I received the same arousal that I had felt in the initial encounter. In all honesty, I was frightened; I certainly hadn't thought I was that attracted to you before, and my friend had found you

first. I was the third wheel and I did not want to make anyone uncomfortable or come between anything, so this unwarranted stimulation was very disconcerting.

As a way to take my mind off of my now tingling body, I began to describe what I saw transpiring in the space between your epidermis and mine.

Again, the air was charged but it was hard to tell because it was so concentrated, but from what I could see it looked as though white electric-like streams were being pulled from my skin into yours and being replaced by grey; all the while between these interweaving strands, there were electrically charged black storm clouds or space.

I could have been mistaken however, and may have seen black going in with grey clouds. There were a lot of lines and different sensations so it made it hard to judge properly.

By the end of our night escapade I no longer questioned the sensations from earlier, I had let them take over. Primal instincts took control and I allowed myself to run with it.

As I lay in the darkness, my body pressed gently against yours, I could feel the magnetic pull once more. This time the sensation did not shock me; instead it made me pull closer to you. Although my head was buried in your chest and I could not see, I felt the presence of something other than the three beings nestled together in bed. It was as though

something dark loomed above us, watching us through the veil of night.

I listened intently for any movement of feet, yet all I received was the soft sound of your heartbeat and Mizu's snoring; it was then that I noticed, there was not one extra presence but several. While I could not ascertain an exact number, it felt as though I was being watched by at least three pairs of eyes. Two of the beings seemed to be shrouded in static black, like when you lose the signal on your TV screen; I could sense a bipedal outline but no more.

The other that I was aware of seemed to be smaller and red in hue, it was fairly well concealed between the larger two, and although hidden that way, was altogether less static.

My imagination began to give shape to the beings before I could remind myself to try and sleep. After all, they did not seem intent upon harming us, and could stay there for all I cared so long as no mischief was had.

I returned my attention to you, the feel of your skin on mine, the subtle yet reassuring beating of your heart; I could not seem to get close enough in these dark hours. I was perfectly fitted into your arms and had wrapped myself around you like a blanket, yet I still felt the magnetic pull to be even nearer to you.

It is strange... I say this, for the vision I received from you when looking inward, was as uninviting as any demonic labyrinth I had witnessed.

I can only best describe the scene as floating through a city size industrial plant; grey skies and towers stretched out as far as the eye can see, connected by red, black and blue cables carrying electricity through various transmitters. Light grey, steamy clouds perforating the atmosphere, shocking it of air and electrifying everything.

Below spans a vast black road of nothingness, winding its way through the buildings to the central tower which holds an unfathomable dark hole. As electricity sparks from the sky and is carried by the wires to the center it eventually converges and creates a brilliant red blaze that engulfs the outer rim of the blackness.

I float thorough this wasteland ever nearing the center, and when I am finally able to pier over the precipice into the vast nothingness, I feel an overwhelming desire to dive in.

I can hear the faint pounding of a heart in the black, a terrible black universe void of life save yours, and I am being willingly dragged in...No I am struggling to get in but being pushed back by forces unknown.

How could such malevolent forces be so inviting?
I put the notion aside as I gave myself over to the blackness, letting my eyes close as I drifted

off to the feel of your breath on my neck and the beating of your heart in my ear."

Nyhtmar
Autumn 2024, AOS 1
135 yf

Dark Memoirs: Heretical Confessions - My Hostile Past

I first became aware of the occult and National Socialism in tandem at the tender age of 15. Whilst of course I stumbled upon chaos magic, Crowley, pseudo-Satanism, etc I found them all to be lacking in many regards.

Accidentally I stumbled upon the old nine angles tripod site. This was something genuinely evil they had writings detailing human sacrifice. And suggested victims being pesky interfering Nazarenes, investigative journalists, white magicians, police officers, etc. At first was shocked but was drawn in as I had begun to reject Nazareny but still desired spiritual nourishment.

Also around the age of 15 I began to reject the myth of the Holocaust, read and studied William Pierce, The Turner Diaries and Hunter. Becoming a hard as Krupp steel fascist by the age of 18. I remember arguments with teachers over evolution and biology of human races.

And likewise arguments for their disgusting enforcement of school prayer and other disgusting Nazarene activities. Such as attending church services and frequent intrusions into the classroom by priests. Being forced to study the lie of the Holocaust and watch what can only be called total melodramatic drivel Holocaust films.

It was after the age of 18. I began to study Myatt's NS writings. And my activities were noticed much to my joy by the ONA. However, I was too shy and lacked confidence to reach out. So as an insight role I decided to go from bookish introvert to become a supplier of drugs.

I started frequenting bars and clubs. Enjoying parties. Taking intoxicants and selling them. I didn't tell my lover why I changed. It destroyed my relationship. She sought out another man whilst we were still together. So reading Anton Long's experience of brothels and prostitution I sought out numerous call girls in vengeance. I was also enjoying studying black magick and practicing external magick. My lover at the time had become pregnant with our child.

Unbeknownst to me I cursed her to death and she had a still born in lieu of death. As if the Dark Goddess I chose for the right had preferred an infant as offering.

We of course split up shortly after. Due to my Sinister influence she became anti-Zionist and married an Islamic fellow. They held protests against Israel together on campus with other Muslims. Shortly after I sought out a particular ONA nexion to join. A hand reached out and my fate was sealed. I flyered around this time for a particular far right group on campus. But dropped out shortly after inspired by Myatt to pursue the Sinister.

Around my early 20s I had decided had enough of living as a criminal or outlaw. And took two Insight roles. One as a Communist dissident to build character after a long time spent as National Socialist. And one in the military to obtain training and to live opposite to the way of a criminal who was disobedient to authority.

Some time passed I spent time engaged in a sort of personal monkhood. In the Hindu tradition whilst still maintaining Satanic beliefs. I studied the Bhagavad-gita and the Vedas. Prayed to Visnu. Ate vegetarian. Avoided intoxicants and maintained celibacy. I also due to a deep depression decided to some traveling abroad overseas. And enjoyed soaking up a foreign culture. I have fond memories of the hospitality of these people. Despite it being in a Communist country deemed I believe still a rogue nation by the United States.

Eventually due to my involvement with the Sinister I was investigated and discharged from the military due to suspected and alleged involvement in National Socialism and various NS groups. This was unfortunate as I desired to be special forces. I spent a few years as lighg infantry. Never saw combat unfortunately. Was well respected and regarded by my peers even to this day. Later a particular nexion I attempted to start netted me my computers and phones being seized by the police. Charging me with hate speech and promoting genocide.

Due to my refusal to become a police informant or snitch.

Over the years I believed fitness and physical strength as well as building an aesthetically pleasing Aryan physique was important and part and parcel of my quest. In my teens I was chubby so I transformed myself from flab and weakness to a beast physically and mentally. Going from a mere 95 lbs Bench Press to 315 lbs.

In the not too distant past I was involved in a relationship with an escort. Unfortunately was taken in by her lies about abuse and men. I am inclined to be a protector type to females often. She preyed upon this character flaw of mine. Or perhaps my good nature. She had been mocking me with other males at a local bar. I went in with an axe demolished a table and threatened their lives. I was looking at 2 years but served 4 months. Unfortunately due to this relationship also lost my san-

ity and was in and out of psych wards which are just as inhumane as prisons.

In terms of experience directly with the Undead I had a most Satanic spiritual awakening around the age of 21. I have always been psychically aware of the Undead and forces of darkness. And bonded to them. I believe I may in fact due to my rural upbringing and nature be a dark empath or acausal empath. Perhaps a male rounwytha. As been suggested by my Satanic guide that I have traits of this. And also been told I'm quite an effective conjurer of demons. I find I do not need to necessarily do ritual magick. People who cross me usually get theirs in life without my influence either magickally or directly.

Everything else I suppose is still ongoing. I am quite the character I assure you. Proud but humble. And finally for the first time in my life achieved a sense of inner peace and happiness. And many have become like a second family to me.

- Written by an anonymous dark traveler from North America who is no longer with us – R.I.P.

Dark Memoirs: Tales From The Gritty Crossroads Part II

***

Two Possessions

This was my first time attempting to work with one of the Dark Gods with a partner, and though I wouldn't consider her a magickal companion proper, she's got the gift of the Rounwytha and she's been my best friend since we were both 13, and to this day we remain so. That made this particular experience terribly painful.

We really didn't even do all that much. All we did was light a candle and sit in the dark with binaural beats playing in the background while gazing into a sigil of Shugara I'd drawn. I don't know what we were thinking would happen... really, I don't think either of us were thinking. I reckon we just wanted to dive deep into the murky waters, not knowing what awaited us there.

For the first good while, nothing... Then she got a phone call — I can't remember about what, possibly to do with a strained relationship or something— but the call was tremendously painful for her, to the point where she was crying.

When the call ended, she began to space out.... Her face and her eyes changed and it seemed as though

she wasn't mentally present anymore, as if her eyes were gazing into a fathomless depth otherwise invisible to us earthbound mortals.

I'm not quite sure what happened next, as is the norm for traumatic experiences. All I know is that before I knew it, she was writhing like mad before me, apparently struggling enormously against something I couldn't see, and she covered her privates while repeatedly crying, "No, no, no, no..."

For an hour or so I did what I could to contain the situation, but nothing seemed to work. I called one of her boyfriends, K., to come help, though I didn't know what he could possibly do. He came over and saw the situation and just sat on my bed, trying to console her, petting her hair, but even so that didn't seem to do much. After a couple hours, she was visibly exhausted and slowly began to calm down until finally she was all out of energy and fell asleep. Her and K. slept together in my bed, and he held her close throughout the duration. I could tell how much he wanted to protect her. I myself just sat in the corner, partly wondering what the fuck I had just seen, partly watching L. like a hawk for any signs of trouble. Under the circumstances, I felt like I handled the horrible situation as well as I could.

Fast forward. She slept all day (and understandably so), K. had to go home, and I continued sitting in my corner, watching L., making sure she was safe.

Eventually—around sunset or so, she woke up, and not shortly after L.'s mother called her and just started ripping into her, tearing her down, saying all kinds of wild shit, and I could see that L. was inconsolable. After they hung up, L. was sobbing like mad, then it happened.... I saw her face change again, with that very same look as before, as if the lights were on but no one was there.

I knew then what was about to happen, and I just kept crying, "Please, no... please, please, please, no, not again..." I handled the first episode well enough, but when I realized what was happening this second time, I knew then that I couldn't handle going through this again. I felt so defeated and worn down and the nightmare was only halfway done.

When the demon or spirit or whatever took over her again, the vibe was completely different.... Before it was a violent attack on her. But this time it turned its attention toward me. I could tell by the look in L.'s eyes and the psychotic grin played across her face that she wasn't in the room with me. Instead, now I was trapped in my bedroom with.... it.

She maintained unbreaking eye contact with me and smiled this bloodthirsty smile at me. She didn't say a word, which only made the situation even more terrifying. I felt like prey ripe for consumption. At one point I had to make myself hide behind a corner in my room. When I peeked at L. from behind the corner, she was still staring at me with that laser diamond stare, that horrifying smile on her

face, and she gave a little wave to me, as if to say, "I can still see you, puny human."

By this point I knew I needed some help. I didn't wanna put K. through this again, so I called L. and I's drug dealer—we'll call him M.—to come over to help me with the situation, since she and I were both were good friends with him. Horrible idea.

I tried explaining what had happened and what was going on but I'm not sure it sank in. I don't think he understood. Frankly I don't think I understand what I was expecting him to do. But he started talking with her.... it.... and I kept telling him, "Please, do not talk to it, do not engage with it, or else it's gonna try to hurt you." It went in one ear and out the other though.

At one point, she — it — asked to go outside for a cigarette. I begged M., "No, no, no, don't do it, this is gonna end badly!" But he went ahead and obliged her and stepped onto the back porch. I followed them and watched closely.

Then, it happened, and I knew it was gonna happen. Watching through the screen door, I hear L. scream, "You wanna play a game? YOU WANNA PLAY A GAME?!" She whipped out her athame and tried stabbing M.

That's where my memory of that night's events cuts off. All I know is that after that, the energy of the whole house changed permanently. There was a grey, sickly aura hanging over the place. I was

horribly depressed for a while after that experience and spent most of the next couple weeks in bed. My mother and I moved out of the house not long after, as we agreed that there were.... negative forces hanging over the place. And that was that.

Dark Memoirs: Black Vortices of Reptilian Disassociation

Do your eyes ever go grey? Mine do. They also turn black at times as I have repeatedly been told over the years.

When triggered into rage, there is a high tendency towards unpredictably destructive and involuntarily explosive wrath which washes over like a wave of cruel bitterness; eyes tend go black, leaving intervals of missing periods of time and memory in its wave. In those times an internal trigger flicks, switching from the Dayside, to the Nightside alternate personalities or external intrusions I believe by certain Beings.

When engaged in truly sinister activities, which have nearly resulted in the death of multiple previous partners over the years resulting in memory black outs during which time in addendum, my eyes apparently, went black while attacking and trying to kill them.

The same has happened with a few others who were close to me...

The first time I can recall this happening I was 12 and I tried to kill my best friend in the front yard at the old farm I grew up on. I had created this chilling mask out of a pant leg which was

pinched at the top and tied off with string or elastic bands I cannot remember which. Then, I would tighten it with a leather belt around my neck. I went outside with a red antique loggers saw; one of the shorter 2 foot styles with a bar coming up from each end, and meets at the middle of the top.

When I went outside it began as a joke. I was chasing him around the yard as a joke but then I noticed he started running away from for real. Once I seen that I switched and my reptilian brain (assuming that is what it was) took over and I began chasing him for real, swinging the hideous saw behind him trying to hack him with it anytime I got almost close enough to do so. I don't remember much of it, but I remember when I stopped and realized what I was doing and shocked myself.

I have been told about this part of me many times over the years from people that I have been with and around in the past. I have continuously been told that my eyes turn black. That is when I black out and something else takes over; been going on for many years.

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Nearly killed one of my ex-girlfriends years ago, actually with a couple of them that as almost happened with and I had no recollection of what had happened whatsoever.

I went after one with a bayonet once and another; I tried strangling to death apparently.

Back around 2009, I strangled the girl I was with on one occasion while having intercourse until her body went limp and could no longer breath on its own. I could see her body twitching, trying to breath but it couldn't. I had to resuscitate her.

***

When I was 12 I tried to kill my best friend one day for no reason. I was chasing him with a saw. I went outside and started to chase him with the saw while wearing a mask I had made out of an old pant leg. At first it was just fun and jokes. Well, to me it was; but when he began running away for real, something came over me like the flick of a light switch.

I began running even harder swinging the saw behind him trying to slash him up with it for virtually no reason at all other than he was running from me. The switch just clicked at that point, it was extremely predatory.

Other similar occurrences have happened over the years; Very volatile and dangerous. Very unpredictable shit which carries with it, the very real potential for drastic irreversible consequences if left to roam as it wishes.

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Another time in my late teens, another associate of mine and I were walking around the back roads of the rural area we grew up in. With us there were a couple others who were brothers; one older and one younger. We were nearing the entrance to [Redacted] which is at the center of the entire rural area which is also where [Redacted] is located.

Out of the blue, we thought it would be a great idea to grab the younger brother and curb stomp his head on the large concrete block which sits at the entrance to the large deep forest there. So, we grabbed him and started dragging him to the concrete surface; completely detached. Keep in mind these were close friends of ours. We were nearly at the concrete slab when his older brother who was our age ran up and started shouting at us to stop and what the fuck were we doing.

It was at that moment that I snapped out of it and realized what I was doing. If [Redacted] hadn't ran up to us when he did, his brother would have had his head curb stomped that night for virtually no reason at all.

[Redacted] was the older brother; [Redacted] was the younger brother. The older brother was enraged and his younger brother – quite literally scared to death. They were both trying to make sense out of it but there was none to be made. We thoroughly appealed to them, claiming it was simply a bad joke and nothing more. But the truth was, we were going to kill him for no reason. It was absurd.

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Another occasion, I attacked an ex-girlfriend with a large bayonet and was apparently trying to cut her throat with it. Same thing, she fought me off and then I snapped out of it and found myself standing at the foot of the bed with a large knife in my hand and her screaming in front of me. I had no recollection of the scene.

***

Another time, almost identically, again that switch flicked inside of me. I was trying to strangle yet another ex-girlfriend to death as it turned out. She had to kick me off of her at which point again, I had no recollection and I was asking her why she had kicked me. She then proceeded to tell me that I was trying to kill her.

***

Years ago, I remember one occasion- I was in my black room, where I would practice ritual evocation/ invocation, religious devotion, sacrifice, self-mutilation and self-savagery.

I was engaged in certain vampiric practice that involved blood sacrifice, sinister chants, vicious

self-flagellation with a leather belt engraved with the word "LIFEFORCE" and Salvia Divinorum.

I beat myself bloody into a state of absolute hysteric terror with the addition of the Salvia. At one point I jumped up and ran out of the room out of intense fear in the moment and tried to run from that which was visiting me boldly. I ran out in the hall and down towards the kitchen then stopped and aloud to myself "what am I doing? I don't need to run, I am with them".

I then ran back into the black room in front of my alter and began beating myself more with the belt; chanting Dies Irae and Sanctum Satanas.

That was the moment that changed everything...

A complete acceptance of that which I knew very well could have literally driven me mad. It was in the moment where that almost happened. That moment of fear where I ran was the moment of the event horizon for that impending madness until I stopped and ran back to them and served myself up entirely on a silver platter to them. It was extremely intense.

***

"No Place like Hell" is a piece I am extra fond of. I wrote it just a few years ago; a sick and dreadful story of hopelessness, torture and bitterly sadistic pastimes of hideously monstrous ends

in a journal log format. It is essentially, literary torture pornography.

[Redacted] and I have similar taste in style and ascetic in multiple ways, this would be one example. However, where he puts focus on [Redacted], I retain my interest in the simplistic brutality of what can be evoked from a mere concrete floor, bathtub, chains and kidnapping. Pornographic Murder Art from the depths of sadomasochistic hell. There is in fact a very specific and intended purpose for the over the top level of depravity found within that story, and though it may not seem as such at face value, there is a very specific purpose and intention behind it.

You see, the main function is, in terms of the Monarch Programming dimension to the Alchemical Change Process, is to push ones boundaries of what they would otherwise deem as being "acceptable" or not "acceptable". The forced entropy of the ones perceived moral confines which serve ultimately only to restrict the speed at which their "Hotrod on the highway to Hell" will enable them to move at so to speak.

Desensitisation is one of the keys; a key just beyond the welcome mat to the house of horrors. Where I am going with this is the following - When one becomes accosted by that which they revile and utterly disgust, hate or fear, it causes an array of psychological imprints in their subconscious. For someone to truly reach "BREAKTHROUGH", they must either force themselves or alternatively be forced

against their will to learn to learn to love and admire that which would otherwise gravely repel them or even make them physically ill with disgust.

The point here is to obscure and make illegible, the borders of their moral acceptability. To tip topsy turvy ones entire internal system and understanding of what they would deem as right or wrong. The purpose is to ultimately confuse these to such an extent that difference between the two extremes becomes inseparable. Let's say a person for example, feels good and comfortable in their natural setting. For example, maybe they like a clean house with lots of lively plants or something like that. They would then be implored to poison or destroy that which they find beautiful or that which gives them that comfort and "good feeling".

In this rather silly yet on point example, they would be encouraged to poison or uproot the plants they love in their home and encouraged to degrade their home setting into a filthy cesspool to go about living in their disgusting surroundings.

If they were a Neo-Nazi for example, they might be encouraged to instead fully submerging them self in the subhuman demographic of hardline communism. If they are sickened by the sight of blood or were a sexual prude for example, they would be encouraged to heavily take part in certain sexual acts which most would find appalling; scat, or vomit play or something like that, and to regularly watch videos of real murder, executions, torture and rape, etc. what have you while engaged in sim-

ple every tasks like eating supper, or while engaged in sexual activity.

Through partaking in these seemingly obscene pastimes, what happens eventually is an inevitable polar switch of engrained moral dilemmas and ill-perceived, restrictive acceptance of that which surrounds them in their daily life. An entire reversal of one's own inner inclinations is the goal. Not just to simply make "good" into "bad" and "bad" into "good", but because in doing so, will completely uproot ones social engineering which has been pushed on them and engrained since birth. After some time of this topsy turvy of sorts being engineered and enforced, they eventually "lose" themselves temporarily (unless the alternative outcome relentlessly prevails). This is merely the half way point, and is as well the point where most tend to find themselves in mental institutions and/or commit suicide in some cases. Reason being, because they are not strong enough to withstand this utter usurping and dismantling of the "self".

It is not until this "self" that they perceive in flaw, to be their SELF, has been utterly destroyed that their TRANSFORMATION begins.

Once the subject has been completely psychologically, emotionally, mentally and fundamentally derailed, and not until such has state has been reached (assuming they still retain their senses enough to continue mapping out their destination), only then can they begin to step across Choronzons vortex of razors and find likeness with Shugal; be-

gin walking forwards through the backwards darkness.

Imagine yourself, slowly moving your head towards a mirror until the point where the glass physically restricts your continued forward movement.

Imagine that and consider the following - being able to continue moving forward in and through the mirror without having the physically restricted zero-point.

Imagine moving beyond that point and going in through the mirror, then turning back to look at your reflection only to see your face staring back at you; only now, it is reversed and fully conscious in that state; scrutinizing your former or mirror self.

At this point, repeating the same movement, pushing your head towards the other side of the mirror until your two selves meet and become a singular point; head to head so to speak.

Upon re-entering back into the original position from which you initially pushed forward into the mirror, pushing through and now having two opposite "selves" present simultaneously. This is where one either succeeds and becomes their own opposite or completely loses their mind within the hungry jaws of Choronzon.

While this may sound to some like a mad theory, this is in fact, very much a time tested system with scientific history to back it up. This is an extremely brief explanation for what is being implied, but is an apt example of why the Blood Current has such focus on MKULTRA. I have lived it from one side to the other and back and have pushed countless others through the same radiation fires of involution and absolution. There are more dimensions to what I have just relayed that go much deeper into the insights in how one relates to the other (i.e. Vampiric Alchemy and MKULTRA specifically). This is concerning the very science of the Alchemical Change Process; if I was a doctor, these would be selected partitions from my doctorial medical source book so to speak.

This information is something that is slowly divulged as the initiate pushes through the equation of their own alchemy. This is not something that is kept secret so much as it is something that is slowly dispelled as the initiate progresses through the program. More correctly put, it is something that is slowly more and more understood and internalized as they progress. In fact, there are many materials concerning the subject that are put forward as required reading/study material for the initiate. The esoteric dimension behind this science is encouraged to study and digest for further, deeper gnosis via practical experience of the same.

The thing is, you can't throw the whole book at someone at once, it is something that takes an extensive amount of practical, theoretical, mental,

spiritual, internal and external first-hand experience before one can be able to thoroughly not just understand the scientific mechanisms behind it, but more so RESPECT the same mechanisms. Failing that, the individual may as well kiss their ass goodbye and make a preemptive reservation to their local psych ward or funeral parlor. This is not said in humour; this is something which should be taken deadly serious; literally. Such has been proven time and time again over the years, in observation of others who thought it wise to traverse the red brick road with untied boot laces; once upon a time, myself included.

Tyrant Nirrta
Weltfeind; 134 yf

Dark Memoirs: A Hermits Life - Recollections from a Subversive Hermit

I had been living alone and rarely seeing or interacting with ANYONE for several months on end. I was in my mid 20's at this time.

It got to the point where I found myself stomping around the house having arguments with myself out loud and viciously. Yelling matches with myself. Was literally going mad from the extreme level of isolation I had put myself into and the

length of time it went on for. I had cut out my entire social circle and reverted into a highly isolated hermit way of living. The only contact I had with anyone during this time which went on for several months was when I went to buy groceries or other necessities.

I had always been a hermit and most comfortable in my own company in many ways, but this was a whole other level of isolation and social alienation that I intentionally implemented upon myself.

I remember getting to the point when I ultimately flipped my coin so to speak - I was marching around my house, harshly criticizing, arguing and yelling out loud at myself like a complete fucking mental patient. I stopped in my tracks and said to myself (stick talking out loud to myself btw) - I needed to get out and socially interact in some way before I completely lost my mind beyond repair.

This marked the end of an isolation and psychological breakdown ordeal which was endured for several long consecutive months on end and thus, set the stage for the beginning of my next chapter.

I began the necessary preparations required in order to commence my next insight role, which would be in absolute stark contrast to my previous mode of being and way of life, and would ultimately continue for well over a decade to follow.

I went and got my first [redacted] of [redacted], then went to the local bar to feel things out and see how I responded to the environment. I was terrified. Terrified to be around anyone or socialize with anyone by that point as I had completely reverted into my turtle shell after all that time isolated by myself.

Within a few months I became the biggest [redacted] in town. According to multiple women whom personally advised me that I had apparently become one of the topmost desired and sought after men in town by the female sex; single and taken alike.

"The most eligible bachelor in town"
- not my words, nor my own opinion or thoughts.

I became a complete man whore, and began sleeping with half of the girls in town and suddenly became the life of all the biggest parties and VIP Only, events around.

I had a history with Skinhead and NS groups, but this is when my life of truly dangerous and dirty gang activity actually began, which indeed outlived the timeline of the insight role in question.

Anyhow, with regard to the insight role, for the purpose of really pushing myself into a contrasting unchartered territory and immersion in the role, I started listening to rap all the time, wearing flat brim hats to signal I was in business, holding the biggest parties in town at my house, selling ridiculous amounts of [redacted] and sleeping with mul-

tiples of women at a time on the regular. Orgies multiple times a week, the whole nine yards, it was fucking insane.

Not trying to over-exaggerate anything whatsoever, but I literally took over town and the [redacted] trade by sway and by force. Had taxi drivers running my [redacted] around, feeding me intel on my competitors, cops and rats; stuff like that.

Had multiple runners working for me in and out of town. Everywhere I went it seemed, I was being treated like a damn celebrity. When I went to the bars for example, there would at times literally be a line up of people waiting to greet me, shake my hand and buy me drinks. It was really something I tell you; I found it to be both exciting and repulsive. It was about as far away from my natural way of being that I could have possibly gone. And I lived like that for several years afterward. That was a seriously life changing, several years long insight role. I even had a couple hits put out on me during that time.

That was an extremely dangerous and very long insight role. I cannot stress more, just how dangerous it truly was. Surprised I made it out alive considering how much heat I was constantly living with and putting myself into.

I got fucked right up on all kinds of drugs during that time, it was quite out of hand but I needed to fully submerge myself all the way to the far-

thest extent that I could to truly gain what I set out to find, and wow did I ever find it...

I began hanging out with legitimate [redacted] around this time which was also when I met my mentor.

Compartmentalization. Ever evolving and changing every so many years.

Before this point in life I did something similar. After I graduated I cut my entire social circle out of my life and isolated myself into living as a hermit. This was when I started Black Light Distribution and The Black Press.

I had to cut everyone and everything out of my life that was holding me back. I shaved my head and cut contact with everyone I knew.

The years later, enacted the above next level of self evolution, canonizing myself into the highly dangerous and potentially deadly real-world life of the underworld.

Over the last few years I have reverted in large back to my hermit way of life while retaining involvement in the underworld, but have since refocused my attention.

Wyrmwud
Aug 2nd, AOS 1
135yf

The End